

sale in 1781, which lasted nine days, Malone bought for Lord Charlemont "the pleasauntest workes of George Gascoigne, Esquire, with the princely pleasures at Kenilworth Castle, 1587." He got it cheap (twenty-seven shillings), as it wanted a few leaves, which Malone thought he had; but to his horror when it came to be examined it was found to want eleven more leaves than he had missed. "Poor Mr. Beauclerk," he writes, "seems never to have had his books examined or collated, otherwise he would have found out the imperfections." Malone was far too good a book-collector to suggest a third method of discovering a book's imperfections, namely, reading it. Beauclerk's library only realised £5,011, and as the Duke of Marlborough had a mortgage upon them of £5,000, there must have been after payment of the auctioneer's charges a considerable deficit.

But Malone was more than a book-buyer, more even than a commentator—he was a member of the Literary Club, and the friend of Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke. On the 28th of July, 1789, he went to Burke's place, the Gregories, near Beaconsfield, with Sir Joshua, Wyndham, and Mr. Courtenay, and spent three very agreeable days. The following extract has interest:—

"As I walked out before breakfast with Mr. Burke, I proposed to him to revise and enlarge his admirable book on the 'Sublime and Beautiful,' which the experience, reading, and observation of thirty years could not but enable him to improve considerably. But he said the train of his thoughts had gone another way, and the whole bent of his mind turned from such subjects, and that he was much fitter for such speculations at the time he published that book than now."

Between the Burke of 1758 and the Burke of 1789 there was a difference indeed, but the forcible expressions, "the train of my thoughts and the whole bent of my mind" serve even in 1891 to create a new impression of the tremendous energy and fertile vigour of this amazing man. The next day the party went over to Amersham and admired Mr. Drake's trees and listened to Sir Joshua's criticisms of Mr. Drake's pictures. This was a fortnight after the taking of the Bastille. Burke's hopes were still high. The Revolution had not yet spoilt his temper.

Amongst the Charlemont papers is an amusing tale I do not remember having ever seen before of young Philip Stanhope, the recipient of Lord Chesterfield's famous letters.

"When at Berne, where he passed some of his boyhood in company with Harte and the excellent Mr., now Lord, Eliott (Heathfield of Gibraltar), he was one evening invited to a party where, together with some ladies, there happened to be a considerable number of Bernese senators, a dignified set of elderly gentlemen, aristocratically proud, and perfect strangers to fun. These most potent, grave, and reverend signors were set down to whist, and were so studiously attentive to the game, that the unlucky brat found little difficulty in fastening to the backs of their chairs the flowing tails of their ample periwigs and in cutting, unobserved by them, the ties of their breeches. This done, he left the room, and presently re-entered crying out—Fire! Fire! The affrighted burgomasters suddenly bounced up, and exhibited to the amazed spectators their senatorial heads and backs totally deprived of ornament or covering."

Young Stanhope was no ordinary child. There is a completeness about this jest which proclaims it a masterpiece. One or other of its points might have occurred to anyone, but to accomplish both at once was to show real distinction.

Sir William Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's brother, felt no surprise at his nephew's failure to acquire the graces. What, said he, could Chesterfield expect? "His mother was Dutch, he was educated at Leipsic, and his tutor was a pedant from Oxford."

Papers which contain anecdotes of this kind carry with them their own recommendation. We hear on all sides complaints—and I hold them to be just complaints—of the abominable high prices of English books. Thirty shillings, thirty-six shillings, are common prices. The thing is too barefaced. Her Majesty's Stationery Office set an excellent example. They sell an octavo volume of 460 closely but well-printed pages, provided with an excellent index, for one shilling and elevenpence. There is not much editing, but the quality of it is good.

If anyone is confined to his room, even as Johnson was when Malone found him roasting apples and reading a history of Birmingham, he cannot do better than surround himself with the publications of the Historical Manuscripts Commission; they will cost him next to nothing, and revive a host of old memories and scores of half-forgotten names.

A. B.

## REVIEWS.

### LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR.

LABOUR AND LIFE OF THE PEOPLE. Edited by Charles Booth. Vol. II. (continued.) London: Williams & Norgate.

THE second volume of Mr. Charles Booth's social census of the Metropolis fully justifies the high esteem in which his labours are held by every expert. Mr. Booth's enthusiasm and devotion have presented statistical science, not only with a novel idea, but also with a new plan of sociological investigation. Previous attempts at social investigation have invariably taken one of two forms. On the one hand we have had the statistician enumerating human beings as mere arithmetical units of equal value and interest. The many volumes of the Royal Statistical Society's proceedings are full of numerical computations of the facts of human life, from the "average income" of the "average man" up to the elaborate tables with which the Registrar-General annually presents us. It is unnecessary nowadays to point out that these complicated arithmetical puzzles give us no picture of the varied actual life of the different classes into which our society divides itself.

We might as well hope to extract from the average marriage rate of the average English county any real idea of the million "village tragedies" which make up the actual throbbing life of our statistical units. On the other hand we have had Mr. Arnold White and Mr. G. R. Sims extracting from the life of such streets as they happen themselves to have visited, a tale of woe which is implicitly presented to us as representative of the life of the whole nation.

Combining what is good in both methods, Mr. Booth gives us personal investigation in a framework of statistical inquiry. Instead of mechanically enumerating registered facts, irrespective of their value, we have a picture of "London street by street" founded on the schedules of the School Board visitors, supplemented by information as to each family given personally to Mr. Booth's secretaries by the School Board officers, and other official and quasi official visitors of the homes of the people. But instead of representing each life history by itself, Mr. Booth has, after years of experience, constructed a whole series of classes, categories, tables, and other apparatus of the statistician, in which each story finds its appropriate place. These statistical results are graphically massed by an ingenious chromatic scale of poverty, comfort and

wealth, in a series of wonderful maps, on which the condition of every street finds itself portrayed. We are thus enabled to see before us, in a kind of bird's-eye view, the whole of London's riches, want, and crime, after a process which combines in itself the accuracy of statistics with the reality of individual experience. In fact Mr. Booth has discovered a new Organon of social research.

It is not easy adequately to measure the extent or the value of this enterprise. Probably no work of equal magnitude in economic investigation has ever before been attempted. The industrial inquiries of the United States census cover a wider field, but they merely scratch at a surface which Mr. Booth probes to its depths. The historical researches of Thorold Rogers, the statistical collections of Tooke, even the peregrinations of Arthur Young, fade into insignificance, as stores of economic "material," before the gigantic accumulations of what is really a new Domesday Book of the capital of the empire. Sir Frederick Eden's "State of the Poor" is the nearest analogy that occurs to us, but Sir Frederick Eden's paupers did not come to a third of London's wage-earners, and they were dealt with in masses instead of in individual families.

In his first volume, Mr. Booth and his collaborators gave us a more or less complete picture of East London, considered almost as a separate city. Besides the statistical results and the "Poverty Map," we had vivid and detailed descriptions of East End life—the Jews, the docks, the clothing and furniture trades, women's work, etc.

In his second book, Mr. Booth takes all London for his province. Leaving for future volumes the description of London life as represented in its innumerable industries, and its multifarious variety of voluntary and other agencies of collective effort, he begins an elaborate analysis of the social condition of the three and a half millions of wage-earning population who make up all but 18 per cent. of the Metropolis. Hence this volume will be found by the ordinary reader less interesting than its predecessor. He will miss Miss Beatrice Potter's vivid picture of the Jewish community, and the command of technical detail with which Mr. D. F. Schloss treated the complicated organisation of the London bootmaker. Indeed the only bit of bright description in the present volume is Mr. Llewellyn Smith's charming idyll of the depopulation of the village of Little Guilden—not by the aimless drifting to the slums of the great city, as some would have us suppose, but mainly through the preference of town employers for the superior labour of the undemoralised countrymen. Here again the idyll is no mere sentimental instance, but the concrete presentation of a mass of personally investigated individual facts, each of which appears in the actual statistics of "Influx of Population." These, again, are graphically presented to us in a shaded "Migration Map," showing the percentage of persons in each London district who were born outside the Metropolitan area. The map bears out Mr. Smith's novel and unexpected theory, already developed in the previous volume, that the "submerged tenth" is composed, not of the countrymen who have drifted helplessly to London, but of the degenerate Londoners driven downwards by the newcomers' superior character and strength.

But if the present volume contains little picturesque writing or technical industrial detail, we have for the first time the large and momentous outcome of this long inquiry into London's social status. The studied impartiality of Mr. Booth's investigation and his obvious bias against sensational pessimism make his appalling statistical conclusions all the more impressive. Out of the 4,309,000 estimated population (since reduced by the census), only 17·4 per cent. are found to belong to classes above the weekly wage-earners, who thus number 82·6 per cent. of the whole people. One per cent. only are put down as loafers, semi-criminals, and others who are only occasionally willing to work.

Over 8 per cent., or 362,000 men, women, and children are either actually paupers or live from hand to mouth on casual labour in a state of "chronic want" of the necessities of life. Nearly a million others, or 22·7 per cent. of the whole, earn not more than a guinea per week per family, either because their work is ill-paid or because they are only occasionally employed. These two classes, not counting the 43,000 criminals or semi-criminal loafers, comprise altogether 1,340,000 persons below the "Poverty Line," or nearly one in three of the whole population.

It is worth while to dwell upon the significance of this total. The "Standard Poverty" which makes up Mr. Booth's Classes C and D, forming the highest level of this quarter of a million families, is stated by him to be represented by an income of eighteen to twenty-one shillings per week for a "moderate" family. If we deduct four to six shillings for the cheapest attainable two-room tenement, we have the maximum expenditure on food, clothing, firing, and amusement reduced to fourteen or fifteen shillings per week—an amount which would hardly allow, even under the most careful management, of any subscription to a National Insurance Fund! His attention focussed on actual destitution, Mr. Booth, we think, under-estimates the amount of misery and anxiety which such "standard poverty" entails on a million and a third of our fellow-citizens in London alone. That this misery is enormously increased by drink and vice and bad management cannot be denied; but Mr. Booth gives us no help to the solution of the difficult problem as to how far the drink is due to poverty or the poverty to drink. Indeed, it would almost seem that he has overlooked this point. In his opening chapter on "Statistics of Poverty," he perceives "two distinct mental attitudes" in the consideration of poverty: on the one hand, the ordinary position of the extreme Individualist that, in a world of free competition, poverty must be the result of vice, folly, or extravagance; and on the other hand, the purely colourless attitude of the statistician refusing to consider causes. But the true antithesis of the Individualist position is that vice, folly, and extravagance are themselves often the results of the hopelessness and monotony of a standard of life represented by a maximum expenditure not exceeding twenty-one shillings a week. We hope that Mr. Booth will consider this view in the chapters in which he will deal with the causes of poverty and the effects of the agencies at work upon the status of the poor.

It is needless to remark in conclusion that no review could deal adequately with all the points raised by this valuable contribution to our literature on the social problem. For instance, the chapters on the schools of London raise in a new way many questions as to the relation of secondary to elementary education. The elaborate statistics of every block of artisans' dwellings in the Metropolis, and the somewhat inconsistent views of Miss Octavia Hill and a "Lady Resident" as to the results of the block system on the lives of the people, will certainly receive much further notice. But the work, of which Mr. Booth with undue modesty styles himself merely the editor, is one which must be studied through and through by all those who desire any scientific knowledge of that state of chronic discomfort and comparative degradation to which so large a proportion of our fellow-countrymen are subjected.

#### MODERN RUSSIA.

MODERN CUSTOMS AND ANCIENT LAWS OF RUSSIA. By Maximo Kovalevsky. London: D. Nutt. 1891.

IN two hundred and fifty lucid and delightful pages Mr. Kovalevsky ("ex-Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Moscow") has contrived to tell a large part of the constitutional history of Russia. We cannot affect the self-denial which would regret that he gave these lectures, for the book consists of



six lectures, in English at Oxford, instead of giving them in Russian at Moscow. Could he have given them in Russian at Moscow? It is not for us here to make guesses or repeat rumours as to any passages in his life of which he has not told us, or to say that we have discovered the why of that "ex" which is prominent on his title-page.

But here are some sentences which strike the keynote of that part of his book which, to the generality of English readers, will seem the most interesting:—"It is a common saying among the Russian Conservatives, who have lately been dignified in France by the name of 'Nationalists,' that the political aspirations of the Liberals are in manifest contradiction with the genius and with the historical past of the Russian people. Sharing these ideas, the Russian Minister of Public Instruction, Count Delianov, a few years ago ordered the professors of Public Law and of Legal History to make their teaching conform to a programme in which Tzarism, the unlimited power of the Russian Emperors, was declared to be a truly national institution. Some of the professors who refused to comply with this order were called upon to resign, others were simply dismissed from their chairs. The question I am about to discuss in this and the following lecture is, whether this theory bears the test of history."

As we might expect from the form in which the question is put, the answer to it is No. This answer is given by a brief and brilliant survey of Russian history, both remote and recent, after reading which we rise convinced that the talk about a genius for Tzarism is in the main good sterling nonsense. Mr. Kovalevsky's own political opinions, so far as he lets us see them, do not go beyond a sane and sober Liberalism—we had almost said Whigism. Just now and again we come upon a sentence capable of giving offence to official ears, as when we read of "the all-powerful bureaucracy which rules over the masses with that insolence and harshness which we usually only meet with in the relations of conquerors to a conquered nation." But of a truth that bureaucracy must be sitting tight upon the safety valve, if the doctrine of these lectures be deemed too dangerous to be set before the studious youth of Moscow. If that be so, what wonder is it that the aforesaid youth betakes itself to strange creeds and wild ways? But though our author has his opinions about the present state of Russia, and on occasion allows these opinions a temperate utterance, he is in general severely, though not pedantically, scientific—he is, if the word be allowed us, objective. He reminds us that even of quite recent years Russia has been very near to getting a parliament. "It was only from the day when Count Dimitri Tolstoi took upon his shoulders the burthen of the home politics of Russia, that all thoughts were given up of convoking a representative assembly." If Kovalevsky has read Russian history aright those thoughts must be resumed lest a worse thing happen, and certainly he has displayed one great qualification for reading Russian history aright, he has read the history of other nations diligently and steeped his mind in it. He indeed makes no parade of learning, but on almost every page some happy allusion to the history of Western Europe, some apt use of an English, French, or German term, both makes us trust him a little further than we can see him and enables us to understand why the course of political development in Russia has been so like and yet so very unlike the course of political development elsewhere. He reminds us, for example—or rather he shows us, for the point will be new to many of his readers—that the unlikeness is due in part not to any deep-seated perversity or abnormality on the part of Russia, but to certain strong currents in the yet modern history of the western states. During the middle ages the evolution of representative government was slower in Russia than elsewhere and this for very obvious reasons; Russia, if we may so speak, was lagging behind, but she was following the same path that

other nations had trod. Then in the days of Peter the Great, Russia was "thrown into active intercourse with European powers." Certainly she had much to learn and learnt much from them, but how to make a good use of representative institutions, Parliament, States-General, Reichstag, was just the lesson that for the time being they could not teach her. It was "far from being the golden age of representative government." "All over Europe monarchical power was steadily increasing and autocracy becoming the ruling principle of the day." No candid Englishman should object to this general statement; to the intelligent outsider it must have seemed very questionable whether rebellion, civil war, commonwealth, restoration, and revolution had made the England of Anne happier or stronger than the England of Elizabeth.

We have the more pleasure in drawing attention to this excellent part of Mr. Kovalevsky's work, because in other parts of it he is—at least, so it seems to us—apt to forget for a while the truth upon which he here insists—the unity of European history. He confesses himself to be in some sort the disciple of Sir Henry Maine; he pays an elaborate compliment to Mr. Herbert Spencer—at least, we suppose (it is a little hard on us that we should be put to guessing) that Mr. Herbert Spencer is "the great and powerful genius who has so marvellously continued the work of Auguste Comte"—and he sometimes shows a tendency to forsake the stony road of history for the pleasant by-paths of "sociology" and "comparative jurisprudence." Now we can profess a very honest reverence for Maine and Spencer and Comte, and yet find it in our hearts to say that they are becoming dangerous leaders, because just for the present the time for large speculations has passed—no doubt it will come again—and the time for proof has come. We have theories enough before us; the work of proving them is the work which should now be in hand. Against such a sentence as the following we enter a humble protest:—"The almost universal admiration which Maine's essay on Village Communities in the East and West has elicited, rests on no other ground than that of its having first brought to light the truth which is now all but established, that village communities represent a distinct period in the social development of mankind, a period which ought to be placed between the patriarchal and the feudal periods, and that, therefore, all endeavours to explain their existence among this or that people by the peculiarities of national character ought to be henceforth declared useless and worthless." Now, no doubt it is annoying to a Russian to be told that there is something in the Russian national character which predestines it to bear the weight of Tzarism—"the foolishness of fools is folly," but is not the less annoying on that account. But the assumption that every nation has passed through certain "stages" or periods, the patriarchal period, the period of village communities, the feudal period—well, we will not say of this that it "ought to be henceforth declared useless and worthless," but we will say that it ought to be proved. Just because the history of European civilisation is one, just because the modern nations of Europe, from the first moment of their appearance upon the stage of history, have been subjected—here more strongly, there less strongly—to the mighty influence of a past that was not their own past, a past that was Greek, Roman, or even Hebrew, we cannot readily accept any "law of stages" which treats each nation as a unit that has worked out its own destiny. When we are told that a study of an Indian village of the nineteenth century, or of a Russian *mir* of the fifteenth, will enable us to explain a Gallo-Frankish *villa* of the seventh or an English manor of the eleventh, we can admit that it may suggest to us what to look for; but if more than this be meant, if it be meant that we may fill up with our knowledge of the one the gaps in our knowledge of the other, this we think unproved and improbable. Who has demonstrated, for example,

that it is impossible for a race to pass from "patriarchalism" to "feudalism" without passing through the stage of village communities? Surely it is not impossible, even if there be any force in the would-be "law," that one nation should appropriate the experience of another nation. Suppose for one moment that the state of affairs in Russia at this moment were precisely the same as the state of affairs that existed in France on the eve of the great Revolution, with this one exception, that the history of the French Revolution was well known in Russia, would the whole tragedy repeat itself—might we not at least hope that there would be no Reign of Terror? Fustel de Coulanges is not to be defeated by any battle fought upon the plains of Russia, and no news from India will enable us to silence Mr. Seebohm. But it is—we gladly confess it—rather by a few large phrases than by any want of caution about particulars, that Mr. Kovalevsky has provoked this protest. He tells us frankly enough that really nothing is known about the remote history of the Russian *mir*. "Our sources of information are limited indeed; for several centuries, down to the end of the fifteenth, they are entirely wanting, and they only begin to be at all abundant during the last three hundred years. It is only, therefore, by a survey of the modern evolution of village ownership in some remote parts of Russia that we can get an idea of the various transformations which the commune has had to undergo before it reached its present condition." Anyone who makes this survey under our author's guidance will learn much that is interesting—much that to most Englishmen will be very new—and it will be at his own peril that he will draw the inference that all Russian village communities have in the past gone through those stages of development which a few have gone through in recent years. And so when his guide plunges into the patriarchal-matriarchal controversy and takes the matriarchal side, he will be grateful for the valuable facts that are put before him, even though they may seem but a slight substructure for any grand theory. When Mr. Kovalevsky says "Nothing more, it seems to me, is wanting to the modern theory of the matriarchate than a solid base of historical facts," the most hardened patriarchalist will agree with him. For our own part, the light-hearted manner in which fashionable opinion rushed first to the extreme of universal patriarchalism, and then to the extreme of universal matriarchalism, is one of the many distressing signs that fashionable opinion knows nothing and cares nothing about proof; it wants a "law," and will not away with a discipline. But though just once by the way Mr. Kovalevsky may stoop to satisfy the popular taste, his method is in general above reproach. Of late few lectures can have been given in Oxford or elsewhere of such high worth as that on the "Origin, Growth, and Abolition of Personal Servitude in Russia." It is a masterly study of a particular piece of history, a unique piece of history, and the author has resisted every temptation to represent it as other than—what every piece of history really is—unique. The sobriety of his judgments of the past makes us trust his estimate of the future, and, since "we are all Socialists now," we shall do well to ponder his prophecy that in Russia communal land-ownership will disappear. "It will give way to private property in land, unless—and this is not very likely under present conditions—it be completely transformed by the extension of communistic principles to capital." That, we think, is wisely written. "Nationalisation of the land" may perhaps lie before us, but any attempts to make the process look like a restoration or preservation of mediæval arrangements, every effort to paint it as a "resumption," will indubitably end—if in nothing worse—then in a distortion of history, a form of adulteration against which the public is not yet adequately protected.

### "S. G. O."

THE LETTERS OF S. G. O.: A SERIES OF LETTERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS. WRITTEN BY THE REV. LORD SIDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE, AND PUBLISHED IN THE TIMES 1844—1888. Edited by Arnold White. Two vols. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh.

THE interest of these handsome volumes is mainly biographical and historical. The bearer of these still familiar initials was a pioneer in many fields of good work, the most honoured of the unpaid volunteer correspondents of the *Times* in days when it was not by its capital and organisation alone that the *Times* was at the head of English journalism, when it took a friendly interest in philanthropy other than Mr. Balfour's, and had more intelligent views about great popular movements than to ascribe them chiefly to the machinations of unprincipled agitators. A clergyman by institution rather than by vocation, he had that knowledge of his own parish, that sympathy with the needs and sufferings of his own poor, that readiness to defend them against the indifference or class contempt of their employers, which has always characterised the best type of that unique product in social history—the English country parson. His own tastes lay in the direction of science, rather than of literature or theology. He was one of the earliest believers in the germ theory of disease—he must have been one of the first to see bacteria—but the real work of his life was elsewhere. He had to manage a large country parish, and he did it well; but his mission was to bring before the great mass of the comfortable middle classes, in the period which Mr. Arnold White rather unfairly describes as that when intellectual darkness and philistinism were most prevalent (though people were certainly more indifferent then than they are allowed to be now), the salient features of great social evils; and, what will probably be news to many readers, he was the adviser, and in a way the Father Confessor, of numbers of burdened souls, unknown to him except through their letters asking for advice. As his biographer laments, he was not constructive, not skilled to find remedies—but then few people are: and it is difficult to see how a country parson in Dorsetshire could be so, especially as he was most emphatically no politician, and not much of an economist. Though more or less of a recluse, he was anything but a sentimentalist. Thus, while disapproving of capital punishment, he insisted that if inflicted at all it ought to be carried out in cases of infanticide; and it will probably come as a disagreeable surprise to many people to learn that the passing of the Contagious Diseases Act in 1866 was chiefly due to his advocacy.

It is pleasanter to dwell on his earliest efforts in behalf of the agricultural labourers of his own district, and to measure the distance between 1844 and 1891 as marked by the last South Dorsetshire election. Historically, this (the first) is the most interesting part of the book, but he was a pioneer in many fields—charity organisation, the improvement of working-class dwellings (this at any rate is indicated in the book as a remedy for pauperism), a Workshop Act for women, insistence on sanitation; while he wrote on a curious variety of other subjects.

Of course it is easy enough to point out defects in his work. The style—especially that of the earliest letters—is sometimes what we expect in the correspondence of a country newspaper, but nowhere else. He was often diffuse, rather inclined to heavy social satire, and now and then terribly commonplace. We know more now, too—thanks to Judge Snagge and Mr. Stead—of the horrors of the Continental system of driving vice out of sight, which he would have liked to introduce, than it was possible to know in 1863. Again, on Ireland—where he travelled during the famine—he had the views of one type of recluse. He did indeed condemn the Irish landlord; but he treated Home Rule as a mere offshoot of land-hunger, would have liked to hang agitators (including priests) for inflammatory language, dwelt on the "rights of property" in a way that even

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Conservatives now would not think of, spoke of all the disturbed part of Ireland as if it were a congested district containing only "peasantry;" and he was absolutely without any perception of the broader aspects of the land question, or any knowledge of the history of Irish land tenure. So, doubtless, were nearly all Englishmen in 1849; but, by 1886, the defect was curable. And the practical, earnest, ethical bent of his mind seems to have left him without the slightest trace of, or sympathy with, religious mysticism, or any capacity for seeing the position of the Ritualists—against whom he directed some of his most vigorous attacks. By the way, the person who revived Lord Melbourne's description of him as "a disappointed, popularity-hunting parson," was not "clerical," as Mr. White describes him, except in the sense that a Belgian Conservative is so, though he was a registrar of a diocese.

The book at least shows how ludicrously inappropriate such epithets were. It is a memorial of a noble nature who, living as he did on the whole in retirement, had both the leisure to be strongly impressed with great social evils and the power to bring them in an effective form before a public which knew much less of them thirty years ago than it does now. That he did not suggest any remedies, as his editor repeatedly laments, was probably due to that same retirement. To rouse sympathy is far from useless. It helps to form opinion, even though it may lead to no precise tangible result.

#### OSCAR WILDE'S "INTENTIONS."

INTENTIONS. By Oscar Wilde. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

"I CANNOT but be conscious," says Mr. Wilde in one of his essays, "that we are born in an age when only the dull are treated seriously, and I live in terror of not being misunderstood." To be precisely accurate, it is one of the characters in a dialogue who makes this remark. It is no doubt meant to have a personal application—it certainly has. Mr. Wilde is much too brilliant to be ever believed; he is much too witty to be ever taken seriously. A passion for caprice, a whimsical Irish temperament, a love of art for art's sake—it is in qualities such as these that we find the origin of the beautiful farce of æstheticism, the exquisite echoes of the "Poems," the subtle decadence of "Dorian Gray," and the paradoxical truths, the perverted common-sense, of the "Intentions." Mr. Wilde, with a most reasonable hatred of the *bourgeois* seriousness of dull people, has always taken refuge from the commonplace in irony. Intentionally or not—scarcely without intention—he has gained a reputation for frivolity which does injustice to a writer who has at least always been serious in the reality of his devotion to art. The better part of his new book is simply a plea for the dignity, an argument for the supremacy, of imaginative art.

The first essay, "The Decay of Lying," is a protest against realism—against "the monstrous worship of facts." It presents certain æsthetic doctrines, which Mr. Wilde probably partly believes. We are told, for example, that "Art never expresses anything but itself. It has an independent life, just as Thought has, and develops purely on its own lines. . . . All bad art comes from returning to Life and Nature, and elevating them into ideals. Life and Nature may sometimes be used as part of art's rough material, but before they are of any real service to art, they must be translated into artistic conventions. . . . Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life. . . . It follows, as a corollary from this, that external Nature also imitates Art. The only effects that she can show us are effects that we have already seen through poetry, or in paintings. . . . The final revelation is that Lying, the telling of beautiful untrue things, is the proper aim of Art." All this, startling as it sounds, needs only to be properly apprehended, to be properly analysed, and

we get an old doctrine, indeed, but a doctrine in which there is a great deal of sanity and a perfectly reasonable view of things. The two long dialogues called "The Critic as Artist" present a theory of criticism which might certainly be justified by the practice of some of the most perfect among critical writers. "To the critic," we are told, "the work of art is simply a suggestion for a new work of his own, that need not necessarily bear any obvious resemblance to the thing it criticises. The one characteristic of a beautiful form is that one can put into it whatever one wishes, and see in it whatever one chooses to see; and the beauty, that gives to creation its universal and æsthetic element, makes the critic a creator in his turn, and whispers of a thousand different things which were not present in the mind of him who carved the statue or painted the panel or graven the gem." The essay on "The Truth of Masks" is a learned argument from Shakespeare in favour of the beautiful and appropriate use of archaeology in the mounting of the Shakespearian drama—an argument which seems to us obviously just, in spite of the warning with which it concludes: "Not that I agree with everything that I have said in this essay. There is much with which I entirely disagree. The essay simply represents an artistic standpoint, and in æsthetic criticism attitude is everything." Then, finally, there is a paper on Wainwright, the artist in "Pen, Pencil, and Poison," a paper which suffers from the lack of intrinsic interest in its subject. A pretentious, affected writer does not become interesting merely because he commits a murder.

A book like this, with its curious convolutions of sentiment, its intricacies of mood and manner, its masquerade of disguises, cannot possibly receive adequate notice in the space of a brief review. Mr. Wilde is always suggestive; he is interesting even when he is provoking. At his best, to our thinking, when he is most himself—an artist in epigram—he can be admirable even when his eloquence reminds us of the eloquent writing of others. He is conscious of the charm of graceful echoes, and is always original in his quotations. His criticism is often just as well as amusing: over and over again he proves to us the truth of masks. By constantly saying the opposite of sensible opinions he proves to us that opposites can often be equally true. While he insists on producing his paradox, sometimes for no other reason than that it is a paradox, and would rather say something that is clever than something that is merely true, it is surprising how often he contrives to illustrate a mathematical figure by an intellectual somersault, and how often he succeeds in combining truth and cleverness. After achieving a reputation by doing nothing, he is in a fair way to beat his own record by real achievements. He is a typical figure, alike in the art of life and the art of literature, and, if he might be supposed for a moment to represent anything but himself, he would be the perfect representative of all that is meant by the modern use of the word Decadence.

#### POETRY AND VERSE.

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS. By Isabella J. Southern. London: Walter Scott.

THE VISION OF BARABBAS, AND OTHER POEMS. Anonymous. London: Henry Frowde.

IO, AND OTHER VERSE. By Mary P. Negroponte. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

RENAISSANCE: A BOOK OF VERSE. By Walter Crane. London: Elkin Mathews.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME, AND OTHER POEMS. By Ganymede. London: Griffith, Farran & Co.

PICTURES IN RHYME. By Arthur Clark Kennedy. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

CHARYDIS, AND OTHER POEMS. By H. M. Waithman. London: Eden, Remington & Co.

THE essential mark of poetry has been defined as the betrayal in every word of instant activity of

mind, shown in new uses of every fact and image—in preternatural quickness or perception of ideas. This is not a sufficient definition, because it also applies to the best prose, but it hits off admirably one feature which poetry has and which verse has not; and it has guided our present classification.

The sonnet, among other purposes, seems to have been invented as a trap for versifiers: a trap into which Mrs. Isabella J. Southern falls with fatal facility a hundred and thirty-six times. There are good thoughts in Mrs. Southern's sonnets—thoughts, however, more proper to prose than to verse.

"Upon the past and future thy hands close,  
And that to this most firmly dost thou link"

is a fair criticism of Browning, but the italics, which are Mrs. Southern's, do not betray that "instant activity of mind" distinctive of the poet.

The author of "The Vision of Barabbas" has succeeded best in "The Last Signals," a station-master's story in the manner beloved by Messrs. George R. Sims and Clement Scott. The conception of "Frideburga" is fine, and some of the lines good. In contrast with his halting ballad measures, the author's blank verse is quite tolerable; but he also makes unconscious confession of weakness by employing italics. It is a commonplace of criticism that nothing shows the poet more truly than the choice of subject. For the story of John Maynard the simplest prose is the only medium, and yet this writer has versified it. A similar mistake has been made by Mary P. Negroponte, who has the hardihood to expand "I, even I, am Beatrice" into eighteen lines. Miss Negroponte is, however, a clever writer, and not without scholarship. The title-poem, "Io," contains some interesting description, and the writer's sympathies are wide enough to embrace Chrysostom and Leconte de Lisle. But she should avoid such words as "funicular," "niveous," "nacreous"—they are worse than italics in verse; and she ought to know that

"Threnodies sung by Athenian maids,"

only one of many defective lines, is not an iambic pentameter.

Mr. Walter Crane, with "that partiality which almost every man indulges with regard to himself," has filled half his volume with juvenilia. We have called the sonnet a trap for the verse-writer; another is the octosyllabic couplet: into both Mr. Crane falls. No measure requires more skilful handling than the latter, and yet no measure is easier to turn off anyhow, and that is what Mr. Crane has done. He is never at a loss; any inversion, however awkward, will do as long as it brings about a rhyme—

"Save when a wakeful babe me spied,  
And stretched his dimpled arms and cried."

But Mr. Crane is capable of even greater atrocities.

"Where now my soul love's travel brought,  
Soon trod we both the marble court,"

occurs in "Love's Labyrinth." In the same poem he twice uses (on pp. 32 and 33) a verb in the second person with a nominative in the third. We are quite convinced that for his own credit Mr. Crane should not have published the first portion of "Renaissance." The later poems are marked by better workmanship. "The Sirens Three," a long allegoric poem, apparently on the development of society, contains such good didactic writing as this—

"Vex not thy soul until the reckoning day,  
Though life be but the least thou hast to pay;  
Stand not too late on pleasure's foaming brink,  
Nor yet with sightless eld outsit the play."

In his opening verse "Ganymede" reminds us of a former poem of his, which we have not seen. It is quite evident, however, that the author has made a close and successful study of the Spenserian stanza. "The Temple of Fame," the best part of which is the story of Midas, and "The Wandering Jew," which is

all good, are written in this most difficult of stanzas. "A Game of Chess" is a fair allegory, crudely written. The passionate desire for recognition in "The Poet's Prayer" is a curious commentary on the foolish lines with which the author closes his book:—

"Critics, I take alike your blame and praise;  
Your praise elates not, nor your blame gives pain."

Mr. Arthur Clark Kennedy's *vers de société* are not so good as his more ambitious pieces, such as "At Kassassin," from which we must quote the following vigorous lines:—

"Oh! 'twas a glorious ride,  
And I rode on the crest of the tide.  
We dashed them aside like the mud of the street,  
We thrashed them away like the chaff from the wheat,  
We trod out their victory under our feet,  
And charged them again and again."

The ambiguity of "their victory" is unfortunate. "The Summons of Spring," in which a murderer under sentence of death realises that his doom is somehow unjust, for "the green leaves call him," is brief and powerful. Mr. Kennedy has true poetic talent. So also has Mr. H. M. Waithman. He understands what poetry ought to be, but his sense of the necessity of new uses of fact and image produce frequent extravagances and conceits. This verse, however, in the mouth of a murderer is perhaps not over-emphatic—

"A lurid streak burnt fiercely in the west,  
As red as blood but newly spilt its hue;  
The moorland pool was gashed across the breast  
With its reflection . . ."

And this, on daisies, is as pretty as it can be:—

"Hearts of gold that the white rims hold,  
Like amber wine in a silver chalice!  
Stars that slipped through the frosty night  
Down the sky, and were hid from sight  
Deep in earth, that at last they might  
Blossom as flowers in the Summer's palace."

Mr. Waithman is a most unequal writer. His attempts at epigram and his elliptical pieces are always failures, but his simpler poems, such as "Haymaking" and "Days' Deaths," are quite admirable.

#### FICTION.

1. *SOMEONE MUST SUFFER*. A Romance. By H. Cliffe Halliday. Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.
2. *QUITA*. By Cecil Dunstan. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
3. *A DEPUTY PROVIDENCE*. By Henry Murray. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

THE title of "Someone Must Suffer" hardly suggests cheerful reading, and indeed there is much in the book which is weird and gloomy. However, an author has as much right to be gloomy as to be cheerful, as long as he does not evidently want to be either. The Ravensbournes of Saxon Holt, with whom this story deals, had some curious funeral customs; they seem to have been, in fact, a charnelly-minded family. Whenever a Ravensbourne died, the body was embalmed and carried on the funeral day to the great vault beneath the chapel at the Holt. In the centre of the vault stood an altar-like block of dark stone. On this the coffin was laid; and there it remained until, on another death in the family, it had to make room for a successor. It was then placed in a niche in one of the walls of the vault. A glass panel was always inserted in the coffin-lid over the face. Whatever objections are urged to this system of interment, it must at least be owned that it has in it fine romantic potentialities. Indeed, the Ravensbournes were a romantic family. Rivers Ravensbourne, the principal hero of this story, had that dual face which all earnest students of fiction must have noticed: it is called ugly, to account for its possessor not being liked at first; it is called rugged, to account for the enthusiasm which he awakens afterwards, when the true nobility of his character



shows itself. He was addicted to self-denial and music. But he was less romantic than Catharine Varley—readers of the novel will find out whether this was her real name—the strange, veiled, afflicted woman whose very presence at Saxon Holt is a mystery.

Given the chapel crypt, the following incident was only to be expected:—

A crash; a double reverberating crash!—the second following sharply on the loud lingering echoes of the first. An expression of pale consternation stole over the features of Mercy.

"It strikes me that we are all three of us prisoners together now," she said rather drily, trying to maintain a brave front; "for the wind has plainly rushed in and banged to the doors above! We are trapped; we cannot get out. The door of the vault is unlike the chapel-door; it has no latch; only a lock; and I left the key of it in upon the outer side!"

It is an impressive incident, but it must be very tired. Not less conventional is the incident of the foundling child, which is also not well arranged, and takes up too much space at the conclusion of the third volume. Even the substitution of the bracelet for the birthmark hardly seems evidence of a truly original mind.

In spite of this tendency to use melodramatic conventionalities, there is much good work in "Someone Must Suffer." Mrs. Pilgrim, the florid, amiable, incompetent governess, is admirably drawn. The childhood of the heroine is made real and life-like. The two last volumes of the story contain some strong scenes, and the whole mystery of Saxon Holt has interest of a kind.

The heroine who gives her name to "Quita" came over to England from the Argentine with her uncle. She, like the "American Girl in London," expected to be received with affection and hospitality by her English relations; and, also like the American girl, she was disappointed. Mrs. de Moleyns and her daughters were particularly chilly and inhospitable. The story, in so far as it deals with these relations of Quita, is a story of sordid vulgarities, of mean scheming for perfectly contemptible ends—in short, of modern English society as it is generally depicted in the modern society novel, and unfortunately revealed in the law courts. Satire is wasted upon it; dumb disgust is more appropriate. Quita herself is a lovable character, written with some insight and sympathy. She met in England a Mr. Leslie, a middle-aged Member of Parliament and an authority on the Eastern Question. He was a reputed widower. He kissed her, and said nothing. He afterwards explained his silence by telling her that his wife was not dead, but incurably insane. At this point Quita is recalled to her *estancia*, and the first volume ends. The second volume brings Quita back to England once more. She is now a rich woman, and her chilly relations metaphorically go down on their knees to her. One sees that there are many conclusions possible to such a story; and those who read the novel will be able to discover which the writer has selected. The book has no very striking faults or merits. It is an ordinary specimen of an ordinary kind, written with some literary facility, but wanting in brightness, warmth, reality. There is but little in it to mark it out from the many novels of just average merit which come under a reviewer's notice week by week.

The title of Mr. Henry Murray's little story, "A Deputy Providence," sufficiently explains the subject of the book. "I'm robbin' nobody," says Mr. Barstow to himself, meditating on his own sharp practice; "I'm a-keeping a good family from ruin, and making a man o' Jack, and doing a good turn for myself, all at once. I'm a deppity Providence; that's what I am—a deppity Providence." Mr. Barstow is rather a pleasant kind of villain, although we cannot say that there is much in the sketch of him which is new. The chief fault of the book is that we see too much of its machinery; it seems to have been put together rather than composed; it verges on the ingenious. It is of no remarkable value, but it might occupy a few hours very well; for it is interesting enough, and is written with some humour.

## WEBSTER.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged under the supervision of Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D. London: George Bell & Sons.

THERE can, we think, be no reasonable doubt that Webster's is the best of all attempts to condense the lexicography of our language within a manageable compass. This definition excludes all comparison with Dr. Murray's gigantic work, or even with the Century Dictionary, but leaves Webster the guide, philosopher, and friend of the majority of educated persons. Yet perfection is an attribute impossible to predicate of any dictionary, and we may briefly mention some slight shortcomings even now. Although the list of authors consulted, including Swinburne and Pater, shows that the most recent developments of our language have not been overlooked, some, remarkable either for the purity or the originality of their diction, are not cited as authorities. Such are Borrow, Patmore, Peacock, Shorthouse, and George Meredith. Some writers, not perhaps of first literary rank, might be profitably examined for peculiarities of vocabulary; thus Bury's "History of the later Roman Empire" is a perfect storehouse of words bearing on the iconoclastic and other Byzantine religious controversies. Authorities are too sparingly given; there is none, for example, for a word so much in need of one as *autonomy*, and two of the three significations assigned to *auto da fe* require support, to say the least. The derivations are sometimes too vague: it is of little use to inform us that such a word is derived from a Greek vocable signifying "a kind of fish," unless we are told what kind, as we easily might be. We suspect that room might be made for such ameliorations by the omission of a number of technical and scientific terms either obsolete or which have never really found an entrance into scientific phraseology. After these few hints towards the next edition, we take leave of the present with the commendation bestowed upon its predecessor by the *Quarterly Review*, "Certainly the best practical dictionary extant."

## A LADY'S REMINISCENCES.

EARLY DAYS RECALLED. By Janet Ross. London: Chapman & Hall.

THERE is a delicate charm about this little book which made us turn the pages over more slowly when we came within sight of the end. The matter that it contains is of the slightest; some little glimpses of famous people, literary men, artists, soldiers, statesmen, princes; a few letters; some pictures of holiday life in the Egyptian desert; and that is all. The book may be read with ease in a short evening, and, beyond a circle of relatives and friends, it is scarcely destined, we fancy, to leave an abiding memory; yet the impression it produces is one of entire satisfaction, and the reviewer himself, when he has dealt with it "in the ordinary course of business," will not improbably have recourse to its pages again in some vacant hour. If Mrs. Ross wrote many such letters as the one in which she tells her mother of a visit to the Suez Canal, personally conducted by M. de Lesseps, twenty-nine years ago, it is not to be wondered that various distinguished personages—including the historian Kinglake—made much of her as a correspondent, and were abject in their apologies (in fear of losing her) when they had been remiss in their replies. A sunny humour, too, dances out here and there; and—surely this is praise enough!

## PRECEPTS FOR THE OUVRIER.

LES SUITES D'UNE GRÈVE. Par Maurice Block, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Hachette. 1891.

"LES Suites d'une Grève" preaches to the young workman the virtues of thrift and contentment, the advantages of the present economic organisation of Society—including the "factory system," and the difficulties that attend the realisation of any scheme of Socialism. The hero—a young workman—falls in love; but his future mother-in-law prudently demands to see his savings-bank account. As it has never entered into his head to possess one, she puts him on probation, and carefully limits his intercourse with her daughter, until he has deposited a certain sum. Stimulated by this hope, he stands out against Socialism, Collectivism, and a strike worked up by agitators, rescues a girl (not his fiancée) from an explosion, invents a new machine, rises in the social scale, and finally starts a co-operative distributive society. It is satisfactory to find that some sound political economy, and a mention of "the sliding scale of wages," are put into the mouth of a workman who has been in England. Presumably, the book is meant for young workmen. It contains a good deal of sound economic truth, expressed in simple and attractive language. Perhaps it is written a little too much from the standpoint of the benevolent capitalist; and it certainly represents the time—now, let us hope, passed away in England—when a wages dispute meant a local revolution, and not a mere matter of business negotiation. M. Maurice Block is well known for his useful sketch (for children) of the French Constitution; and the present work is a good deal more interesting.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

STUDENTS of the supreme poet of the Middle Ages—the man in whom, it has been finely said, “ten silent centuries found a voice”—are hardly likely to consider “Dante and his Ideal” a noteworthy contribution to the exposition of the “mystic, unfathomable song”; but the little book, in spite of its occasional grandiloquence, deserves the notice of the general reader who wishes to discover a short cut to the central ideas of the trilogy. One of the best passages in the book is the contrast which Mr. Baynes draws between the moral standpoint of Dante and Goethe as revealed in the “Divina Commedia” and “Faust.” We like, too, what he has to say in interpretation of the psychology of the “Purgatorio.” By way of frontispiece the volume is adorned with the poet’s likeness from Giotto’s fresco at Florence.

We are glad to find that a new edition has been brought out of “The Story of my Heart.” The literary work of poor Richard Jefferies was in its way so unconventional and delicate that it deserves to be more widely known. Though styled an autobiography in the preface, the present volume contains no history of the events of Richard Jefferies’ life; nor, thanks to Mr. Besant, is that now required. Jefferies himself termed the book a confession, and in it he sought—to borrow his own words—to “stand face to face with nature and the unknown.” He refused to believe that because crystals are precipitated with fixed angles, that, therefore, the whole universe is necessarily mechanical; and his book possesses, apart from the charm of its style, a psychological, as well as a pathetic, interest.

Within the compass of some two hundred and thirty pages the outlines of “The History of Commerce in Europe” are admirably indicated by Mr. Gibbins, a young writer on political economy who has already won a measure of reputation by a brief summary of the “Industrial History of England.” In the present instance Mr. Gibbins has attempted an ambitious as well as difficult task, for he has sought to compress within the limits of a popular manual a connected account of the progress and development of commerce, not merely in England but in Europe, from antiquity to the present time. He admits his indebtedness to the late Professor Thorold Rogers, who, it appears, suggested to him verbally many valuable hints as to the general treatment of his theme. After a brief description of commerce in the ancient world and of the services which were rendered to the expansion of trade by nations like the Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Romans, Mr. Gibbins devotes a group of extremely interesting chapters to the revival of commerce in the Middle Ages, and traces the rise to power and affluence through their association with the trade of the East of such Italian cities as Florence, Pisa, Venice, Genoa, and Milan. He says, with truth, that the commercial wealth of these cities gave them their political independence, and that they lost their liberty because of internal dissensions. Another cause of the decline of the Italian cities was, as these pages show, the altered condition at the beginning of the sixteenth century of commerce in the East; much of it at that period was turned into new channels, and certain forms of it dwindled into insignificance. Mr. Gibbins reminds us that we owe to the Italian cities the progress of mercantile science in nearly every department. The commercial supremacy of Italy in mediæval times can still be traced in the Italian expressions which still linger in the commercial language of every European country. If the prosperity of the Italian cities was due to their relationship with the wealth of the East, the influence of the Hanse towns was not less clearly the outcome of the commerce of the North. The story of the Hanseatic League forms, in truth, one of the most romantic chapters in the history of commerce, and Mr. Gibbins does well to linger over it, though we cannot follow his example, nor can we stay to discuss later phases of the industrial movement. As becomes a pupil of Professor Thorold Rogers, Mr. Gibbins is an uncompromising and enthusiastic advocate of Free Trade, and in the closing pages of this book he makes some trenchant remarks on recent developments of commercial policy. Perhaps the most suggestive passage in the work is that which relates to the industrial revolution

\* DANTE AND HIS IDEAL. By Herbert Baynes, M.R.A.S., author of “Word Pictures,” etc. Frontispiece. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 12mo.

THE STORY OF MY HEART. By Richard Jefferies, author of “The Gamekeeper at Home,” etc. Portrait. Second Edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

THE HISTORY OF COMMERCE IN EUROPE. By H. de B. Gibbins, M.A. With Maps. Elementary Commercial Class-Books. Edited by James Gow, Litt.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Globe 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

THE HANDBOOK TO THE RIVERS AND BROADS OF NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK. By G. Christopher Davies. Revised and enlarged. London: Jarrold & Sons. Crown 8vo.

THE GOLDEN CALENDAR. A Birthday Book and Diary of Beautiful Thoughts. Arranged by Lucy Larcom. London, New York and Melbourne: Ward, Lock & Co. 12mo.

POACHERS AND POACHING. By John Watson, F.L.S., author of “Nature and Woodcraft,” “Sylvan Folk,” etc. London: Chapman & Hall. Demy 8vo.

DRINKING-WATER AND ICE SUPPLIES, AND THEIR RELATIONS TO HEALTH AND DISEASE. By T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D., author of “The Story of the Bacteria.” London and New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons. Globe 8vo.

in England which followed in the wake of Waterloo. With this volume, Dr. Gow’s proposed series of elementary commercial Class-books has made an excellent start.

Now that the summer is fairly upon us, and the sultry weather is itself an invitation to leisure, the “Handbook to the Rivers and Broads of Norfolk and Suffolk” appeals to the holiday mood of an idolent reader. Every year the Broad district is becoming more and more popular, and quite a large trade has sprung up in the letting of yachts, boats, and pleasure-wherries for cruising purposes. The inn accommodation in the locality of the waters still leaves, however, much to be desired, and is far too meagre and primitive to meet the growing calls upon it. Mr. Christopher Davies has revised and enlarged his well-known and thoroughly sensible guide-book, and the fact that it is now in its eighteenth edition saves us the necessity of further comment. It is beautifully illustrated, thoroughly practical, and, so far as we have been able to discover, nothing of interest or value to the tourist has been overlooked in its compilation.

Of making of birthday books there seems to be no end, and we are almost inclined to imagine—so plentiful is the supply—that every young lady in the land must invest in a new one at least once in twelve months. Miss Lucy Larcom is responsible for “The Golden Calendar,” a somewhat prolix collection of more or less “beautiful thoughts.” The idea of the book, we are assured, took shape in Miss Larcom’s mind from the desire to share with others thoughts which proved a stimulus to the compiler. We presume that some such benevolent purpose inspires most volumes of the kind, but everything depends on the manner in which it is carried out. Miss Larcom’s “Golden Calendar” abounds in lofty thoughts, but the tone of the book is somewhat sombre and mystical, and these are not precisely the characteristics of the young person for whom the book is intended. The range of selection is, however, a wide one, but most of the quotations appeal only to those who take an earnest, and, we might almost add, a sentimental view of life. At the same time the book is an improvement on many of its class.

The title of Mr. Watson’s latest collection of essays scarcely describes the book, for “Poachers and Poaching” only occupy the first thirty-two pages. Poaching, we are assured, is one of the fine arts, and the most successful poacher is always a specialist. Mr. Watson has studied these men and their methods closely, and he contrives, without waste of words, to give a vivid picture of the sort of life led by the unlicensed sportsman of a humble type on whom the gamekeeper is supposed to keep his eye. For that worthy, the genuine poacher usually entertains a good deal of contempt—a sentiment which every fresh evasion of the law tends to heighten. Of course, the poacher thinks that the Game Laws ought to be repealed, but as a rule he is cynical enough to believe that before that time arrives pheasants and partridges will be almost as extinct as the dodo. Other pleasant papers in the volume describe the ways of badgers and otters, explain the mysteries of wild-duck decoying, and help those who cannot pretend in the most modest sense of the term to be field naturalists to obtain some insight into the full and varied life of woodland and moor.

“Drinking Water and Ice Supplies” form the theme of a scientific harangue by Dr. Mitchell Prudden, of New York, a well-known authority on bacterial diseases. Everywhere the book bears traces of its transatlantic origin, and it seems to us to touch only remotely on the conditions of English life. Everybody admits that many forms of diseases may be greatly diminished by unceasing attention to some of the simplest details of sanitation; and Dr. Prudden claims with justice that the new science of bacteriology has done much to make the prevention of disease possible. It is reassuring to be told that the invisible flora in the water for the most part bodes no ill to man, though, of course, “if we could run a pipe far up into the air and draw our water from the clouds we should be spared a world of trouble and annoyance.” A number of hints about artesian and other wells are given in the volume, and doubtless settlers in the Wild West may find them of service. The majority of people on this side of the Atlantic, however, must perforce commit themselves to the more or less tender mercies of the water companies, and therefore a good many pages of Dr. Prudden’s volume must seem to English readers a little wide of the mark.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THIS has been a bad week for the opponents of Home Rule. In the Carlow election they have seen a crushing defeat inflicted upon MR. PARNELL, whom they now regard in the light of an ally. MR. HAMMOND, the candidate of the Nationalist party, was returned by the overwhelming majority of 2,216 votes over the Parnellite. Nor is this great victory for Home Rule the only event calculated to discourage the opponents of the cause which has happened during the week. We have referred elsewhere to the controversy between MR. CHAMBERLAIN and SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT which has been carried on in the columns of the *Times* during the week. It has reference to MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S negotiations with MR. PARNELL in the summer of 1885—that is to say, at the time when he was seeking to oust MR. GLADSTONE from the leadership of the Liberal party, and to establish himself in his place. Alike from the admissions of MR. CHAMBERLAIN and the revelations of SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, it seems clear that at that time—that is, before the General Election of 1885—the Member for Birmingham did contemplate bringing forward a Home Rule scheme of his own, for which he had secured the support of MR. PARNELL. His failure to take this course was occasioned by the withdrawal of MR. PARNELL, who, having entered into an alliance with the Tory party, believed for the moment that he had more to gain from LORD SALISBURY than from any Liberal. It seems to us that the time is come when the country should be informed of the whole truth regarding the intrigues of 1885. There are those who can reveal that truth, and they ought to speak out. Tories and Liberal Unionists would then learn in what a fool's paradise they have been dwelling, so far as their faith in the sincerity of their leaders is concerned.

THE visit of the German Emperor to England has so far been carried out with complete success. His reception at Windsor has been accompanied by all the prescribed formalities due on the occasion of a visit from so high a potentate; but beneath the somewhat wearisome ceremonial of the Court there has been visible a real undercurrent of affection and goodwill, showing that the Queen has been receiving not merely the German Emperor but her own grandson. In London his presence has excited comparatively little enthusiasm, but a great deal of interest and curiosity. Everybody has been anxious to see for himself the young man who has already made so great a mark for himself in the world, and whose personal characteristics are so well calculated to stimulate popular interest in his movements. The impression he has made upon those who have been brought in contact with him has been distinctly favourable. His amiability is clearly apparent; and though it is accompanied by an extraordinary regard for the niceties of an etiquette with which middle-class people can have little sympathy, it may still be regarded as a dominant feature of his character. His restlessness has so far been subdued during his sojourn among us, but, on the other hand, we have had no proof of the great ability with which he is credited by his admirers.

THE visit has evidently excited some uneasiness both in Paris and at St. Petersburg. The fact that it takes place at a moment when the English Government admit the existence of an arrangement between this country and Italy for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, and when special marks of attention are being shown by the King of Italy to the representatives of our navy at Venice, has done much to engender the belief abroad that this country has been informally admitted to the Triple Alliance. Our foreign critics will, we trust, recall the fact—never lost sight of by PRINCE BISMARCK, and rendered even more palpable by the debate in the House of Commons on Thursday—that alliances of this description are not open to England, and that any Continental Power which relies upon engagements with English Ministers may find that it has been leaning on a broken reed. The foreign policy of England ought to be honest, straightforward, and simple in its character, with no after-thoughts, and no suspicion of intrigue against other Powers. In such a policy as this any Government is certain of having the support of the British people; but it is mere midsummer madness to suppose that the House of Commons will allow this country to be involved in engagements with foreign Powers of which nobody knows anything save the Ministers who carry on the negotiations which result in them. No treaty or engagement is valid in England until the English people have assented to it.

THE Free Education Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons on Wednesday. From the Liberal—and, we may add, from the educational—point of view, the denunciations of those excellent Tories, MR. G. C. BARTLEY and MR. JAMES LOWTHER, are even better testimony to its value than the approval—more or less qualified, of course—expressed by MR. ROBY, MR. BRYCE, MR. BRUNNER, and MR. BROADHURST. MR. BARTLEY regarded it as the wooden horse which MR. CHAMBERLAIN as SINON has introduced into the Tory Troy, and reminded the House that half the Conservative members were absent at its second reading; while MR. LOWTHER said some scathing things about MR. GOSCHEN'S surplus, and declared that Free Education would permanently add a penny to the Income Tax. The Bill, as MR. BRYCE suggested, may very likely intensify the grievances of Nonconformists by converting schools supported by subscriptions into State-supported schools without popular control. So much the better for popular control eventually, and for popular education, too. The Bill has passed, amid general and well-deserved congratulations to SIR WILLIAM HART-DYKE for the tact and temper he has shown in his conduct of it. It is only necessary to say that whilst the Liberal party accepts it in principle, it will seize the first opportunity of amending it on the lines indicated in the debates in Committee.

WE ought to have a fair prospect of success in the Wisbech division of Cambridgeshire, whose Conservative member, CAPTAIN SELWYN, has just been compelled to resign by ill-health. True, his majority in 1886 was 1,087 on a poll of about 7,200; but this was largely due to Liberal abstentions. The Liberal majority in 1885 was 327. The Liberal

candidate, MR. BRAND, son of LORD HAMPDEN, has been some time before the electors, and is very popular in the constituency; and the Conservative, MR. DUNCAN, of Leeds, is, at any rate, an outsider. Moreover, eastern England, or at least its agricultural population, is intensely Liberal, and the Spalding Division of Lincolnshire, rendered memorable by MR. HALLEY STEWART'S great victory in 1887, adjoins this constituency; while Stamford—where the outvoters alone prevented a Liberal victory last year—is not far off.

ON Monday the Government and Parliament again took the opportunity of overriding the wishes of the London County Council. The date of the election of the County Councils generally has been altered from November to March. The days are longer, the weather is better, there will be no clashing with School Board elections, and the new registers will be in force. In the case of the London County Council, however, these reasons are overborne by the facts that there will be no time for the new Council to prepare the estimate for the current year, and that the Bills before Parliament will be those initiated by its predecessor. If a reactionary Council is returned, estimates will be cut down recklessly, and without any adequate discussion: and if the rates increase before March, the Conservatives seem to expect a reactionary majority—though, as MR. HENRY FOWLER pointed out, the cry of low rates is not a popular one. Much was made of a certain "Progressist Caucus" which had induced certain members of the Council to change their minds as to the postponement; and of course if a "caucus" has met, that is quite enough to induce the Tory party to annul its supposed decrees. But, in answer to a challenge by MR. BARTLEY, SIR THOMAS FARRER has now declared the story to be a pure invention.

THE death of MR. WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE, which took place on Saturday morning last, somewhat unexpectedly, has necessarily been a severe blow to his parents, and has intensified the anxiety which has been felt for some time past regarding the health of MR. GLADSTONE. We are glad to know that the Liberal leader, though feeling deeply the loss of his eldest son, has not suffered in health from the shock he has received. It is still, we believe, his wish to take some part in the work of the Session now drawing to a close; but his medical adviser and his family are naturally unwilling that he should do so. Widespread and genuine sympathy has been expressed with MR. and MRS. GLADSTONE in the loss of a son whose personal character and fine qualities endeared him to all who knew him.

THE exact cause of the terrible accident on board H.M.S. *Cordelia*, by which six officers and men have lost their lives, and twelve have been injured, will probably never be ascertained. The one thing beyond question is that the design of the gun is obviously faulty. The original six-inch gun was designed by SIR W. ARMSTRONG & Co., but was quickly superseded by another emanating from Woolwich, which thus became known as Mark II. This gun is built up in two parts, a steel tube running throughout its length and a single wrought-iron coil surrounding the breech only. Two things result from this combination. In the first place, the safety of the gun depends entirely upon a single steel tube; in the second place, an abrupt change of physical conditions occurs where the coil ends, which is evidently unfavourable to strength. The latter feature occurred in the design of the *Collingwood* gun (which blew off its forward portion in 1886), and was subsequently remedied by the operation known as "chase-hooping." The manufacture of the Mark II. six-inch gun has long been discontinued, and in the later designs, which have given no signs

of weakness, the objectionable features have disappeared. The facts remain, however, that, as stated by the First Lord of the Admiralty, eighty-seven guns of an originally faulty design were passed into the service; that—as he did not state—two such guns have previously burst; and that only a portion of these guns have been strengthened since by hooping.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday made no change in their rate of discount, for the opinion is growing that the fall in the value of money has been carried too far. The rate of discount in the open market is only about 1 per cent., and the rate of interest for short loans only  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. But bankers are allowing 1 per cent. on deposits; that is to say, they are receiving less than they pay for the money deposited with them. They are hardly likely to go on doing so. For the moment, however, the supply of loanable capital in the outside market is so large that it is difficult to raise rates. During the week ended Wednesday night a million and a quarter sterling in gold was sent to Russia, yet from other quarters nearly half a million sterling was received, and more gold is still to come. Besides, it is believed now that Russia will take less gold than previously had been intended, for, as far as can be made out from the conflicting reports, the Russian harvest will prove very bad, and Russia therefore, instead of being able to increase the large balances it has with bankers abroad, will have to draw upon its present balances to pay the interest on its debt and to meet its other engagements. In the Silver Market speculation has been less active this week, and the price has declined to 46d. per ounce. Yet those who are interested hold to the belief that there will be a considerable advance before long, partly because the new Spanish Banking Act will require the Bank of Spain to buy a large amount of silver, and partly because there is evidently a growing speculation in the metal in the United States. Possibly the expectation may be fulfilled if the Money Market continues easy, but the present is not a favourable time for large speculative operations.

THE great ease in the Money Market is at last somewhat reviving business on the Stock Exchange. Consols, colonial stocks, railway debenture stocks, and other high-class investment securities have all risen, and there is a decidedly better feeling in the markets in consequence. Yet the general public is still holding aloof, and for some time to come it is hardly likely that there will be much active business. Of course, the great cheapness of money is favourable to speculation, but then nobody knows how long it will continue. Though the Bank rate is now only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., an accident may happen at any moment to send it up to 5 per cent. again. Speculators, therefore, are afraid to engage in new risks, and while the Money Market continues uncertain, distrust remains, and difficulties abroad are apprehended, investment upon a large scale is not probable. The condition of Portugal still inspires much apprehension; and if the crisis grows worse, there will probably be trouble in Paris. In Berlin, mining, bank, and other industrial shares have been falling ruinously for months, and quite recently the fall has become very serious. Trade all over Germany is declining; and if there should be an increase of political apprehension, or a crisis anywhere, a panic in Berlin does not seem improbable. In South America matters are growing from bad to worse. The Chilean Civil War shows no signs of ending, the crisis in the Argentine Republic is deepening, and in Brazil speculation is utterly wild. The one hope is that the splendid harvest in the United States may so increase American prosperity that business there will revive and will inspire confidence in other countries.



## WILLIAM THE UNRESTFUL.

NO moment could be more opportune than the present for a review of the character and career of the German Emperor. It is fortunate, therefore, that Mr. Harold Frederic has just presented English readers with the able and entertaining book published a few days ago by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The distinctive merit of the work lies in the fact that Mr. Frederic supplies us with a logical and plausible theory to which we can refer every event in his otherwise bewildering narrative. For him the story of the Kaiser's evolution from the cub to the angel is the narrative of a duel between the Iron Chancellor and Dr. Hinzpeter, the humble pedagogue, whom Frederick and his wife, at the suggestion of Sir Robert Morier, chose as the first director of their son's education. Hinzpeter, who after being ruthlessly thrust back into obscurity fourteen years ago, in order that Wilhelm might be impregnated with militarism, has now been recalled to the Palace. By the worshippers of the Eternal Feminine, Mr. Harold Frederic's theory will be rejected as inadequate, because it lacks the *frou-frou* of the petticoat. To them the facts of the story cannot present themselves as aught else than a fresh record of the eternal verity with which the first chapters of Genesis are concerned, the contest between the Woman and the Serpent—the Woman finally overcoming the Serpent not in her own person, but through her son—that son whom the Serpent had used in the blackest hour of her fate as the instrument of her torment. Unhappily for the worshippers of the Eternal Feminine, there is just as much—nay, better—ground for arguing that the Myth is concerned with an intrigue in which a couple of worthy German bureaucrats were jockeyed out of office by the fussy ill-will of an English diplomat, who was fonder of minding anybody's business than his own. The Bismarcks themselves were never at a loss to say who was their arch-enemy in Europe, and whence it was that danger threatened their dynasty. Time and again the father indicated that if ever he fell, Sir Robert Morier would be the author of his ruin. And thus it has been. There is hardly one Englishman in a hundred thousand who would recognise Sir Robert Morier if he met him in the street; and yet at this moment no other man wields so wide-reaching an influence on the affairs of the Eastern hemisphere. His personal influence is still potent in the Iberian peninsula, and to that is due the fact that the Lusitanian statesmen have been restrained through long months of national humiliation from resorting to the counsels of despair. The Czar of Russia, to whom he is accredited, he holds in the hollow of his hand. The fact that he persuaded the Czar to sanction the risky project of the Czarewitch's Indian tour gives some measure of his influence at St. Petersburg. Through his creature Hinzpeter he controls the thoughts and actions of the mighty War-Lord who directs the triple alliance. Even at Paris he is not *persona ingrata*; and through his henchman de Blowitz he possesses the ear of all those men throughout the world who search for political inspiration in page 5 of the *Times*. All this is very irregular and reprehensible. An Envoy should not seek to influence the politics of a country even when he resides there—much less should he continue his interference years after he has been accredited elsewhere. The odd thing about it all is that Sir Robert Morier seems rather to flourish on his imprudences. He has risen triumphant from post to post without a break or a rebuke. He lords it over the Foreign Office clerks as securely as if they were so many

crowned heads or Prime Ministers. In the Chancellor's palmiest days Bismarck was never able to inflict upon him the most temporary check. To-day he survives, and Bismarck is in loneliness and disgrace. It is magnificent; but it is not diplomacy.

In his narration of the Kaiser's youth and early manhood Mr. Harold Frederic seems to strike a false note by endeavouring to heighten unduly the domestic tragedy which was involved in the sharp divergence of political sentiment between Wilhelm and his parents. It is the law of Nature that all heirs should be in opposition to those who stand before them in the succession. At Marlborough House itself, the Balfourian régime is not thought a divinely appointed thing. In private life we are all familiar with the young lady who poses as a martyr because her parents are Gladstonians. Until Frederick's fatal illness, differences of political opinion did nothing to lessen in Wilhelm the ordinary affection of a child for his parents. When the crisis came, his conduct, indeed, appeared to be unnatural. But we should "very much like to hear what the mad dog has to say about it," as Dr. Johnson observed to the man who complained of having been bitten by an animal suffering from rabies. We strongly incline to the opinion that it was only with his mother and her English advisers that the young man was angry, and that the cause of his anger was anxiety for his father's life, rather than chagrin at his father's unwillingness to abdicate in his favour, which is, or was, the English journalist's pet theory of his behaviour. In the painful Mackenzie controversy Mr. Harold Frederic professes to stand neutral, and confine himself to a dry narration of facts. But the friends of Sir Morell Mackenzie may be pardoned if they say that they would prefer the argument of an average enemy to the mere statement of our author. To the egregiously silly, offensive, and ignorant partisanship of the English lay press he rightly shows no mercy. When every dispensary doctor in the three kingdoms was absolutely convinced that Virchow's report—although not using the word—disclosed the presence of cancer, and was written by a man who knew that a cancerous growth was before him, our English scribes set up a joyous shout, appealing to this very report as justification for the conceited malignity of their attacks upon the German faculty and German public men. If Germany had continued to thwart and counterwork us for fifty years in every quarter of the globe it would not have been more than our tomfoolery had deserved.

The personal impression which one derives from Mr. Harold Frederic's book is that the young gentleman who is its hero has a great store of practical ability, a greater store of moral energy, and a still greater store of emotional goodness. He is not afraid to be ridiculous if in no other way he can explain to his people how his conscience is leading him for their good. Unfortunately the young gentleman is flighty at times, and much of his future usefulness will depend upon the stability of his physical health, especially in the cerebral region. Granted the continuance of health, we have no fear that he will recoil from the path of mediæval collectivism along which he would lead his people to good conduct and content. If he talks socialism in the rough accents of the provost-marshal, we should remember that Demos rather likes to be kicked if the kick is from the boot of a friend. To many English Liberals, indeed, it may seem radically impossible that the chief of an aristocracy should be the true friend of the working-classes. But the Liberals make the mistake of judging other aristocracies by our own. The English aristocracy has ceased to respect or believe in itself. It is in pawn to the City;

and whatever influence remains to it in politics is used in behalf of capital. On the other hand, the Prussian *Junkers*, of whom the Kaiser is chief, form a veritable aristocracy—an aristocracy, to use the words of Lord George Bentinck, “proud in the chastity of its honour”—an aristocracy which possesses sufficient self-control to have remained independent of Finance—an aristocracy which has known how to endure poverty where poverty could not be avoided save at the cost of dishonour. Such an aristocracy stands wholly outside the industrial struggle of modern civilisation. In so far as it is prejudiced, it is prejudiced against the vulgar rich, and in favour of the workers whom it has commanded in the field and whose children it will command hereafter. For this reason among others, it is not impossible that the young man who has been gazed at with curiosity rather than with enthusiasm in the streets of London during the present week, may be destined to give the kingly office a new sphere of work, to invest it with new dignity, and to surround it with new safeguards.

#### CARLOW.

THE Carlow Election and the crushing defeat which it has inflicted upon Mr. Parnell in a constituency in which, if anywhere in Ireland, he might have hoped for victory, bring us face to face with a new phase of the Irish Question. No one can now doubt the fact that the Member for Cork is hopelessly beaten in his battle with the National Party. He himself must be as fully aware of the fact as anyone else can be. Nor is he likely to forget that in a few weeks the cause of his opponents will receive a new and formidable addition of strength. The iniquitous imprisonment of Mr. Dillon and Mr. William O'Brien, after a farcical trial before two of Mr. Balfour's most notorious removables, will shortly come to an end, and these two distinguished men will again be able to take their place in public life and to carry on the war against Dublin Castle and its myrmidons. There is no mystery as to the side on which they will range themselves in the Irish Party. They will be found in their proper place at the head of the section of the party which has refused to sacrifice the aspirations of a nation to the vindictive passions of an individual. And with them will be found, with hardly an exception, all those who represent the best side in Irish public life. Mr. Parnell still has with him a few men whose sense of personal loyalty to an old leader has survived even the revelation of that leader's treachery; he has with him also those turbulent and dangerous classes in Ireland who have at all times been the worst enemies of the Irish cause. Besides these he can count on the sympathy, more or less openly displayed, of the present Government and its supporters, of the Orangemen of Ulster, of a large section of the Liberal Unionists, of all, in fact, who wish to see the Home Rule cause destroyed. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the extreme significance of this fact. By stress of an evil fate and by his own errors and misdeeds the man who was so long the champion and representative of the Home Rule cause now finds himself in alliance with the enemies of that cause, who cheer him on as they see him striving to do their work.

In opposition to the loud-mouthed opponents of Home Rule, we have held from the first that the manner in which the majority of the Irish Parliamentary party, and, as we now know, the majority of the Irish people also, have shown their independence of Mr. Parnell, and their determination to remain

true to their policy and to their alliance with the English Liberals, has afforded splendid testimony to their fitness for that self-government which is still denied to them. Strong as were the arguments in favour of Home Rule last November, on the eve of Mr. Parnell's appearance in the Divorce Court, they are infinitely stronger now, by reason of the test which has since been applied triumphantly to the good faith of the Irish Home Rule party. That party has passed through a crisis more terrible than anyone could possibly have foreseen twelve months ago. Last July nearly everybody believed that Mr. Parnell was indispensable to Ireland, and that without him the Home Rule movement would fall to pieces. Mr. Parnell since then has done his best to shipwreck his old party and its cause, and has done it in vain. The bitter taunts which for months past have been so freely launched against Home Rulers and their English allies, founded upon the dissensions in the Irish party, now recoil upon the heads of their authors, whom alone they can hurt. In these circumstances English Home Rulers may well look with great hopefulness upon the present position of the cause for which they have done and endured so much. Tame as the closing weeks of the Session are, their tameness being only diversified by the wail of English Tories over the passage of the Free Education Bill, there is nothing in the political atmosphere at the present moment to discredit the forecast we made some weeks ago as to the course of events. Whenever the General Election takes place it will turn chiefly upon the question of Home Rule, and the issue is no more in doubt now than it was in the early autumn of last year. The electors of Great Britain had then made up their minds to try a new and better way with Ireland, and their determination has been strengthened instead of weakened by the stormy and exciting incidents in the history of the Irish party which have happened since then.

Meanwhile there is one point we should like to bring to the notice of Liberal Unionists. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain have had a brisk passage-at-arms in the columns of the *Times* during the past week, and, as usual, Mr. Chamberlain has come off second best from the encounter. In the letter from the pen of the latter, which appeared on Wednesday, one revelation is made, to which we would invite the special attention of the Liberal Unionists. There is nothing new in it—to some of us at all events. But it may have the charm of novelty to no inconsiderable proportion of Mr. Chamberlain's present admirers. We gather from that gentleman's letter that he *did* arrange in 1885, in concert with Mr. Parnell and Captain O'Shea—auspicious conjunction!—a scheme of Home Rule for Ireland; that he announced his willingness to “undertake a campaign in its support,” that he pressed its merits upon Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, and that he only abandoned it in the end because he received “a message from Mr. Parnell, through Captain O'Shea, that he could no longer accept it as satisfactory.” Of course, Mr. Chamberlain insists that his Home Rule plan was “totally different” from Mr. Gladstone's. This we can well believe; but when he further maintains that it would have been without any of the evil consequences which he anticipates from the Liberal leader's proposals, we take leave to differ from him. Let him produce his plan, and the country will be able to pronounce judgment upon the question as to the comparative riskiness of it and the later scheme propounded by Mr. Gladstone in Parliament. This, however, is but a minor point. What we have to insist on now is this frank confession of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain, in collusion and consultation with Mr. Parnell,



arranged a plan for the settlement of the Irish question in the summer of 1885, and that the only reason why he did not openly press that plan upon the country was the fact that Mr. Parnell—having in the meantime entered into negotiations with the Tory party—withdrawed his approval of it. After this admission, what are we to say of the effrontery of the man who has charged Mr. Gladstone with indecent haste, with the unscrupulous swallowing of his own professions, and with a hundred other offences, because in January and February, 1886, he did what his accuser had himself sought to do in June, 1885? Some day the full truth about the events of that historic period will be made known, and it will not be Mr. Gladstone, at all events, who will then have cause to shrink from the consequences of the revelation.

#### LAGGARD LANCASHIRE.

THE attitude of many of the Lancashire Members on the Free Education Bill completes the picture of provincial narrowness and slightness of vision furnished by their attempt to mar the Factory Act, and help Lord Salisbury to break faith with Europe. It was Lancashire's, and in a measure Yorkshire's, stand against the extension of the children's school and leisure time which enabled Mr. Matthews to rally his officials in Committee and keep down the working age to ten; it was Lancashire which played the game of vulgar self-interest, happily against the better conscience of the country, when the Factory Bill came back to the House; and it has been Lancashire, the Tory Lancashire of these latter days rather than the great province of toilers that used to lead England, which has done its best to curtail the boon of free education. The Government have now extended their measure, without too sweeping qualifications, to every child between the ages of three and fifteen. But that is no fault of the Tory rump led by Mr. Jennings, Mr. Howorth, and Sir Richard Temple. If Lancashire had had its way, the school age would have remained at the old limits; and, as in factory legislation, we should, as the result of our latest advance in popular instruction, have stood well behind the least progressive nations in Europe. Moreover, the zeal of the *mouton enragé* of voluntarism has in a sense eaten him up. The proposal to make the free system commence, as originally intended, at five years, would have given the Board Schools an excellent field for competition with the voluntary establishments. Nothing could have been simpler than for the Board managers to free their schools for the infants as well as for the elder scholars, and by so doing drain the Church schools at once of their recruits and their popularity. The enlargement of the free term from five to three will, indeed, prove an obvious benefit to the voluntary managers, for the fees for infants are usually much lower than for elder children, and the application of the 10s. fee-grant to this class of instruction will mean a gain of some thousands of pounds. Furthermore, as the *School Board Chronicle* points out, the change did away with the clause which provided that schools receiving the fee-grant should only charge twopence for infants and threepence for children over fourteen. These considerations might well have suggested themselves to the minds of gentlemen who were chiefly concerned, not in strengthening voluntary schools on the side of efficiency, but in enabling the purveyors of clericalism for babes to support themselves out of the public money without touching their own pockets. The recent return of voluntary schools which receive nothing from sub-

scriptions shows that there are already nearly 1,200 of these eccentric establishments. It is easy to see that the action of the new measure will largely increase the number of such purely mendicant institutions.

This has, of course, been provided for by the Government, and is readily foreseen by the more astute advocates of voluntarism. It is the immediate price we have to pay for free education. We are again compelled to take on our shoulders our educational Old Man of the Sea, and to give him of the best, until, surfeited with the good things he does not earn, he tumbles off of his own accord. But it is a little too strong when the Extreme Right, led by Tory Lancashire, insists on neutralising the boon which the nation has expressly provided, and on intercepting for high-fee schools the money intended for free education. As Mr. Smith, with unconscious humour, remarked last week, the proposal to prevent parents having no access to free schools applying to the Education Department to supply them was a suggestion to except Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire from the measure. But according to Mr. Jennings and Mr. Mowbray, this is precisely what Lancashire ought to be allowed to do. Why should it be compelled to accept the low-fee system? asked Mr. Jennings. Why should parents get their education for nothing when it was kindly provided for them on a scale of fees stretching from threepence to ninepence, with the formularies of the Church of England, and the exegesis of the Rev. Mr. Gace, thrown in? These were the arguments seriously addressed to the House *apropos* of the necessary and vital proposal of the Government, that when there is a deficiency of free school accommodation, the parents in any locality should have the power of asking the Department to assure it, and on that demand the Department should act. The sub-section is, as everyone acquainted with the working of School Boards knows, only an application to the new system of the provisions of the Act of 1870. Clearly we are not going to establish national and free schools in order to give the supporters of feed and sectarian education the chance to monopolise the instruction of a whole district, not to say a province, regardless of its wishes, and without reference to the efficiency of the schooling they provide for it. The Government has given the voluntary schools full measure, pressed down and running over; it could not in decency equip them with the power to exclude the national system, to which they maintain a feeble rivalry at the national expense.

Yet this monstrously extravagant plea was supported on the characteristic ground that the artisans of Lancashire liked to pay well for their children's education, and that its rich men preferred to subscribe to the high-fee Church schools. Very likely they do. Lancashire, like Jeshurun, has waxed fat and kicked, and the curious strain of narrow individualism which runs through its industrial life apparently suggests to its representatives that it has claims to constitute itself a rich man's Alsatia, in which the Queen's law should prevail with exceptions. There is a suggestive contrast between this style of argument and the deliberate preference of national honour to sectional interest which first gave Lancashire its political character. The Lancashire of to-day is probably, as the evidence of its leading operatives before the Labour Commission shows, the seat of as solid a Conservatism as England has ever known. The better class of mill-hand has developed an English type equivalent to the French peasant proprietor or small Norman farmer, with his "economies," his sense of ownership, and his narrow, prudent outlook on life. The Lancashire artisan is, in many instances, the owner of his house, as well as a shareholder in a

prosperous co-operative business; his wages are fairly good; his Unions are strong, though worked on conservative lines, and led by able but not especially progressive men of the type of Mr. Mawdsley and Mr. Birtwistle; and his immediate future, at all events, is not gloomy. The result of all these conditions is the inevitable one—that his interest in any progress which has a wider sweep than the circle of his own concerns has been checked, if not entirely superseded. The sheer materialism of his masters, joined to a type of snobbery which regards the established religion as a stepping-stone to respectability, have all helped—as they have often helped before—to link industrial well-being with social and moral barrenness. Lancashire's decadence is probably only temporary; but the pitiable display of short-sighted greed over the Factory Bill, and the deliberate choice of obscurantism over the education question, have brought it into very unpleasant relief.

#### THE INITIATIVE IN SWITZERLAND.

TOO little attention has been given to the constitutional change quietly made in Switzerland last Sunday. Of the two peculiarities of Swiss democracy—the Referendum, and the Initiative—the one has long been fully developed. Into both federal and cantonal legislation the Referendum has been introduced; it is but a continuation of the vote of the old *Landesgemeinde*, the corner-stone of Swiss democracy. The complement of the Referendum, the Initiative or right of a body of citizens outside the Legislature to initiate proposals for the abolition, alteration, or enactment of laws, has not hitherto been adopted so freely. In use in several of the cantons, it has not been an incident of federal legislation. But last Sunday a vote was taken on the proposal to extend to federal legislation the right of Initiative; and it was adopted by a considerable majority. Any group of 50,000 citizens will thus be able to force the Federal Chambers to deal with any matter, no matter what the opinions of the deputies may be as to the inexpediency of bringing it forward. For example, they may compel the Chambers to take up the subject of national education, the subsidising of railways, or any other question which a section of voters have at heart. Of course the proposal, if successful, may, and, in certain circumstances, must, under the system of Referendum be submitted to the general body of people for approval. Swiss democracy is pure democracy—certainly it is so when the Initiative has been adopted.

And yet it must not be taken for granted that the Initiative will facilitate the passing of democratic measures, or that it will introduce an unstable element into public affairs. An examination of the actual votes given under the Referendum system in recent years discloses no certain tendency, no marked impetus towards extreme measures. It has been used for the purpose of introducing novel measures, such as a compulsory civil marriage law, a Factories Act, and a new law as to capital punishment. But it has been the means of defeating novel measures intended to increase the Federal power—measures to which there was no objection except that they were novel. It may, too, be the means of averting a revolution in cantons where political feeling runs high. The outbreak at Bellinzona last September originated in a desire to modify the constitution of the canton Ticino. The authorities having refused to submit to popular vote a proposal for the modification of the constitution, a band of armed men rose in revolt, and seized the seat of Government. The bitterest opponents of the Referendum dilate upon the obstacle

which it affords to legislation requiring larger knowledge and wider experience than belong to the average voter. The fear is not that ill-conceived statutes may be passed, but that public life may be stricken with sterility in consequence of this veto. Our impression is that with the Referendum as it is, extreme measures have no chance. Commonplace opinion, generally averse to anything very pronounced, has its own way in Switzerland as it has in no other country. Of the Initiative we speak less confidently: it has been little tried; the Swiss themselves are not agreed as to its effect in the cantons in which it exists.

You cannot judge of the effects of institutions without studying their setting and environment: that has become a political commonplace. But you must do more. Writers of the school of Wundt and Lazarus have shown that you must study also the *Völkerpsychologie*, the whole multifarious facts making up national life, the entire mental complexion and character of a people, before you can reason about the results of any political institution. Nothing can be more deceptive than the conclusions drawn by reasoners who treat such questions as problems of mechanics. That sort of political philosophy—and it is still the philosophy of most publicists—leads to error, no matter who may employ it. In 1847 De Tocqueville made an elaborate study of Swiss democracy; the predictions and judgments of that singularly acute thinker have proved curiously inaccurate. He contrasted the representative democracy of certain cantons with the "pure democracy" exercised in the *Landesgemeinden* of others, and his conclusion was "pure democracy is rare in fact in the modern world, and wholly exceptional even in Switzerland. It is, moreover, a passing phase. It is not sufficiently known that in the Swiss cantons where the people have kept the largest share of the authority, there are representative bodies entrusted with a part of the Government. Studying the recent history of Switzerland, you may readily see how gradually the matters in which the Swiss people take an interest diminish; and how, on the contrary, those dealt with by its representatives become daily more numerous or more varied. Thus pure democracy steadily loses, the opposite principle steadily gains ground. Insensibly the one becomes the exception, the other the rule." "Moreover, the pure democracies of Switzerland belong to another age. Neither as to the present nor the future can they teach us anything." Can we be sure of this? That the federal power has increased is true, but in recent years no such tendency as is here described is to be noted. On the contrary, the Swiss seem more and more to prize, more and more to extend, the Referendum and the Initiative. That they have a great part to play in the future of Switzerland admits of no doubt. To De Tocqueville, direct appeals to the people, though legal, seemed irregular, abnormal, dangerous. Can we be sure that the Referendum and the Initiative have no future in other countries also? De Tocqueville's criticisms apply equally to the Initiative, though in his time it was not the important institution which it has become. Would he now be equally confident that it might not be used as a corrective to evils hitherto found inseparable from representative government? Five-and-twenty years ago the best minds were busy with schemes for ensuring the representation of minorities: Mr. Hare's, M. Naville's, and M. de Girardin's plans, to name a few out of a score in the field, had a crowd of apostles. Many believed that Mr. Hare had lifted a dark cloud from the future of nations. The other day, when he died, he had outlived almost all his disciples. Mr. Courtney alone is faithful among the faithless found. The clever

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contrivances or complicated mechanism invented in the library would not fit into modern life, and the representation of minorities is a lost cause, as dead as that of the Bourbons or the Buonapartists. And this change occurs almost simultaneously with the appearance of an institution, unheralded by publicists, not excogitated in the library, but the work of zealous, shrewd peasants. We are not going to fall into the error of supposing that what suits a small country could be readily transplanted to large European States. The embarrassment into which our House of Commons might be brought by a free use of that right is easily conceivable. It presupposes a feeble Government and a small community. But what better mode has yet been suggested of obtaining a hearing for minorities than an adaptation of the right of initiative? Modern democracy is going to be much more complex than Bentham, De Tocqueville, and other students of it supposed. There may be checks and counter-checks, safeguards and counterpoises, far more potent than students ever devised. A stream fed by so many tributaries that it becomes a resistless, devouring current—such is the literary and classical conception of democracy. But lo! even while these fears were strongest, dams were rising, channels were being dug in which the waters flowed peacefully.

#### HISTORY IN STONE.

IN discussing the practical suggestions of the Royal Commissioners on Westminster Abbey, the Press has hardly done justice to the brilliant little sketch which the Report contains of the story of the Abbey itself. There are many buildings of historical interest in Europe, but to the man of English birth there can be none possessing anything like the interest which attaches to the Abbey. Mr. Plunket, in a few eloquent pages, has done something to draw attention to the special part which it plays in history. It is the Temple of the Anglo-Saxon race, the building in which is enshrined the greatest traditions of our history, and which is sacred as the actual burial-place of many of our most illustrious dead. It is no derogation to the religious character of the Abbey to dwell upon this national aspect of a unique building. Within these grey walls have been witnessed a hundred historic pageants, from the burial of Edward the Confessor to the Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria. For six hundred years the English kings have received the crown and taken the oath of fealty before this altar. The English House of Commons first met within the Abbey precincts, so that here may be said to have been the birth-place of Constitutional Government. When the fight between the people and the monarch had waxed fiercest, and when Cromwell had broken down the superstition of the Divine Right of Kings, the Abbey still held its own, and the Protector looked upon burial within its walls as the highest reward of a life of devotion to the State. All around it the world has been sweeping from change to change. The reedy and secluded islet of Thorney has become part of the greatest of modern cities; kings and statesmen, warriors and priests have passed in procession through the Abbey portals in such quick succession that one can hardly distinguish between them; great wars have begun, and pursued their bloody course, and come to an end, and peace has reigned again; science and art and literature have taken possession of the national mind, and the simple, unlettered race of the days of Edward the Confessor have gained their place in the foremost ranks of the cultured and elect; the fiercest

crises of our national fate have come and gone, our national liberties have been staked and lost and won again within a stone's-throw of these walls; we have founded new empires in every quarter of the world, have lost some of them, have held others after fierce clash of fire and sword, and our country stands to-day "the mighty mother of free nations" throughout the earth. And through it all Westminster Abbey has been the one supreme shrine of our race; its towers have looked down upon it all unchanged and unchanging; Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Cromwellian, Hanoverian, Victorian, all have come in turn to kneel at this altar and to bind anew the solemn ties which unite princes and people in a common lot. It is the story of England carved in stone which stands before us in the building hard by which the prosaic underground railway now carries unthinking thousands to their daily struggle for bread. The poetry, the majesty, the romance, and the glory of the place are plain to see—and yet how few among us pause for a moment in our busy lives to regard them.

So it comes to pass that this Report of the Royal Commission, which touches so nearly the fate of the noblest of all buildings standing on English soil, has been discussed as though it dealt with a new metropolitan railway scheme or a proposal for carrying the sewage of London to the sea. How utilitarian the age has become was surely never made more plainly manifest than by the way in which we have coolly received the proposals of the Royal Commission, discussed their cost, their practical effect, the extent of the disturbance their execution must inflict upon the British householders who happen to live in Old Palace Yard, and everything else except the one important factor—their bearing upon the safety and the dignity of our one great national shrine. We are glad to think that Mr. Plunket and his fellow-commissioners are not blind to this side of the question, which happens to be, after all, the only side worth considering. They were asked to consider how the accommodation for burial in Westminster Abbey might be increased, and in performing their task, though they have taken the evidence mainly of architects and masons, they have not lost sight of the place which the Abbey holds in the nation's life. It is glorious as an embodiment of our history; it is no less glorious as the resting-place of the men who have done most to make England what it is. Here under a common roof, in the embrace of a common mother, lie the warriors, statesmen, priests, explorers, and teachers who have built up the greatness of our land and language. After Addison, any reflections upon the tombs at Westminster and the dust they contain must be trivial and impertinent. It is enough that through every fibre of the Englishman tingles a sense of the glory and the wonder which, by reason of the dead it shelters, must always attach to the Abbey. Here the humblest of the living may find himself in close communion with the greatest of the dead. He may worship here with his feet upon the slab which covers the glorious dust of Charles Dickens, and see within a few yards of him the grave of Chaucer; and he must be a poor creature indeed, who, finding himself amid such surroundings, is not struck by a sense of the oneness of our race and the unbroken continuity of our national life.

But amid all the glory and majesty of Westminster Abbey, we must come at last to the hard practical question, What is to be done to make this shrine suffice for the mighty dead of future generations? How shall we ensure that it shall continue to be what it now is, the final resting-place of most

of those who have won the highest place in the love and admiration of their fellow-countrymen? Mr. Plunket and the Commissioners bring forward two rival schemes, and are divided in opinion about them. Either scheme would, at a certain cost, provide for the sepulture within the precincts of the Abbey of a certain number of persons—a sufficient number, probably, to meet the requirements of the next two hundred years. But how comes it that the Commissioners have left absolutely unnoticed a third scheme which would meet every difficulty, maintain the traditions of the Abbey in all their richness, harmonise with modern ideas of sanitation, and enable us to look forward not for two centuries, but for six if needs be, during which the national shrine would still fulfil its purpose as the last resting-place of the dust of our heroes? How is it that they have said no word about cremation as an indispensable preliminary to burial within the Abbey? If they had done so, they would have removed those substantial objections to the continuance of burial here which are founded upon our regard for the laws of health, and they would at once have solved the difficulty of finding space for further interments. The so-called “religious” objection to cremation as a means of disposing of our dead has quickly died out. Year by year the thing itself grows in favour among all intelligent people, and year by year, be it said, the need for its employment in the disposal of our dead increases. What possible argument can there be against its adoption here, where it is needed more sorely than anywhere else? There may be some who will raise a sentimental objection. The mere ashes of our heroes, indistinguishable from the ashes of the commonest of men, cannot move the imagination, they will say, as the dead body itself can do. But the dead body itself—how soon is it resolved into these very ashes! and who cares or even dares to dwell upon the stages, humiliating and degrading to our humanity, by which the process is at present accomplished? Surely it will require but a moment’s thought to get rid of this, the one striking objection to the adoption of cremation as the solution of the difficulty which now besets the question of future burials in the Abbey.

#### THE FRENCH WORKPEOPLE’S INSURANCE BILL.

**F**OLLOWING the example set by Prince Bismarck in Germany a few years ago, the French Government has introduced into the Chamber a Bill to enable workpeople to insure against old age. The plan is open to persons of both sexes, and not only to those who are usually called workpeople, but also to domestic servants, and even to *métayer* tenants, although the peasant-proprietors as proprietors are excluded. Every working man or woman, then, whose income is under £120 per annum, by paying five centimes every working day becomes entitled at fifty-six to a pension of £12 a year, and by paying ten centimes every working day, to a pension of £24 a year. The employer is bound to double the contribution of his *employé*. Moreover, the latter, by paying a small annual premium, which the State will supplement, may insure his life for £20 or £40, according to the conditions. The scheme is not obligatory, and the Government estimates that it will take about thirty years to come into full operation. At the end of that time it estimates, further, that the charge to the State will amount to about four millions sterling per annum. The opponents of the measure, and they are very numerous, assert that

the cost will be immensely greater, and M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the well-known economist, goes so far as to assert that it will amount to fully ten times as much. In all probability, the cost is underestimated by the Government. Nearly always Government estimates are exceeded when their measures come into full operation. But that the Government actuaries are so entirely wrong as M. Leroy-Beaulieu contends is hardly conceivable. It is argued, in the first place, that the Government reckons upon investing the payments made by the workpeople and their employers at 4 per cent., and that it will not be able to do so. That is very probably true, for the tendency is for the rate of interest to fall in times of peace. Yet a great war or a great industrial revolution, such as the introduction of railways, might realise its expectation. Then, again, it is contended that the Government entirely under-estimates the numbers of those who will avail themselves of the scheme. That also may be true; but it is to be recollected that here at home the respectable poor often prefer to starve rather than apply for relief to the Union, and if this French scheme should carry with it any taint of charitable relief it also may not become as popular as is now expected. Once more, it is objected that the Government reckons 290 working days to the year, whereas the average is very much less. However, all these objections are matters of detail with which we need not, as foreigners, trouble ourselves, and which can be corrected and amended in the course of discussion in the Chamber and the Senate. What is of much more interest to other countries is the principle of the Bill, which is denounced in France, and we notice with surprise by not a few English papers, as socialistic and ruinously extravagant.

In reality, the Bill is less socialistic in principle than our own Poor Law. Like this, it proposes to make provision for all indigent persons when they have passed the working age. It may be objected that at fifty-six men and women are still able to work, and that therefore a much later age ought to be chosen. That, again, is a mere matter of detail, which it rests with the Chambers to adopt or amend as they please. But in principle the object of the Bill is not different from our own Poor Law—to provide the indigent poor, the poor whose income is supposed not to be sufficient to enable them to make provision for old age, with an insurance against actual want. But while it does this, the Bill insists that the poor themselves shall contribute, while able to work, to the fund upon which they are to draw in old age. Our Poor Law, on the contrary, does not require those who are relieved by it to contribute anything while they are self-supporting. No matter how a man may have wasted his substance in riotous living, he can demand assistance from his parish or his union, and the law declares that he must not be allowed to starve. In principle, then, the French proposal is decidedly less socialistic than our own law, inasmuch as it insists on the man contributing beforehand to the fund out of which he is to subsist afterwards, and ours does not. And if it is less socialistic, it is certainly less demoralising. Our Poor Law, by branding as a pauper everyone who has to come upon the parish or the union for relief, lowers him in his own eyes as well as in the eyes of the world, and by breaking down self-respect, lessens the economic efficiency of the worker throughout his after-life. Besides, our Poor Law, by breaking up homes and separating families, is the occasion of immense waste. The workman who, through misfortune, or illness or accident, is obliged to go into the workhouse, has to part with all his furniture, and to separate himself from his

family; past savings are lost; proposals are made prior to the cost with the Government body kindly and costly at the whole charges the head of the expenditure of destitute entirely little is as not the recipient method the recipient. Even, the French avail themselves of the Government under-estimates of the Poor Law much.

The bitter employment workpeople are to doubt the original socialistic mouth probably dislike arousing. They are in by language content it we of co cannot Parliam day e contri that t what of w not a milita pones wage sake age. begin to h quite Fran cann by r tinu the p have what hand wag decre The stro espe of and



family; and in doing this the last remnants of his past savings are scattered to the winds. The French proposal, following the German legislation, is superior in these respects. It is quite possible that the cost will prove to be very much greater than the Government now expects. But does not everybody know that our own Poor Law is an exceedingly costly affair? Take the Poor Law expenditure of the whole of the United Kingdom, and deduct the charges which really ought not to be entered under the heading of poor relief, and yet it will be found that the expenditure which really is applied to the relief of destitution is enormously heavy. And it comes entirely out of the pockets of the ratepayers. So little is contributed by the relatives of those relieved as not to be worth mentioning, and none at all by the recipients of the relief themselves; while the method of expenditure, as already stated, demoralises the recipients and, economically, is absolutely wasted. Even, then, if a very much larger proportion of the French workpeople than the Government expects avail themselves of the Bill, and if in other respects the Government calculations prove to be greatly under-estimated, yet it is hardly likely that the cost of the system will much exceed that of our own Poor Law; probably it will not reach nearly as much.

The French opponents of the Bill are especially bitter against the proposal which requires the employer to contribute as much as his workman or workwoman to the fund out of which the pensions are to be provided. The proposal, our readers are doubtless aware, is copied from Prince Bismarck's original scheme, but it is pronounced dangerously socialistic and most unjust to the employer. In the mouths of such men as M. Leroy-Beaulieu, that is probably only a very emphatic way of expressing their dislike of the whole measure, and a likely means of arousing in the minds of others opposition to it. They are, we should think, not in the least taken in by their own rhetoric and their own strong language; but it is odd to find some of our own contemporaries repeating the denunciation as if it were sound economic doctrine. As a matter of course, everybody knows that a Parliament cannot raise wages by law. If, therefore, the French Parliament decrees that for every five centimes a day contributed by the workman, his employer shall contribute another five centimes, it simply means that the rate of wages all over France is to be somewhat reduced for the sake of building up a fund out of which pensions are to be paid in old age. It is not at all dissimilar to our own plan of postponing military payments. The workman, in fact, postpones receipt, until he is fifty-six, of a part of the wages to which he is immediately entitled, for the sake of making sure of a modest subsistence in old age. There may be some little difficulty in the beginning between employers and employed as to how the matter is to be arranged, but it is quite clear that the rate of wages all over France, in every trade and every kind of industry, cannot be raised a uniform five centimes per day by mere Act of Parliament. If the country continues to grow in prosperity as it has grown during the present century, wages will go on rising, as they have been steadily rising all through the century, whatever Parliament may say or do. On the other hand, if the prosperity of the country decreases, wages will fall, even though Parliament should decree twenty times a year that they must not fall. Therefore, this particular provision, which is so strongly denounced as unjust to the employer, and especially to the small employer—as, in fact, a kind of confiscation in the case of the peasant-proprietor and the master-workman who has only one or two

journeymen—is nothing more than a proposal to get out of the workman himself, half directly and half indirectly, a contribution which, it is estimated, will suffice at the end of a given number of years to yield the pension which is guaranteed him by the State.

#### CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week again international courtesies, present and prospective, obscure the ordinary material of history. The visit of the German Emperor to England is supposed to find a counterpoise in the approaching arrival of the French fleet at Cronstadt. This latter has been received at Copenhagen with great enthusiasm by all classes alike. The launch of the *Sicilia*, one of the most powerful ironclads afloat, at Venice on Monday, has been made the occasion, not only for such aquatic fêtes as are possible only in Venice, but for an interchange of courtesies between England and Italy, of which Continental politicians are, not unnaturally, inclined to exaggerate the significance. There has been no similar interchange of courtesies between Italy and Austria, either because the Italian Government feared Irredentist manifestations, and requested the Austrian fleet to stay away, or because Austrian Roman Catholics have a strong sentiment about the temporal power of the Pope—both explanations are given—or for the more obvious reason that the force of tradition is still too strong for the Austrian flag to be very acceptable in Venice. King Alexander of Serbia is soon to pay a visit to the Czar, a decision which is supposed to mark the final delivery of that country to Russia, and has called forth violent protests in the press, both in Vienna and in Serbia itself. Still, it would seem that the King is afterwards to visit the Emperor of Austria. Finally, the Czar has renounced his intention, it is said, of visiting Germany, presumably by way of comment on the renewal of the Triple Alliance, and will celebrate his silver wedding at home, not, as had been intended, at Copenhagen.

Apart from all these nuclei of conjecture, Continental politics this week are unexciting. The French tariff debate has been proceeding apace—forty articles having been disposed of last week in one sitting. French hops, which used to excite the English Protectionist, were themselves protected a fortnight ago from Belgian and German competition. Ozokerit has been taxed in the interest of French beekeepers, in spite of an ingenious argument that it is much more desirable for bees to make honey than wax; the French wine-growers have been protected against raisins, and a proposal to tax foreign ice in the interest of the owners of French glaciers—who appear, as in Switzerland, to be preparing to export the glaciers (presumably of Chamouni) in truck-loads—has been negatived. But except for these occasional curiosities of industrial life, there is little to notice in the debates. In the Senate M. Wallon's objections to a statue of Danton were ignored on Tuesday after a good deal of historical disquisition. Danton, by the way, as the *Journal des Débats* opportunely notices, expressed a peculiar contempt for the opinion of posterity.

The French naval manœuvres are proceeding in the Mediterranean. A squadron representing the enemy—inferior in numbers, but containing the finest ships, and in particular the newest and fastest cruisers—is to pass between the Spanish coast and the Balearic Islands, where the defensive squadron is, if possible, to check its movements. A battle was expected on Thursday.

An interesting "workmen's quarters," the first attempt to supply the Paris workmen with separate houses for their families, was visited by the President of the Republic on Sunday. It is situated at the Buttes-Chaumont, near the picturesque park which was the last work of Baron Haussmann, and on

ground that was formerly the haunt of the most dangerous criminals. The houses, which have little gardens, and are seemingly on an English model, are of four types, and are stated to range in price from 6,000 to 25,000 francs, which (with interest) can be spread over sixty-five annual payments.

A new programme has been drafted by the German Social Democrats for discussion by the Socialist Congress to be held at Erfurt in October. It is, on the whole, more practical than the current programme, which dates from 1875. Instead of asserting, like its predecessor, the right of each person to labour and to receive according to his "rational needs," it merely demands the nationalisation of land and the instruments of production; it omits all mention of Lassalle's famous "brazen" (or "iron") "law of wages," and of his pet scheme of transition to social democracy—co-operative production, with capital found by the State; it demands an eight hours day, further protection of the labourer, the extension to agricultural labour of whatever protection is afforded to other departments, and an extended scheme of national insurance, in the management of which the workmen are to participate. Among its political demands are proportional representation (!), apparently the Initiative and Referendum, the election of judges by the people, and the gratuitous provision of legal and medical advice. It is, on the whole, much more "possibilist" than the old programme, and it is not surprising to learn that the extreme section, who were defeated at the last Congress, are again restless, though the new programme may not be the main reason.

Gloomy reports as to harvest prospects, especially in north-west Germany, where the violent storms of last week have done extraordinary damage, have somewhat discredited the optimistic views of the Government.

The Dutch Ministry resigned on Wednesday. The Portuguese Cortes have adjourned till November.

The Bill doubling the privileges of note issue enjoyed by the Bank of Spain, in return for a loan to the State without interest, was passed by the Senate on Tuesday. Some Madrid merchants have petitioned the Queen-Regent to veto it, but it is said to be approved by the mercantile community generally.

In Switzerland, the Initiative—i.e., the right of a certain number of citizens to demand alterations in the Federal Constitution, or legislation on certain lines on other matters—was adopted on Sunday by a majority of nearly 52,000. The numbers were 169,142 to 117,338. Parties were, as we stated last week, divided on the question. The abstentions were unexpectedly numerous. Vaud, Aargau, Thurgau, and the half-cantons of Basel-Land and Appenzel-ausser Rhoden gave majorities against it. A similar institution was also adopted on the same day in the cantonal constitution of Geneva. Most of the cantons, of course, possess it already. The railway to Zermatt is at last opened throughout.

The Commission of Inquiry has returned to Italy from Abyssinia, and examined Livraghi, whose accusations against his superiors of complicity in the murders of which he is accused created such excitement in February, and led to the appointment of the Commission. His extradition was granted by Switzerland about a fortnight ago. A preliminary report will be issued, it is said, in a few days, followed in October by a final statement as to the reforms desirable in the Abyssinian colony. These reports will be addressed to the Premier, but presumably their substance will be published.

In an interview with a correspondent of the *Gazzetta Piemontese*, Signor Nicotera has emphatically contradicted the reports circulated by the Extreme Left that there are dissensions between him and the rest of the Ministry, and that the latter had any desire to evade the discussion of their policy during the scene we described last week. He has also promised a complete Ministerial programme

of financial reform—which is not to involve fresh taxation—on the reassembling of the Chambers in November. By it the Cabinet is to stand or fall. In the latter case, he states, it will fall as a whole.

The reports as to harvest prospects from South Russia are rather more encouraging, though great distress seems to prevail along the Volga and in some of the central districts, particularly Kostroma. A "cloudburst" has all but destroyed Ekaterinoslav, and the weather will not only damage the crops, but aggravate the difficulties of transport in a way possible only in a country where there are no stones.

The liberties of Finland have received another blow by the abolition of the "Advisory Committee" of three, which sat at St. Petersburg, and nearly always consisted entirely of Finns.

The "Royal romance" in Roumania is still going.

Miss Greenfield (whose mother, a widowed English lady, is a considerable landowner in Persia) is not yet delivered up by her Kurd captors, who declare she was converted to Islam two years ago. The Turkish authorities seem to be favouring them, despite the strong representations made by the British Consul. Persian troops have been sent to overawe the Kurds, who do not seem to care. Full details were published in Friday's *Daily News*.

A fourfold execution by electricity—which has enriched the American tongue with the vile word "electrocution"—has taken place at Sing Sing, New York, and is said to have been painless, though the evidence is rather suspicious and the reports somewhat conflicting.

Most alarming reports are in circulation as to Mr. Blaine's health, and his nomination to the Presidency seems very improbable.

The Argentine Budget estimate for 1891, it is stated, will show a revenue of 29,000,000 dollars in gold, and 26,000,000 dollars in paper, against an expenditure of 14,000,000 dollars in gold and 35,000,000 dollars in paper, thus leaving in any case a handsome surplus. The utmost economy is to be observed. This news comes together with the announcement that a proposal has been laid before the Senate for Government aid in renewing bills and for the issue of additional paper money in case of need—which rather mars its effect.

The Congressional party in Chili state that their prospects are very promising. Indeed, a victory is already reported. Their army is marching southward, and troops will probably be landed to attack Valparaiso or Santiago. The population will fraternise with them. The new ironclads built for this party in France have been released by the French Government. President Balmaceda has obtained from his subservient Congress unlimited power of confiscation against his adversaries. An attempt made by their agents to obtain control of the funds in England for the service of the loan has failed for lack of evidence as to the seat of sovereign authority in Chili. But it is said that Messrs. Rothschild are protecting these funds against the encroachments of President Balmaceda.

#### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT WITH AMERICA.

THE perils which threatened the grant of American copyright to British authors have at length been surmounted. The President has declared himself satisfied that British law extends reciprocal protection to American authors, and has accordingly, in terms of the statute passed last March, issued his proclamation declaring the benefits of that statute to extend to the United Kingdom and its dependencies. It is fortunate that his advisers found themselves able to accept the answer of the Foreign Office as sufficient, for had it proved necessary to amend our law, the task of pushing even a short and simple Act through Parliament in the month of



July against the opposition threatened by printers and paper-makers, would have been neither short nor simple. All the difficulties, however, that were feared from the supposed defects of our law, have now vanished, and a new chapter in the history of copyright opens from Monday, July 6th. Yet before we turn our eyes from the past to the future, it is proper to say something about the causes which led to the passing of the American Act, for these have been frequently misunderstood.

When the Act passed, it was received by our press with a coldness surprising in those who had so eagerly demanded it—a coldness which ignored the difficulties it had to contend with, and therefore did less than justice to the nation that enacted it. "Better late than never," "Some sparks of feeling at last," "Less dishonest than we thought them"—these, or such as these, were the phrases used by some influential papers; while others, fixing their attention on the so-called "manufacturing clauses" of the Act, represented the measure as not so much an effort to secure justice to foreign authors as to secure business to American printers and paper-makers. These clauses, which provide that to obtain copyright in America a book must be printed from type set within the United States, or from plates taken from such type, are doubtless a blot on the statute. They are bad in principle, and diminish the value of the boon conferred on foreign authors. But it is absurd to suggest that the Act was passed for the sake of them. They will appear by no means unnatural if the whole facts of the case are regarded. Protection to native industry is the accepted basis of American legislation, a basis upon which the last Congress has erected a portentous fabric of tariff regulations, many of them more oppressive than these manufacturing clauses. If copyright pure and simple had been granted to Europeans, it is probable that a considerable amount of printing heretofore done in America would have been transferred to Europe, where both labour and paper are very much cheaper. The printers were therefore concerned not to draw in business from elsewhere, but to retain business they had got already. Can we be surprised that when they saw everybody else obtaining protection they should have claimed protection for their industry also? The amount of printing work which the Act can draw away from Britain to the United States is, owing to the difference in wages and other conditions of production in favour of British houses, smaller than that which might have flowed to Britain away from the United States had no restrictive provisions been inserted. The American trades-unions of printers had accordingly a *prima facie* case; and those authors and statesmen who led the International Copyright movement were obliged to yield to an opposition whose strength lay in the fact that it appealed to the general practice of the country. Congressmen are even more timid than Members of Parliament, and the hostility of a large and well-organised trade which thinks itself endangered is a formidable factor where parties are nearly balanced. So far from being the cause of the Act, the insertion of these clauses was forced upon its promoters, and accepted unwillingly by them as the price they were forced to pay for the recognition of the main principle they advocated. They were right to submit, for the Act marks a great step forward—a step which might not have been taken for years had pure free trade in printing been insisted on. To say this is, of course, not to defend the clauses. They are mischievous clauses. They embody an unsound doctrine. They injure the American consumer by artificially raising the price of books. They inflict some loss and much inconvenience on the foreign author who gains copyright by complying with them. They will prevent many a deserving foreign book from obtaining copyright, for it is only an author already known who can count on finding some American publisher willing to print and issue

his works in the United States. Hence the most enlightened and zealous men among the promoters of the recent Act have declared their intention to agitate for its amendment by the repeal of these provisions, so that a foreigner may obtain copyright in America on the same easy terms as are open to a foreigner in England.

The true cause of the passing of the Act was the conviction which had gradually spread itself through the better classes in America that the want of international copyright was a discredit, and, therefore, an injury to the nation. It was also urged, and justly urged, that the flooding of the country with cheap pirated editions of European books gave no chance to American authors, whose works could not be published so cheaply, because the author, as well as the publisher, had to make a profit. It was pointed out that these pirated editions were largely reprints of worthless books, many of them injurious to the taste, some even to the morals, of the people. But the main argument was the appeal to honesty and good feeling. The literary men who began the agitation were for a time sneered at. They were few at first, and they had no political influence. But they were so zealous and so persistent, they plied the politicians with so many arguments, they used the press with so much skill and resolution, working upon the minds of the more educated voters, and keeping the question always to the front in public discussion, that at last the average Congressman began to feel he must give serious attention to the subject. First the Eastern and Middle States were conquered, and two or three leading New England politicians joined in the campaign; then the more cultivated parts of the West listened, and presently their representatives came over. The South and South-West were the last to be affected, and furnished the bulk of the minority who resisted the measure to the end. The Southern and South-Western States are, taken all round, the least educated, as well as the poorest parts of the Union, the parts in which books are least bought and read. Their members, however, continued to dilate on the advantages of abundant literature, and to argue that since international copyright meant dearer books, it must be resisted in the interests of the people.

Nearly all English observers thought this argument so strong as to deem the establishment of international copyright an elusive dream. "It may seem to be approaching," they said, "but it will never come. How can you expect a nation to raise the price against itself of what it has come to consider a necessity of life—cheap European literature?" Yet this nation has now deliberately raised against itself the price of its books. This is no small triumph for a group of literary men to have achieved—men who had nothing in their favour but a good cause and their own earnestness. The power of opinion, an opinion formed entirely outside political circles, has seldom been more strikingly illustrated. Neither political party took the question up. The feeling of a few enlightened men went on spreading and strengthening till the whole nation was leavened; and the nation having convinced itself that its own honour was involved in recognising the right of the foreigner no less than of the citizen to the profits of his intellectual exertion, forced its representatives, by a sort of silent pressure, to an act of justice which seemed opposed to its material interests, and which ten years before politicians had scarcely deigned to consider. A distinguished American writer to whose energy the cause of international copyright owes much, wrote to me in describing the final struggle by which the Bill was carried, "I have always said, Never despair of America." When her own citizens, no less than foreign critics, are disheartened by some of the sordid phenomena of her politics, it is well to remember how great is the power which the opinion of thoughtful and honourable men, acting outside party and invoking high principles, can exert.

JAMES BRYCE.

## THE CEREMONIAL SIDE OF ROYALTY.

THIS has been a memorable week for the descriptive reporter. He has revelled in pageants, and covered his bread on both sides, so to speak, with the richest cream of his vocabulary. It is not often that a Royal wedding, a State banquet, reviews, processions, Imperial alarms and excursions, are crowded into so short a spell; and the gentlemen who direct the evolutions of the English language for the *Daily Telegraph*, and who, when they want to say that something is lost in shadow, "shroud" it "in adumbration," have never had a more glorious time. They have seen Burke's "Peerage" and the "Almanach de Gotha" walking up the aisle of St. George's Chapel, and they have imagined the glitter of the gold plate at Windsor in the blaze of three hundred candles. But their joy is somewhat dashed by a mournful suspicion that in the business of show the German Emperor and his suite are easily supreme. Lord Halsbury did his best to make the British peerage look picturesque at a wedding, and Sir Richard Temple—had he been invited—might have rivalled the Teutonic manhood. But in a scene of military magnificence the uniforms of the German War Lord and his satellites eclipsed even the Duke of Cambridge. In this country the expenditure of royalty is watched by lynx-eyed economists. Mr. Labouchere knows to a sixpence the cost of royal coals, and Mr. Morton is uneasy lest the Military Knights of Windsor should enjoy unlawful splendour in their superior almshouse. But the Kaiser can play with costly toys without stirring indignant legislators to demand whether the Imperial dignity is worth the expense. A monarch who actually governs, and who believes himself appointed by Heaven to impress his personal opinions on his subjects, has a great advantage even in an ornamental sense over Sovereigns who are constitutional symbols. A Prince who is a field-marshal only in name cannot expect to rival the spectacular graces of a kinsman whose lightest word is obeyed by millions of armed men. He cannot wear a succession of dazzling uniforms with any feeling of reality, and if he were to make the experiment, he would find himself in the hands of the caricaturists. No display of gold plate, even when extolled by the *Daily Telegraph*, can make him an equal of the mailed hero whose suits and trappings, whether military or naval, proclaim a real personal authority. To the Germans the Imperial pomp satisfies not only the love of show, but also the love of power. It is the ceremonial assertion of the principle which is vital to them, and a mere shadow to us. When the Crown Prince Frederick threw round his neck the gold chain of the Hohenzollerns, in order to impress Gustav Freytag with his earnestness in anticipating the Imperial dignity of his family, he indulged in no mere theatrical show. It was an unmistakable expression of the very practical ambition of a man who expected to be paramount over a whole generation of minor kings and princes.

There is, of course, an instinct of propriety in this country which teaches us that our royal personages should conduct their festivities with a ceremonial befitting their station. It would never do for a princess to be married in an ordinary gown and given away by the verger. Even Mr. Labouchere would probably complain that this was unfair to the taxpayers, who expected some show for their money. Many years ago it was said that an American President was once discovered receiving visitors at the White House in his shirt-sleeves, and murmuring, as he shook hands alternately with two streams of guests, "How d'ye do—how d'ye do? Glad to see you—glad to see you. Hot day—hot day." The ceremony was simple, but if it were introduced at Marlborough House, even Mr. Morton might notice that there was some lack of personal distinction. Wherever the monarchy has a long tradition experience has shown that it is unwise to try a Citizen King who is neither a dictator nor

a decorator. In a juvenile kingdom like Holland the monarch may go shopping with any unassuming householder; but the descendant of Egbert cannot afford to forget that he is always a spectacle, and cannot walk the streets while Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris dashes by in a gilded chariot. Moreover, there is a moral advantage in having a standard of ceremonial which excites no envy. If the Princess of Wales appears in a costume of novel elegance, the bitterness of jealousy invades no feminine bosom; but if the Lady Mayoress were to achieve this distinction the spouses of aldermen would pass nights of sleepless mortification. It is no small thing to have at least one family in the kingdom who do not stir the covetousness of their neighbours. Our gilded youth are humbly content to model their deportment upon the linen of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale without the tormenting thought that they are as good as he. But if Mr. Jesse Collings were President-elect of the Britannic Republic, what guarantee should we have that the cuffs and collars of his household would be regarded with the deference of imitation instead of the insolence of rivalry? Some optimists may imagine that by putting the office of Chief Magistrate up to competition we should obtain a finer quality of ornament and a more distinguished code of manners. But ceremonial is essentially a matter of association. The ballot-box could never compete with the font. All the pomp of a popular election could not touch the imagination like the christening of a royal infant. A President might be the model of intellectual and moral fitness, but he could not carry the centuries in his train. It is not mere servility which imparts an indefinable significance to the laying of foundation-stones by royal hands and the mumbling of indifferent phrases by royal lips. The spirit of historic continuity, though he little knows it, dominates the spectator, and the wonder is that he does not mutter as a kind of invocation the whole list of English kings and queens with their dates.

For the purposes of decoration, then, royalty has little fear of a competitor even when it has ceased to be the controlling force of national life, and no longer proclaims its divine mission from the housetops. It supplies a considerable number of people with perpetual entertainment. Its amusements are sometimes serious, and its solemnity is occasionally diverting; but the incongruity is inseparable from the system, and increases the piquancy of the play. To people who are playgoers without entering a theatre, royalty affords an endless series of gentle little dramas, in which weddings and christenings are the most familiar themes, with now and then an incident which suggests *Miss Braddon* or the *Adelphi*. To students of a slightly graver cast, who cling to the mainstays of civilisation, there is always the consolation of knowing that the Queen walked or drove with some honourable lady in attendance. Even this has its dramatic value, like the drop-scene in the play-house with its restful tableau. Possibly the theatrical element of royalty imposes a responsibility which cannot always be sustained without simulation; as when a prince receives an address from an obsequious corporation, and perceives a threatening array of tributary bouquets. Such a situation demands from his histrionic faculty an artistic demonstration of agreeable surprise which would do no discredit to a professional actor. But all the world's a stage, and even princes are merely players.

## NONCONFORMITY AND ITS ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

THE later decades of our century have seen many revivals, and not the least remarkable is the revival of the Ecclesiastical Council. It is everywhere, in all the Churches, experiencing a resurrection.



We have had the Vatican, the Pan-Anglican, the Pan-Presbyterian Councils, and now we are to have the International Council of the Congregational Churches. Each has with about equal success aimed at a sort of œcumenicity; for each of the Churches can claim the only species of Catholicity now possible, the right by virtue of service and even of occupancy to call all regions of the earth and all tongues of men its own. This last of the Councils is variously significant. It means that those who bear the historical name of Independents do not intend to live in isolation; they feel the need of conference, mutual criticism, counsel, and co-operation. Their Council is to be comprehensive; its members come not only from Great Britain, but from America and the Colonies. They apparently, too, desire a wider brotherhood than their own. They have invited representatives of what one may describe as the greater Church of England—Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists—to meet them in Council. The constructive spirit is evidently entering into English dissent; it is becoming possessed of a new ideal, that may yet become a stupendous and potent reality. It seems as if, just as the Anglicans are beginning to lose the notion of the Church in the idea of a clergy, the Dissenters were beginning to exchange the idea of denominations for the notion of a Church. It would indeed be a curious piece of irony were a reversal of the ancient nomenclature to become necessary, the greater Church of England being described in the positive terms, while the negative fell to the lesser. And this will become inevitable if the new Anglican sectaries have their way. If the rising clericalism devours the old Church, what remains will be the most absolute of all sectarianisms; but we shall hope that the new Church will be noble and Catholic enough to tolerate even the intolerant. In those days Mr. Gace will be the subject, not of serious Parliamentary discussion, but of instructive psychological study and explanation.

The men who are about to meet in Council are the main representatives of the old English Puritans. This is the tie that binds together its English and American members. The former are Nonconformist as well as Puritan; the latter are Puritan without being Nonconformist. This is strictly an English term, due to the Act which, under the name of Uniformity, legislatively disrupted and divided the religious life of the English people. Outside of England, it either has its significance reversed or loses it altogether. In Scotland Episcopacy is dissent; an Anglican is there a Nonconformist. In America there is no Establishment, and so neither Conformity nor Nonconformity, but simply free Christian Churches. But while the Congregationalists of America are not, like their English brethren, Nonconformists, they are, like them, of Puritan descent, heirs of the same traditions, ideals, enthusiasms. They conceive alike the religion and the Church of Christ, they are one in their political and social ideals, though within the unity lie differences due to the different histories and constitutions of their respective countries. In America the Puritan States have been the creators of the nobler intellectual, political, and ethical ideals. They generated the principles that inspired the War of Independence; they created the policy and agencies for the education that has conquered and ordered the disintegrating and deteriorating elements of the European immigration; they begot the sense of brotherhood, and directed the passion for freedom that emancipated the slave; and they have produced whatever of literature has enriched and adorned the intellectual soil of the New World. No better Christian work has been done in any part of the world since Christ than has been done by the Churches of the Puritan States. The men who represent them deserve well of the English people; and it will be an ill day for that people if ever ecclesiastical differences prevent the recognition of services history can only honour and time can only enhance.

But Nonconformity, as specifically English, is, though in its root and reason religious, in its form and history political, created by a political Act, which was enforced by civil penalties. The Dissenter is a creation of a given policy, and so his being is and cannot but be political. He may differ from the Church as a Church, but he does not dissent from it; what he dissents from is an institution ordered and regulated, alike as regards doctrine and worship, by the State. The earliest struggle of the Nonconformist was for the most rudimentary of religious rights—the right to worship the God of his conscience as his conscience bade him; the next was for the most rudimentary of civil rights—the right to live within the State an enfranchised citizen. Of both rights the Act of Uniformity deprived him; in seeking to recover what it took away, he has helped to reform the English Church and to enlarge the English State. The benefit has been common, though the battle has been particular, and often disguised under issues so mean as to be the reverse of ennobling. Indeed, domestic strife is seldom heroic; to live in it as the daily and abiding medium of one's being, and yet remain pure and magnanimous, may well be regarded as the last achievement of the noble mind. But the Puritan was not allowed to live and develop in England under favourable conditions; the struggle for existence he had to wage was not friendly to the kindlier graces. He came of a learned ancestry; to it had once belonged the highest scholarship of England; but the law that excluded him from the Church shut him out of the University and denied him the right to found or conduct either a school or college. And how could learning live where the opportunity either to teach or to learn was withheld? He came, too, of a refined race; for refinement must always be moral. The Merry Monarch was a very brutal person; his gay court was too much a scene of loose living ever to be a school of good breeding or refined manners. But the Puritan home loved the virtues that beget reverence in child for parent, and create the only soil on which the finer affections can flourish. The sternness of the Puritan was largely the creation of satire or political hate; we look at him through the eyes of Hudibras, or describe him in the terms of South or Sanicroft. But within his own home or society he was a kindlier, gentler man than the dissolute cavalier, more void of the formal courtesies, more full of the graces born of good feeling. He hated bull-baiting and the coarse cruelties of the period—and who to-day will say he was wrong? He despised and denounced the stage of his time—and who will now defend the theatre of the Second Charles? He loved sober-coloured and unadorned garments—and has not time vindicated his as the finer taste and declared the cavalier's to be the more vulgar? If he disliked the noisy and the brutal, it did not mean that he hated or even avoided the playful. Nay, he loved the frequent jest, did not fear it in the home, or even in the pulpit; while he was not averse from the game that made the village happy, or the pastime that gave gaiety to the home. Indeed, we owe to the Puritan much of what in the English idea of the home is most beautiful. The religious unit to him was not the individual, but the family; the father stood before God as the representative of the household, responsible to Him for it, dealing with it as the creation of His grace, bound to maintain it in the grace wherein it stood. And so he was bound to love his children as God loved them, to train them in His truth, to exercise such discipline as should secure the order He approved. There are men still living who remember, with reverence and affection, indescribable families governed by those old Puritan traditions, and who know that within a strictness that was more a love of order than a desire for repression, lived a tenderness that made the severity that had now and then to be exercised more painful to the hand that inflicted than to the subject

that suffered. Take them all in all, the Puritans were not simply an heroic, but a gracious race, and England, alike on the field of history and in the sources of her happiest and most secret life, is the wealthier and the nobler for their being and their work.

Yet the legislation that turned the Puritan into the Nonconformist threatened to extinguish all the possibilities of good within him. If it failed to do this, it was only because what he thought to be grace was stronger than what he experienced of law. It is easy to be patriotic to a country that endows us with its richest favours; it is not easy to be dutiful to one which deals with us as a hard and hostile foster-mother. And England was such a mother to the Nonconformist, conceded no right which could be withheld, and placed in her meanest favours some fretful sting. The character forced into continued opposition, into chronic dissidence and difference, tends to become hard, obstinate, narrow; and if the tendency is not realised to the last bitter result, it must be because of some noble elements in the character, and in spite of the natural action of the opposing forces. Now, it is remarkable what elements of breadth as of strength Nonconformity has contributed to the English people and their history. The ultimate function of all churches is the creation of men, the formation of character. It is only the apologist or the doctrinaire who will magnify a polity till it becomes the essence or vital principle of the Church. The main matter that will ultimately determine all others is—what sort of men does it make? What are the ideals, the enthusiasms, it develops? What kind of citizens does it form for the State, and what manner of principles does it bring to the creation of its laws? These are tests Nonconformity need not fear; its churches are not churches of the State, but they have served the State better than if they had been, they have made good citizens, men dissatisfied with the evil of the actual, anxious to realise conditions more nearly ideal. In teaching men to obey conscience they have taught men to fear God, to prefer integrity to convenience, to honour sincerity, to do violence to no man's religious faith or force him for it to endure civil disabilities. In emphasising the ethical for the individual they have enforced righteousness as the law for peoples; in exalting the categorical imperative they have made men feel that the law for nations cannot differ from the law for persons. Among a people that so loves the customary and the conventional as the English, a body of men strong enough to distinguish conformity from religion and the Church of Christ from the Church of England, is an unmixed good, a witness to the higher and more abiding things in the midst of those who mistake fashions for realities. Without Dissent the English Church would have perished in deism or have merged in the English State. Some of her most honoured names—men whose thinking or whose action has entered as iron into her blood: her Butlers, Seckers, Maurices, Taits—have been supplied to her from without. She, too, is a witness to the beneficence of Nonconformity, and gratitude ought to make her respectful to so efficient a factor of her good.

The men, then, who are about to meet in council represent those whose historical place and work, alike for religion and people, England ought to be the last to dispute. Anything more monotonous, more reluctant to change—or, indeed, incapable of it—than an England dominated by the old idea of uniformity, could not well be conceived. There is movement because there is difference, unity because there is variety; but there is division only because the dream of uniformity governs the Church and affects the Legislature. Once this is abandoned, Nonconformity will cease, and happier, because fraternal and natural, relations will prevail. Meanwhile, this Council means that Nonconformity still believes in its own mission, and is seeking the means of more adequately fulfill-

ing it. Within its bosom the forces of protest, of progress, of personal purity and domestic virtue, of national freedom and duty, are still being born. Out of it have sprung some of the minds that have most profoundly moved our generation. Within it Carlyle learned his independence, his hatred of shams, his love of reality, his lofty ideal of duty, his impassioned faith in man and work; from it Ruskin learned the ethical passion which has inspired his criticism of art and his enthusiasm for a more ideal economy of labour, society, and man; within its bosom Browning was nurtured into his faith in God, freedom, and immortality, into his dislike of the conventional and devotion to the real. And as with man, so with movements; it is well that outside the arena of rival parties there should be generated the ideals that are to the practical and partisan politician despised and irritating quixotisms. These become the progressive and elevating forces in politics, and of these the appropriate birthplace has been Nonconformity. The belief in man and the faith in freedom as the condition of order and progress, the hatred of slavery and the determination to be rid of it at all costs, the love of the commonweal, and the clear insight into the impoverishing and repressive action of protective laws, the desire for peace, and the conviction that arbitration is better than war, the enthusiasm for morality in legislation, whether it concerns drink, or impurity at home, or opium, or any traffic unjust to lower races abroad—these, and things like these, Nonconformity has helped to make articulate and to supply the forces needed for their realisation. And if it has so acted and does still so act, surely the meeting of its representatives in council ought to be a matter of more than passing interest to the churches and people of England.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S "LIFE."

THE heavy bereavement which has fallen upon Mr. Gladstone during the past week has been felt as a personal sorrow by thousands of his fellow-countrymen. At the moment when his own state of health was a cause of grave anxiety, he has been suddenly overwhelmed by one of the greatest sorrows to which mortals are liable. Death has taken from him his eldest son, a man who, though he had sat in Parliament for a score of years, was comparatively unknown to the public. To a wide circle of friends of himself and his illustrious father, Mr. William Henry Gladstone was endeared by qualities of no common order. His sterling worth was as conspicuous as his modesty; and he had made himself loved even by those who differed widely from him on political and religious questions. It is no ordinary loss which has thus fallen upon his father and his family. But even if the case had been different, and if there had been nothing to distinguish Mr. W. H. Gladstone from the great mass of his fellow-creatures, the feeling of distress which his death has occasioned among no small portion of the inhabitants of this country would have been hardly less keen than it is, for he stood in one sense nearest to his parents. He was the heir, and seemed to be the destined successor, of one whose hold upon the affections of the English people has never been surpassed by that of any other public man. It is natural and becoming that men of all parties should show their sympathy with Mr. Gladstone in his sorrow. But, remembering Mr. Gladstone's own age, and the shortness of the time which now lies before him, those who trust and follow him in the political struggle cannot but be moved by a special feeling of regret when they see his old age clouded by a grief like this. That he who has stood so manfully and so nobly in the front of the battle for so large a space of time, and whose conspicuous merit it has been to face the vicissitudes of fortune with unflinching courage and equanimity, will not now be found wanting in the possession of a



brave and patient resignation to the will of God, none can doubt. But he and his wife will be cheered in this hour of affliction by the knowledge of that universal sympathy of which they are the objects.

It is during the week when men's thoughts have by this stroke of Fate been so largely turned towards Mr. Gladstone, that we are presented with one of the most complete and succinct accounts of his extraordinary career that we have yet received. Mr. George Russell, whose contribution to the series of booklets published under the general title of "The Queen's Prime Ministers" is a Life of Mr. Gladstone, had many special qualifications for the work, which he has discharged with real ability. Himself a member of a family which has been so closely connected with the political life of our country, he has not only served in Parliament as one of Mr. Gladstone's subordinates, but has enjoyed for many years the friendship of his chief. We might, under these circumstances, have expected a Life more full of personal detail than Mr. Russell's book actually is; but he himself has explained the fact which is patent to all of us, that the time is not yet come when the real biography of Mr. Gladstone can be written. What Mr. Russell has done has been to give us a clear and intelligible account of the public career of his hero, and to accompany it by some of those sidelights upon his life and character which are always so dear to the reader. The result is a volume which we may specially commend as the most attractive and authoritative history of the man with whom it deals that has yet been given to the world.

It will be long before we can see that life in its real perspective. Great men, as Mr. Chamberlain once observed in a passage borrowed from another orator, are like mountains; and we must travel far before we can take in the clear and complete outline of the man who is still, happily, living amongst us, but whose career began when our fathers were in their youth. From the Eton schoolboy who was the leader of debate in "Pop" to the aged veteran who was discoursing only the other day on the subject of Colonial Bishops to a delighted audience of Churchmen, seems a far cry; and yet so full of active work has been the whole life of Mr. Gladstone, so unbroken is the chain of labour which it has witnessed, that the story of his achievements seems a simple one. The reconstruction of our fiscal system, by which the full benefits of Free Trade were brought within the reach of the English people and the fetters removed from our commerce, receives but scanty notice in Mr. Russell's volume; and yet if Mr. Gladstone had done nothing besides this great work, he would have earned a lasting place in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen. But it is forty years since this work was practically finished, and how much more of labour and achievement these forty years have witnessed! The enlargement of the Franchise and the establishment of the Throne upon the widest possible basis, the removal of the iniquity of the Irish Church Establishment, the freeing of the Universities, the readjustment of the Irish Land system, the abolition of Purchase in the Army, the establishment of a national system of Education—these surely are achievements comparable with any of which the statesmen of the past can boast, and in all of these Mr. Gladstone has taken the leading part. The introduction of a system of pacific Arbitration for the settlement of international disputes into the high policy of the world is a work about which men think comparatively little at this moment, but of which they will think more and more highly as time passes. The splendid victory secured by Mr. Gladstone between 1877 and 1880 when he saved his country from an iniquitous and ruinous war, and, almost single-handed, reversed the policy of a powerful Ministry, is an achievement over which men of all parties can even now rejoice, though they cannot yet do full justice to it. All these features of the life, the story of which has been sketched for us by Mr. Russell, may be said to belong to history. It is only upon one great and burning question that

the fierce flames of party passion are still brought to bear. But when, in the fulness of time, Mr. Gladstone's work comes to be weighed in the balance, there is no part of it which will seem to the eye of the impartial judge whose verdict will be given to posterity to have been of greater virtue, or more surpassing excellence, than the determined effort which has marked the last years of his life to put an end to the running sore of ages and to create in the breasts of the people of Ireland a feeling of cordial and trustful amity towards the people of Great Britain.

As we turn over the pages of Mr. Russell's book, finding cause here and there, we must admit, to dissent from his criticisms and his mode of viewing particular incidents in our history, we are struck with amazement at the fulness of the record which it gives us. That the span of a single human life should have seen so much attempted and so much accomplished is indeed wonderful. But it is when we turn from the man's work to the man himself that we see, though dimly, something of the greatness of the character of one who has adorned and still adorns our country and our generation. Many pleasant sidelights, as we have said, are thrown upon Mr. Gladstone's private life in Mr. Russell's pages, but perhaps the most valuable of them is the testimony he bears to the fervour of the enthusiasm with which those who know Mr. Gladstone best regard their friend and leader. Other great men have stamped their greatness upon the minds of the multitude, and have been steeped in an atmosphere of popular applause. This fate has befallen Mr. Gladstone in common with his great predecessors; but there has been none among them who enjoyed, in a more abundant degree, not merely the favour and admiration of the world, but the affection and veneration of those people—high and low—of all classes and creeds, and even of diverse political opinions, who have had the rare good fortune to be brought into personal contact with him. It was said not long ago that no stranger could understand Mr. Gladstone's character who had not talked to one of his private secretaries about him; and it is certainly true that no man has been more completely the idol of those with whom he has been brought into the closest communion of work and effort than he has been. When the story of his life is told, we believe that, whilst his achievements will be freely recognised as among the greatest in the page of our national story, the highest value and interest of the narrative will be found in its description of his personal and family career, the purity and simplicity of which have done much to elevate the standard of our social life, and in its appreciation of a character as lofty as it is complex, as heroic as it is sweet. In the meantime we have every reason to be thankful to Mr. Russell for his clear and able sketch of one whom he is justly proud to call his friend.

#### "THE STREAM OF PLEASURE."

A BERLIN Professor, who recently visited this country, and was conveyed from London to Oxford on a steam-launch, remarked, as he set foot on Salter's raft, that England's greatness rested on her Water-System, which he at once divided under the following five heads—(a) The Navy, (b) The Mercantile Marine, (c) The Metropolitan Fire Brigade, (d) The Thames, (e) The Morning Bath. Most of these can be further subdivided: and in the case of the Thames we have just read that "of the river above locks and within easy reach of a day from London, there may be said to be three zones—the first distinctly suburban, extending from Teddington through Kingston, Hampton and Chertsey to Staines; the second, from Staines through Windsor, Maidenhead, Marlow and Henley to Sonning; and the third from Sonning to Streatley. The favourite beverage among excursionists in the first zone appears to be bottled beer;

in the second, particularly above and below Maidenhead, champagne bottles may be observed floating in the stream; in the third honest stone jars of cider or shandygaff are felt to be more in accord with the landscape."

This passage occurs in a "Practical Chapter" which Mr. J. G. Legge has appended to the latest work on the Thames. Mrs. Pennell wrote the rest of the book, Mr. Pennell has crowded it with delightful illustrations, and Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has published it under the title which we have borrowed for this paper. And the lesson which it teaches is that the Thames will subdue itself to the mood of every man who travels along it, yet give itself away to no man. No stream gives the impertinent and unintelligent visitor so much satisfaction or so easily forgets his intrusion. Henley, blazing this week with colour, gay with the prettiest crowd that ever assembles in England, rioting in nigger-minstrels, fireworks and prohibitive prices, becomes again the drowsy little market-town that Shenstone knew. Not all the artists who have sat down in front of Iffley Mill or Pangbourne weir or Wargrave church can vulgarise those beautiful spots. Mr. Jerome's three men in a boat have gone yawping up the stream, consuming their own tomfoolery as they went and leaving no traces. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell are two Americans who thought they would like to write a book about the river. It was a harmless fancy: thousands had done so before them. They knew nothing of the Thames, so they took Mr. Taunt's "Guide," Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis," and the inspiring lays of Mr. Ashby Sterry. They knew nothing of the management of a boat, but they took one and bravely started down stream, with one eye on the danger-post and the other on the reading public. When they reached Wallingford they found Mr. William Black's name in the visitors' book at the "George." At Goring they turned to Mr. Sterry's lays and read

"When you're here, I'm told that you  
Should mount the Hill and see the view;  
And gaze and wonder, if you'd do  
Its merits most completely."

At Pangbourne they quoted him again—

"O, Pangbourne is pleasant in sweet summer time,"

—again at Reading,

"Mong other things, so widely known  
For biscuits, seed and sauce,"

—again at Sonning, at Henley, at Boulter's Lock, and so on. The Thames had room enough for them, and they came to no hurt and have left plenty of room for others who know the river differently. There are backwaters around Oxford where a man may still "loaf and invite his soul" and listen from afar to the hoarse voices of the "coaches" exhorting their crews: there are bye-streams, curtained with reeds, where he may push his canoe and for a whole summer's Sunday see neither a record-breaker nor a sun-shade. He may choose, if he only care to learn, between good inns and bad, cockneyfied towns and villages and bits of real country where the inhabitants till the soil and pasture cattle, instead of letting out lodgings for their daily bread. When Mr. Legge lumps all the riverside, from Staines up to Sonning, into one "zone," and asserts that champagne is its beverage, we suspect him not of ignorance, but of wiliness.

As far as we know, two people only have been too dull to understand any one of the Thames's countless aspects. The first was the vulgar soul who first started a gondola upon it; the second was he who wrote a book and called it "The Royal River." For if there be one stream in the world that exists for the *demos* and is ruled by it, that stream is Thames. Windsor stands on its shore, but affects it not half so much as does the hairdresser's assistant, rowing by on his Saturday-to-Monday's outing. From the racing eights on Isis to the villa-residents that jostle under Kingston, all sorts and conditions of men use its waters as they will. Futile landowners

claim the water here and there as private, but we never met anyone who heeded them. The crowd at Henley is about as much "mixed" as it is possible to conceive. The refflorescence of the Loddon lilies is known to a hundred shopmen about the City as soon as to the man who owns the islands whereon they grow. All classes rise and sink together in Marsh Lock, or Boulter's, or Molesey. The rich lord can stretch a chain across the stream and block it as Shakespeare's Avon is blocked, by Warwick Castle. The Queen could not do it if she wished. Nor has the monarchy any great share in the traditions of the Thames—if we except that of Runnymede. Indeed, royalty has very wisely determined to let the river alone, and the German Emperor is not taken to Henley Regatta. It is half a pity, for he would learn more there about England, in twenty minutes, than he is likely to pick up in all the functions prepared for him: and possibly he might find the spectacle more amusing than all the unbecoming costumes by which his relatives alleviate the monotony of their attentions on successive days.

"The Stream of Pleasure" is a happy title for Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's volume. The experienced boating man may speak with more warmth of other waters. The Wye is more exciting; the Severn water is prettier to row in, quickening round the blade of oar or paddle as the Thames never quickens in any part of its course; the Avon, the Trent, the Ouse give lovely scenery with solitude; and there are weedy canals in this country where you may travel for days, opening the locks for yourself and falling in with "no assembly but horn beasts." Even the upper reaches of the Thames are quiet enough and possess some remarkably good inns: and the journey on which Thomas Love Peacock took his characters, in "Crotchet Castle," or the extended voyage of Mr. Black's house-boat, is hard to beat. But a man who has a decent affection for his fellow-creatures will never tire of the Thames. Few impulses can be more heartily approved than that which takes the Cockney hairdresser out to Molesey or even to Streatley and impels him to tug an oar and sweat in the open air. It is easy enough to laugh at him. He brings down his own manners and pays court to his "gal" in his own fashion. His remarks, when moved to sentiment by sunset or moonlight, are apt to resemble Mr. Jerome's. But the reflective mind can look beneath these blemishes and perceive that he is really working out his salvation. He goes back with a stronger arm and a browner face. He has lived in the open air for a couple of days; and in nine cases out of ten is a better creature for that reason. While the superior person, if now and then he tire of the various hymns of democracy, with their banjo accompaniments, can withdraw for a while among the lilies and waterfowl of "sedgy tributaries," or backwaters, such as exist by the hundred and may be found by one who has leisure to search.

#### CAN WOMAN BE CIVILISED?

ACCORDING to Feveler the elder, woman is to be the last thing civilised by man. This, of course, is a libel, and we have reason to believe that Mr. Meredith will presently be requested to withdraw it from the Pilgrim's Scrip. Question: Who will ask him to do so? Answer: The League for Combating the Frivolities of Fashion. This League, as readers may have noted, was founded only the other day in Berlin, and membership is open to all who care to join in the crusade against the tyrant, "La Mode." Only ladies can be members, but gentlemen are admitted as "friends." Now, Feveler will admit that the sex has only to trample on La Mode to be civilised.

Do not, writes "Anon" to the editor, print any article on the superiority of German to English



women, because the former have decided to be done with Fashion. I am able to tell you that our own countrywomen are only a day behind in this matter, for no sooner had they heard of the German League than they started one on the same lines. I have just interviewed the Committee, and found them enthusiastic. Enclosed is the interview:—

"Your League, I suppose, is an adaptation from the German one?"

"Yes; it may be called so in a sense. Still, we should have started it long ago had we thought of it, so that our society is to all intents and purposes original."

"What are its intents and purposes?"

"Surely our title sufficiently explains that. As intelligent beings we feel that we have too long been over-ridden by the heathen Goddess, Fashion. We are flinging off her yoke, that is all."

"It is a great deal."

"We are confident that it will transform the world in a few months' time."

"As in Germany, you are only to have female members, I understand. Will not this lay you open to sarcasm?"

"Why should it?"

"Well, does it not imply that men need join no such League, because they are already superior to the fads of Fashion?"

"No; it only implies that we mean to civilise ourselves before we begin on the men. Besides, they are admitted as 'friends.'"

"Why?"

"What would be the use of our defying Fashion if no one was to know of it?"

"The 'friends' are expected to tell their friends?"

"Yes, men are such gossips."

"A 'friend,' of course, means not necessarily a friend of members but of the movement?"

"Certainly."

"You will have a large number of married 'friends.'"

"That is true, for they are joining in flocks. But how could you guess that?"

"There will be few bachelor 'friends,' however."

"There are none, and we cannot understand why."

"Oh, doubtless the reason is that men like to see pretty frocks until they have to pay for them."

"Can that explain it? How stupid, then, of both married men and single!"

"It is reasonable, surely?"

"Most unreasonable, for, of course, membership will prove rather expensive."

"I thought the entrance fee was to be a mere trifle."

"Yes, but—"

"And, of course, Economy is your watchword?"

"Certainly; but—consider the incidental expenses."

"Such as what?"

"Well, the dresses, to begin with."

"What? I thought you were to 'combat the frivolities of Fashion'?"

"So we are, and that means quite a wardrobe of new dresses."

"I don't see it."

"It is quite simple. The dresses now in vogue are absurdly fantastic, so we must take to something new. Of course, the Society's costumes will be simple in the extreme."

"That, at least, will please the 'friends.'"

"We are glad you think so, as we feared they might grudge the expense."

"It cannot be great."

"Oh dear yes! The simple costumes are the most expensive. You see, everything depends on a perfect fit. And then we shall be forced to have new dresses constantly."

"I don't understand."

"Surely it is obvious. To give the Society a good name, we must have everything made by the most

fash—the very best dressmakers. That will make the Society's costumes popular. In other words, they will become the fashion. Now you see?"

"Not quite."

"Why, is not our League established to defy Fashion? That being so, as soon as our dresses become the rage, we must adopt something different."

"I see. Are you to have an Anti-Fashion Journal, such as the one that is to be the organ of the German League?"

"Yes; the first number is already in the Press."

"Can you describe its contents to me? How unlike the other ladies' papers it will be!"

"Yes; it is being established to shame them. Well, with each number will be given a double-page coloured supplement of Anti-Fashion costumes."

"But is not that after the manner of the other papers?"

"It is quite the reverse. We said *Anti-Fashion* costumes. You can have no idea how pretty some of them are. Then we are to have a monthly interview with a dressmaker—"

"Just as the other papers have?"

"No. She will always be an Anti-Fashion dressmaker."

"But surely the dressmakers are in arms against you?"

"Quite the contrary. Why should they be, when we are giving them so much work? They have taken up the idea enthusiastically, and all the chief ones have joined the League. Would you mind coming back to finish this interview at another time?"

"Not at all."

"You see, we have an appointment just now for trying on the Committee costumes."

"There are to be Committee costumes?"

"Of course. Surely the Committee must have the courage of its opinions."

## OPEN QUESTIONS.

### II.—OUGHT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT TO BE CREMATED?

EVERY president of a debating society must, sooner or later in his career, have been struck with the paucity of subjects which are considered worth debating. The society gets through the first two terms of its existence easily enough, but after that it begins to repeat itself. I was president of a debating society once, and did my best to secure a little novelty. I took two of the old subjects, mixed them, and strained off the sense. The result was this: "Ought Capital Punishment to be Cremated?" That was why I lost the presidency, and had a vote of censure passed upon me. I felt like a combination of the Royal Martyr and Warren Hastings. I had been impeached, and I have always thought "impeached" a beautiful, fruity word. But the question which I had proposed was never discussed.

Now this was a pity, because there are many debating societies which are almost moribund for want of new subjects, and many new subjects can be made by the method which I had adopted. Here, for instance, is one:

"Is a belief in the existence of total abstinence consistent with a limited monarchy?"

There is all the succulent part of three old problems condensed into that one question. Here is one more instance:

"Should a man who kills another in a duel be considered guilty of the policy of the present Government?"

It is a method which I could justify fully by references to the "Ars Poetica" and to the works of Mr. Lewis Carroll. It may be objected that these are questions about which it would not be possible to argue seriously and logically; but debating societies have nothing to do with argument; they are simply intended to promote talk; and it is quite possible to talk about

anything. And if it is urged that we can talk without having debating societies, it may fairly be answered that we can also bore ourselves without the use of special apparatus, but that we yet have lawn-tennis and whist. No: the holy glow which goes all through a young man when he is first called an honourable gentleman would alone be a sufficient argument in favour of debating societies. This brings us naturally to the question "Ought Capital Punishment to be Cremated?" Perhaps those who think that it is not possible to argue about this question have been a little hasty. To commence with, it is improbable that I would pay the usual advertisement rates to discuss this subject in the pages of a weekly review unless I believed the subject to be capable of discussion.

I may admit at once that the historical argument cannot be used. In our debating society there was one young man who gained a precarious reputation for general knowledge by his references to the cantons of Switzerland. He told us that any measure which was proposed before the society had already been tried and had failed—or, if it suited his point better, had succeeded—in the cantons of Switzerland. It was a very long time before we found him out, but he was exposed in the end. This prejudiced me a little against the historical argument; but I abandon it now, not because of any senseless prejudice, but because there is absolutely no mention in any history of the application of cremation to the principle of capital punishment. If any one can prove the contrary, I guarantee to let him pay me the sum of £10,000, to be devoted to any good cause that I like to name. One turns naturally from history to prophecy, from the misrepresentation of the past to the miscalculation of the future. Here, too, I own that this subject has not yet been made the theme of conjecture. I take my stand neither on the past nor on the future. I pluck my argument, as it were, from the great, bleeding, palpitating heart of the present. I look to the vivid actualities of to-day, and I am inclined to think that cremation would not be applicable to capital punishment. For, from our present knowledge of the usual action of fire, it is certain that cremation would make a terrible ash of it.

But enough of statistics. It is true that I have used no statistics whatever, but I was always accustomed in our debating society to commence my peroration in this way. It is impressive. It seems to say: "I turn from prose to poetry, and both support my views." I always had my peroration written out, in a microscopical hand, on half a sheet of note-paper. Then, if the light was fairly good, I could deliver it fluently and without hesitation; it made it seem as if it came in one warm spontaneous gush from the heart. I had two forms of peroration; one was used when I was advocating progress, the other when I was advocating inaction or retrogression. Either of them suited any subject. I should consider that the advocacy of the cremation of capital punishment would be progressive, and so I shall give the progressive peroration. It is true that so far I have argued against, not for, such cremation; but it was common in our debating society to argue on one side and perorate on the other. This is the peroration:—

"But enough of statistics. When the Persian forces required to be driven into battle by the lashes of their superior officers, it was not hard to foresee that the ruin of that great Empire was at hand. I do not say—I would not even imply—that the ruin of an Empire more splendid even than the Persian is involved in the refusal of the measure which I am now advocating; but, if the last words of Goethe were not spoken in vain, we shall not need the lash to promote our advance—an advance which will find its goal, its conclusion, its climax, in the increased prosperity and welfare of mankind."

I do not think I have said anything which would tend to settle this question conclusively; I have left it quite open, as I was anxious to do. The world is

large enough for all of us. If any debating society cares to adopt my method of obtaining new subjects for discussion, it can do so without the payment of any fees. Indeed, the whole of this article has been written in order to encourage debating societies.

### THE DRAMA.

BEFORE Coquelin left us last week opportunity was found for him to appear in one of the best of his more recent impersonations, that of old Poirier in Augier's famous piece. I must plead guilty to a warm partiality for *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* which prevents me from scrutinising it under the "dry light" of criticism. It was my first French play. My raptures must be left to the imagination: I will not describe them; for, after a certain essay of Elia, he must be a venturesome man who would expatiate on such a theme. Suffice it to say that this first evening of mine at the Français dates back to the Dark Ages, when Tomlins had not ceased from troubling, and Leicester Buckingham was not yet at rest. Delaunay, still making stage-love better than men thirty years his juniors, was the Marquis; Croizette, not yet "erept the stage," as old Donne says, was the Antoinette; and, of course, Gôt was the Poirier. Certain phrases—of no particular significance in themselves, nor of any importance in the play—still linger in my ears from that evening, owing, I suppose, simply to the charm with which they were delivered: Delaunay's "c'est du dernier bourgeois," Croizette's "Oh, la bonne bouffée du printemps!" and Gôt's "Je suis un vieux libéral, moi"! I even remember Poirier's wonderful waistcoat of sprigged-velvet, a more epoch-making garment for me than that scarlet waistcoat which Gautier wore on the first night of *Hernani*. At the Royalty I could hardly hope to recapture the first fine careless rapture of that evening at the Français. Mdle. Du Minil, the Antoinette of the occasion, is an actress as intelligent as she is pretty, but she has not a tithe of the intensity, the feeling for dramatic situation, which, amid many shortcomings, Croizette never lacked. As for M. Valbel's Marquis, it was deplorably wrong; without distinction, elegance, the grand manner—above all, without that peculiar quality which the Greeks (especially when Alcibiades was in question) called *hubris*—a certain splendid insolence born of the conjunction of hot-blooded youth and blue-blooded descent—which is of the very essence of the Marquis's character. Jean Coquelin's Verdelet was a gallant attempt on the part of a lad of twenty to play a personage old enough to be his grandfather, and so was foredoomed to failure. But the elder Coquelin's Poirier made amends for everything. It was as good as—nay, let me be greatly daring, and say at once that it was better than—Gôt's; more subtle, more restrained, richer in "pawkins," in sly humour. Coquelin made the character alive in every nerve and fibre—not the easiest of tasks in the case of a type which is already moribund on the stage, and in real life has been dead these many years, though M. Ohnet and certain other belated observers may not, like Lord Chesterfield in the anecdote, "choose to have it generally known." The *bourgeois* who seeks to gratify his own social ambition by marrying his daughter to some titled and ruined spendthrift from the Faubourg St. Germain came in, I fancy, as a stock-type for novel and drama, in the "twenties" and the earlier days of Scribe (the return of the *émigrés* after the Restoration to a France in the hands of "new men" with money must have furnished many examples of the bargain, a dowry for a title, in real life). He flourished and waxed exceeding fat under King Louis Philippe and King Balzac. In the first decade of the Second Empire (*Le Gendre de M. Poirier* dates from 1854) Augier pounced upon him with delight, showed him in all aspects—genial in Poirier, mean in Charnier (*Les*



*Effrontés*), truculent in Guérin (*Maître Guérin*)—but always treated him—much as Izaak Walton bade the angler put the worm on the hook—"as though he loved him."

Finally—his mission in life, after he had served Augier's purpose, being practically ended—it is to be presumed that he capitulated, with so many other outworn types, at Sedan. Contrast him with some prominent types of *bourgeois* who were his contemporaries in literature on this side of the Channel—the elder Osbornes, the elder Newcomes, the Pecksniffs, the Podsnaps, the Bulstrodes—and you shall perceive a difference not wholly soothing to British vanity. He has, at bottom, the same narrowness of ideals, the same ferocious egoism, as they have; but how much more human he is, more civilised, more urbane! He has not a trace of hypocrisy, only a very little of the servility which he inherited from his ancestor Georges Dandin (it is said, by the way, that Augier at first designed to call his study of Poirier *La Revanche de Georges Dandin*), plus a certain eighteenth century epicureanism, as of a man who has read his Voltaire at school, and remembered a little of him, and a touch of sentimentality, derived, one fancies, not so much from Rousseau (whom he would surely disown, as conspicuously lacking in civic virtues) as from the chosen bard of the burgess-mind, Béranger. These reflections have carried me, perhaps, somewhat far from the Royalty performance; but it is the special virtue of good art, as one is never tired of observing, to suggest even more than it realises; and in that way, as in all others, M. Coquelin's Poirier is very good art indeed. For his final performance on Saturday last he elected to appear as Henri Duval in M. Bisson's farce, *Les Surprises du Divorce*, Englished some time ago for the Court Theatre by Mr. Sydney Grundy as *Mamma*. It was not an altogether commendable choice: amusing as M. Coquelin is in "mother-in-law farce," one feels that he is descending from heights where he stands alone and unapproachable to a level where he is only one in a crowd. Moreover, as a matter of detail, he was not so amusing as he might have been on Saturday afternoon, being by no means perfect in his words. But one could cheerfully forgive even more serious shortcomings than a few lapses of memory to an actor fatigued, as M. Coquelin must have been, by a fortnight of uninterrupted playing in a round dozen of plays. If the brief season of French plays has no other result, it will at least have served to remind Londoners that Coquelin the elder still remains, beyond all compare, the finest comedian of his day.

Because *The Scapegoat*, a dramatisation by Mr. Wilton Jones of a novel by Miss Gertrude Warden, deals with the subject of hereditary insanity, some ingenious critics have contrived to detect in it the pernicious influence of Ibsen. To my mind, the play has about as close connection with Ibsen's *Ghosts* as with Professor Pepper's. The protagonist of the much-discussed Scandinavian drama is not Oswald Alving, the son who goes mad, but the tortured mother, who in *The Scapegoat* is reduced to a mere *ficelle*, a string by which the stage-puppets are worked. And for the "soul's tragedy" of the great play we have—but it would be too cruel to pursue a line of comparison which ought never to have been suggested. One good scene there is in Mr. Wilton Jones's play, in which a mother, compelled to justify her inflexible opposition to her son's marriage, has to confess that his father is a homicidal maniac. Here an emotional crisis is truthfully and forcibly portrayed. But the author, unfortunately, has put all his psychological eggs into this one basket; and the rest of the play, dealing with the unhappy son's strange behaviour while his madness is still latent (he proposes to drown the mistress of his affections); and his violence, when it is at length declared (he half-strangles the lady and throws himself from an hotel balcony), is the merest melodrama. The fact is, as soon as the symptoms of madness exhibit themselves in a stage-

hero, there is nothing for it but to get him quickly out of the way—whether by Oswald Alving's bottle of morphia or by the usual method of a certificate from two physicians and a carriage to Colney Hatch it matters not, so long as his career is *per fas aut nefas* cut short. Otherwise, nothing can prevent him from turning the most promising of dramas into the vulgarest of "shilling shockers." A fairly strong company had been engaged for the single trial-performance of *The Scapegoat*, including Miss Florence West, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, and Mr. Lewis Waller; but the only noteworthy piece of acting was that of Mrs. Theodore Wright, as the agonised mother, a part which might have been expressly designed for the lady who first made her mark by her admirably natural performance of Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts*. A. B. W.

#### THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

LEAVING a wedding, we drove through the evening, talking of the women we knew, of their beauty, of the grace of leisured life. Never were my thoughts further from articles and art; so far were they, that I paid no attention when my friend told me, as we turned out of Park Lane into Piccadilly, that he was taking me to a picture gallery—to a private view.

I had not heard of the new "show," and was in no humour for study, and walked quickly through the rooms, seeing as I went familiar paintings—here a Millais, there a Herkomer, over the way a Shannon and a Boldini—things that I knew perfectly—things that did not interest me. But suddenly the pale beauty of two pictures dawned in the dreary air; their light was of a sanctuary, and I was led and held by the thrall of their magnetism. I knew both pictures; but life has always been to me a continual unfolding, and these pictures seemed to have acquired in years of absence beauties I had not seen before. Both were by Mr. Whistler—one was the celebrated portrait of his mother, the other was the portrait of Miss Alexander. The portrait of the mother, among artists, is a constant theme of conversation. It is believed by them to be one of the most astonishing pieces of painting ever accomplished. But while in the gallery I saw nothing but the less-celebrated because less-exhibited portrait—a little girl in a white frock upon a grey background.

Strangely original, a rare and unique thing, is this picture, and yet we know whence it came, and may easily appreciate the influences that brought it into being. Exquisite and happy combination of the art of an entire nation and the genius of one man—the soul of Japan incarnate in the body of the immortal Spaniard. It was Japan that counselled the strange grace of the silhouette, and it was that country, too, that inspired in a dim, far-off way those subtly sweet and magical passages from grey to green, from green again to changing evanescent grey. But a higher intelligence massed and impelled those chords of green and grey than ever manifested itself in Japanese fan or screen; the means are simpler, the effect is greater, and by the side of this picture the best Japanese work seems only facile superficial improvisation. In the picture itself there is really little of Japan. The painter merely understood all that Japan might teach. He went to the very root, appropriating only the innermost essence of its art. We Westerners had thought it sufficient to copy Nature, but the Japanese knew it was better to observe Nature. The whole art of Japan is selection, and Japan taught Mr. Whistler, or impressed upon Mr. Whistler, the imperative necessity of selection. No Western artist of the present or of past time—no, not Velasquez himself—ever selected from the model so tenderly as Mr. Whistler; Japan taught him to consider Nature as a storehouse whence the artist may pick and choose, combining the fragments of his choice into an exquisite whole—the exquisite intention

of the artist. Sir John Millais' art is the opposite; there we find no selection; the model is copied—and only sometimes with sufficient technical skill.

But this picture is throughout a selection from the model; nowhere has anything been copied brutally, and yet the reality of the girl is not sacrificed.

The picture represents a girl of about ten or eleven. She is dressed according to the fashion of about twenty years ago—a starched muslin frock, a small overskirt, pale brown, white stockings, square-toed black shoes. She stands, her left foot advanced, holding in her left hand a grey felt hat adorned with a long plume reaching nearly to the ground. The wall behind her is grey with a black wainscot. On the left, far back in the picture, on a low stool, some grey-green drapery strikes the highest note of colour in the picture. On the right, in the foreground, some tall daisies come into the picture, and two butterflies flutter over the girl's blonde head. This picture seems to exist in the seeing! I mean that the execution is so strangely simple that the thought, "If I could only see the model like that, I think I could do it myself," comes spontaneously into the mind. And this spontaneous thought is excellent criticism, for three-parts of Mr. Whistler's art lies in the seeing; no one ever saw Nature so artistically as he. Notice on the left the sharp line of the white frock cutting against the black wainscoting. Were that line away, how much would the picture lose! It is one of the joys of the picture. Look at the leg that is advanced, and tell me if you can detect the modelling. There is modelling, I know, but there are no vulgar roundnesses. Apparently, only a flat tint; but there is on the bone a light, hardly discernible; and yet this light is sufficient. And the leg that is turned away, the thick, chubby ankle of the child, how admirable in drawing; and that touch of darker colour, how it tells the exact form of the bone! To indicate is the final accomplishment of the painter's art, and I know no indication like that ankle bone. And now passing from the feet to the face, notice, I beg of you—it is one of the points in the picture—that jaw bone. The face is seen in three-quarter, and to focus the interest in the face the painter has slightly insisted on the line of the jaw bone, which, taken in conjunction with the line of the hair, brings into prominence the oval of the face. In Nature that charming oval only appeared in certain moments. The painter seized one of those moments, and called it into our consciousness as a musician with certain finger will choose to give prominence to a certain note in a chord.

There must have been a day in Mr. Whistler's life when the artists of Japan convinced him once and for ever of the primary importance of selection. In Velasquez, too, there is selection, and very often it is in the same direction as Mr. Whistler's, but the selection is never, I think, so strongly insisted upon; and sometimes in Velasquez there is, as in the portrait of the Admiral in the National Gallery, hardly any selection—I mean, of course, conscious selection. Velasquez sometimes brutally accepted Nature for what she was worth; this Mr. Whistler never does. But it was Velasquez that gave consistency and strength to what in Mr. Whistler might have run into an art of trivial but exquisite decoration. Velasquez, too, had a voice in the composition of the palette, so sober, so grave, reduced to three tints, and those used with such learned knowledge of every possible harmony obtainable from them. The palette of Velasquez is the opposite of the palette of Rubens; the fantasy of Rubens' palette created the art of Watteau, Turner, Gainsborough; it obtained throughout the eighteenth century in England and in France. Chardin was the one exception. Alone amid the eighteenth-century painters he chose the palette of Velasquez in preference to that of Rubens, and in the nineteenth century Whistler too has chosen it.

Then it was Velasquez who taught Mr. Whistler that flowing limpid execution. In the painting of that blonde hair there is something more than a souvenir of the blonde hair of the Infante in the *salle carrée* in the Louvre. There is also something of Velasquez in the black notes of the shoes. Those blacks—are they not perfectly observed? How light and dry the colour is! How heavy and shiny it would have become in other hands! Notice, too, that in the frock, nowhere is there a single touch of pure white, and yet it is all white—a rich, luminous white that makes every other white in the gallery seem either chalky or dirty. The black wainscoting was painted first, and then, with the white used very thin, the dress was painted; and where the shadows came the white has been lifted off with a dry brush. And when I examine the picture carefully I feel sure the canvas was prepared with some dark tint; on the forehead paint is thickest, under the roots of the hair it has been lifted off with a dry brush or lightly scraped. What an enchantment and a delight the handling is. How flowing, how supple, infinitely and beautifully sure, the music of perfect accomplishment. In the portrait of the mother, the execution seems slower, hardly so spontaneous. For this, no doubt, the subject is accountable. But this little girl is the very finest flower and the culminating point of Mr. Whistler's art. The eye travels over the canvas seeking a fault. In vain; nothing has been omitted that might have been included, nothing has been included that might have been omitted. There is much in Velasquez that is stronger, but nothing in this world ever seemed to me so perfect as this picture.

In a period of artistic decadence like the present, when, as I said last week, never in any age or country did men paint so badly, it is strange to find one artist standing out of his own day, great as anything in the past, projecting himself into the infinite future; professing an art wholly original and supremely beautiful. The phenomenon is a curious one; it has been called attention to before, although, perhaps, not so ostentatiously as in this article. But I have written every word with due deliberation, and I know I do not exaggerate when I say that the question is, not whether Mr. Whistler is a great painter, but whether he stands as high as any that have lived yet in the world; the opinion of artists in Paris and London is that his work stands hardly on a lower plane than Velasquez', and the time has come for us to decide whether the century shall pass away without giving honour to its greatest artist.

My proposal is a simple one—that a subscription should be started to buy one or both of these portraits for the National Gallery. G. M.

## THE WEEK.

M. BLOWITZ, who still holds his own as the prince of journalists, and whose keen appreciation of the psychological moment constantly enables him to intervene exactly when his intervention is most likely to be effective, has, we hear, abandoned for the present his intention of writing either his autobiography or his "Paris Vivant." He has so much to say about notable living personages, and he means to say it, when he does write, with such absolute unreserve, that he feels he must wait, before taking up his pen, until he has retired from the active pursuit of his profession as a journalist.

THE death of MR. JAMES RUNCIMAN is a serious loss to the higher kind of journalism—the journalism, that is to say, which deals in a manner with the verities of life, and is informed by genius, personality, and special knowledge. MR. RUNCIMAN possessed all these characteristics. He had made the business



of schoolmastering his own, and he wrote on educational subjects in the spirit of an enthusiast. There was also a Bohemian side to his life and character, which gave singular freshness and insight to his pictures of seafaring life, and to the trenchant series of sketches of a London public-house, which contain some of the most direct and vivid writing of the day. His style had the boisterous strength and fulness of colour of the man's temperament, which, linked as it was to a giant frame and a wonderful physique, ran in extremes of high spirits and melancholy. MR. RUNCIMAN called himself a Conservative, but all his instincts were humanitarian, and he was as much a social reformer as a man of his artistic bent could well be. In his day he did excellent and varied work for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, and indeed for nearly every journal of repute in England.

THE Jubilee of Trinity College, Glenalmond, is to be celebrated in October. MR. GLADSTONE was the chief founder of this famous institution, and he is not without hope of being able to take part in the celebration of the Jubilee.

GREEK archaeology and topography were almost created as departments of knowledge by the labours of Englishmen of former generations. Yet much of English scholarship, for at least a century, has been described, not altogether unfairly, as that of the overgrown schoolboy, as being practically confined to verbal criticism and servile imitation of selected authors of selected periods. Recent work at Cyprus, at Naucratis in Egypt, and especially in Asia Minor, have gone far to remove this reproach. The British School of Archaeology at Athens, whose subscribers held their annual meeting in London last Saturday, is doing its part well. It has, indeed, somewhat broken with the "classical" tradition by undertaking the excavation of Megalopolis—which is almost post-classical—and has been rewarded by the discovery of a new fragment of the Edict of Diocletian, and of remains which refute a new and particularly irritating German theory—that the Greek theatre had no raised stage. Of course it laments the inadequacy of its means. One college at Cambridge has re-elected the Director to a Fellowship; but Fellowships are few, archaeology is as yet most emphatically not an educational subject, and it is too much to expect that men who have had the excitement of directing excavations, and, perhaps, making acquaintance with a phase of the Eastern Question, should come back and contentedly correct Greek and Latin exercises. There is all the greater need for a large increase in the number of subscribers, which ought to be assured by the interest in antiquity which just now is so marked a characteristic of the cultivated public.

IT WAS SAINTE-BEUVE who wished for two volumes of biographical details, criticisms, analyses, testimonies for and against, bits of letters, anecdotes and ana, concerning every great writer. He judged that such a compilation would give the best idea possible of an author's talent, character, and personality. In all likelihood, SAINTE-BEUVE was thinking how helpful books of the kind would have been to him in the race against time, which he won every week with his wonderful *causeries*. However that may be, M. EDMOND BIRÉ has produced a little cyclopædia about VICTOR HUGO exactly in the style of SAINTE-BEUVE's desideratum. The first part of it appeared many years ago, under the title of "Victor Hugo before 1830," and the second part—"Victor Hugo after 1830" (PERRIN)—has just been published.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

M. BIRÉ has gathered together information of every description. He has had access to unpublished correspondence, and has ransacked the periodical literature of France for news or criticism of his subject. In this way he has been able to follow HUGO day by day; no detail, no date escapes him. In one point M. BIRÉ would not have pleased SAINTE-BEUVE. He is distinctly hostile to HUGO, and that with every opportunity to be impartial. Still, he has given us a rare example of patient research, which will doubtless serve a good purpose for some time to come.

A VOLUME of literary studies by M. OCTAVE LACROIX, entitled "Quelques Maîtres Étrangers et Français," has been published by MESSRS. HACHETTE ET CIE. The English "master" chosen by M. LACROIX is THOMAS MOORE. We are not disposed to deny that MOORE is a master of a kind, but to rank him with BOCCACCIO, LEOPARDI, and CERVANTES is hardly fair to these great names. Possibly it is his relations with BYRON which give MOORE the reputation he has in France. However, M. LACROIX has something to say—in an aside, as it were—of another English master, one of his essays being on "The Double Anniversary of the Death of Shakespeare and Cervantes."

THE traveller who writes under the pseudonym of M. PAUL BRANDA has published an eleventh volume of his very curious "Réflexions Diverses" (FISHBACHER). We have no exact parallel to these pamphlets in our literature. They consist of *obiter dicta*, anecdotes, apophthegms, epigrams, brief conversations, shaken together in a fine confused way. If a general leader-writer on an average London daily were to sift a year's leaders, and collect all the good things into a volume, it would not be more varied, nor less distracting, than M. BRANDA's entertaining little books.

THE second volume of the "Memoirs of General Marbot" (PLON) cover the first part of the Peninsular War. The divisions of the book are entitled "Madrid—Essling—Torres-Vedras."

FOR twenty-four years DR. CODRINGTON laboured as a missionary in Melanesia, chiefly in Norfolk Island. The results of the observations and inquiries which he carried on during that time he has collected under the title of "The Melanesians: Studies in their Anthropology and Folk-lore" (Clarendon Press). DR. CODRINGTON frankly admits that he has his full share of the prejudices and predilections belonging to missionaries. His book, however, is not intended to have what is generally understood to be a missionary character. It is one of the first duties of a missionary to try to understand the people among whom he works, and to this end DR. CODRINGTON hopes his work on Melanesia may contribute something.

BY instruction of the Trustees of the "Lightfoot Fund for the Diocese of Durham," MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. publish two volumes by the late BISHOP LIGHTFOOT—"Sermons Preached on Special Occasions" and "The Apostolic Fathers." The latter comprises the texts of the epistles of CLEMENT of ROME, of SAINT IGNATIUS, of POLYCARP, of BARNABAS, "The Shepherd of Hermas," and other patristic writings, with short introductions and English translations.

A TRANSLATION of MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF's letters will be published by MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. some time in the course of the current month. Their translation of the "Journal" has gone through four library and two popular editions.

In bright red, with a sphinx, pyramids, palm-trees, beetle, and the head of a fair Egyptian on the cover, appears "A Strange Tale of a Scarabæus" (KEGAN PAUL), by ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD. It is a poetical narrative, all in this dreadful metre:—

This my lot has been to roam,  
Since my youth have grasped the brand,  
Carving often, far from home,  
Bloody footsteps in the sand.  
Angus am I called.

We are afraid the critics will not be merciful to CAPTAIN HAGGARD.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL have published a condensed translation, by MRS. ARTHUR WALTER, of MADAME DE BOVET'S "Three Months' Tour in Ireland." The book is profusely illustrated with woodcuts.

MR. HENRY B. WHEATLEY has expanded the late MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM'S "Handbook of London: Past and Present" (MURRAY) into three bulky volumes, constituting what is practically a cyclopædia of our metropolis.

MR. HENRY BRADLEY, the president of the Philological Society, is responsible for the first part of the third volume of DR. MURRAY'S "New English Dictionary" (Clarendon Press). This part, from "E" to "Every," contains 6,842 main words, 1,565 subordinate words, and 786 special combinations, amounting in all to 9,193. Twenty-five per cent. of these words are obsolete, and four per cent. alien or imperfectly naturalised.

HAS WALT WHITMAN adapted the title of his forthcoming volume of verse "Good-bye, my Fancy," from the wild Elizabethan poem "Hallo, my Fancy"? There is, at least, no doubt as to the source of the sub-title in "Second Annex to 'Leaves of Grass.'"

THE eighth volume of the "Adventure Series" (T. FISHER UNWIN) is nearly ready for publication. It will contain "The Story of the Filibusters" (American), by MR. JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, and the "Life of Colonel David Crockett," told by himself. COLONEL CROCKETT is remembered as an intrepid soldier, and the most picturesque figure of the American border life. He was renowned for a thoroughly Irish humour, with which he has enlivened his autobiography. MR. FISHER UNWIN has also in preparation "The Great Cockney Tragedy; or, The New Simple Simon," a satire, told in sonnets, by MR. ERNEST RHYS, and illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches by MR. JACK B. YEATS.

MANY publishers are now announcing the arrangements they have been quietly making for some time past in recognition of the establishment of International Copyright in America. Among others, MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have arranged for the simultaneous publication on both sides of the Atlantic of a series of books by popular authors, among whom are included MR. R. L. STEVENSON, MR. CLARK RUSSELL, MR. CONAN DOYLE, MR. QUILLER-ROUCH, MR. J. M. BARRIE, MR. STANLEY WEYMAN, MR. FRANK STOCKTON, MISS PHELPS, MRS. MOLESWORTH, MRS. PARR, MRS. ALEXANDER, and MRS. L. T. MEADE.

THE *Athenæum* for July 4th is an important number, containing as it does the annual chronicle of Continental literature, thirteen countries in all being dealt with.

THE second number of the *Economic Journal*—the organ of the newly founded British Economic Association—is less concerned than the first with the

economics of the ordinary text-books, and gets more into detail than its predecessor. PROFESSOR MUNRO gives us reasons for believing that the eight hours day need not seriously restrict the output of coal, since new economies will probably be introduced into the processes (especially of winding), and higher prices will stimulate increased production. CANTILLON, whom few people know except from ADAM SMITH'S references, is dealt with in an appreciative paper by MR. H. HIGGS; PROFESSOR BASTABLE deals with the French tobacco monopoly, and similar monopolies, as means of taxation; PROFESSOR TAUSSIG with the McKinley Act.

MR. FARRER, the railway expert, lets us see how many railway problems there are before us, and how imperfectly prefaced, as compared with American experts, English railway men are for dealing with them; and MR. SIDNEY WEBB, in his "Difficulties of Individualism," makes the rather neat point that Individualism is more Utopian at present than its alternative, and falls on MR. COURTNEY, justifiably, for his ignorance of present-day Socialism, but spoils his article by the assumption that capital is in a few hands and always will be; just as if there were no investment trusts, and, indeed, no joint-stock companies at all. The list of all the articles on economic subjects published during the quarter is an excellent feature, and the *Review* cannot be charged with defective catholicity.

THE new publishing house that has just been established in London is not, as a weekly contemporary states, ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co., but ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE. MR. CONSTABLE, a grandson of SCOTT'S "prince of booksellers," intends to interest himself largely in works on Eastern subjects, and has in the press two volumes of a series to be called "Constable's Oriental Miscellany." He will issue, as a quarterly publication, "Annals of Indian Administration and Literature, and Record of Material Progress," and has in preparation several scholastic volumes destined for the use of native students in Indian colleges.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

### THE "SUNDAY QUESTION."

SIR,—I have read with much pleasure your article on the "Sunday Question" in your issue of last Saturday. Allow me a few supplemental words. Much of the wickedness turning up in our police courts on Monday comes from not allowing the masses legitimate amusements on Sunday—their only vacant day. We have nothing to do with the Jewish Sabbath—it is *inter res præteritas*. The Christian Sunday is altogether an entity of another kind. We have no decree forbidding legitimate recreation on Sunday. It is a day of joy—because the day of the Redeemer's triumph. Heavy laborious manual work is forbidden on Sunday, and rightly. A day of spiritual triumph should be also a day of rest. But the opening of a library, a museum, a picture gallery, a park of plants and flowers, &c., on Sundays—say, from two o'clock to seven o'clock p.m.—would involve no heavy manual labour. I cannot see, therefore, why they should be closed to the masses, who cannot enjoy them except on Sundays. Surely everyone must admit the intelligent use of these places helps to make men both morally and civilly better. Why, therefore, close them on Sundays? The class who demand the closing of these places on Sundays willingly allow the railway, the tramway, the steamship, &c., to run on Sundays, though all these involve considerable physical labour. To close to the masses, who have but one vacant day in the seven, sources of improvement, both moral and mental, and involving no labour worthy of the name, is, in my estimation, not only not Christian, but destructive of the moral and civil interests of the community. Let, therefore, all instructive places, whose opening on Sundays implies no real labour—open or closed, the labour would be about the same—be opened to the masses. An idle Sunday is a dangerous Sunday. An old proverb tells us "that an idle brain is the Devil's workshop," and a man to keep himself straight should have a something to occupy him not only on Mondays but on Sundays also.

6th July, 1891.

SACERDOS HIBERNICUS.



## LADY JANE.

(Sapphics.)

DOWN the green hill-side fro' the castle window  
 Lady Jane spied Bill Amaranth a-workin';  
 Day by day watched him go about his ample  
 Nursery garden.

Cabbages thriv'd there, wi' a mort o' green-stuff—  
 Kidney beans, broad beans, onions, tomatoes,  
 Artichokes, seakale, vegetable marrows,  
 Early potatoes.

Lady Jane cared not very much for all these:  
 What she cared much for was a glimpse o' Willum,  
 Strippin' his brown arms wi' a view to horti-  
 -Cultural effort.

Little guessed Willum, never extra-vain, that  
 Up the green hill-side, i' the gloomy castle,  
 Feminine eyes could so delight to view his  
 Noble proportions.

Only one day while, in an innocent mood,  
 Moppin' his brow ('cos 'twas a trifle sweaty)  
 With a blue kerchief—lo, he spies a white 'un  
 Sweetly responding.

Oh, delightful Love! Not a jot do *you* care  
 For the restrictions set on human inter-  
 -course by cold-blooded speculative old folks;  
 Nor do I, neither.

Day by day, peepin' fro' behind the bean-sticks,  
 Willum observed that scrap o' white a-wavin',  
 Till his hot sighs out-growin' all repression  
 Busted his weskit.

Lady Jane's guardian was a haughty Duke, who  
 Clung to old creeds and had a nasty temper;  
 Can we blame Willum that he hardly cared to  
 Risk a refusal?

Year by year found him busy 'mid the bean-sticks,  
 Wholly uncertain how on earth to take steps.  
 Thus for eighteen years he beheld the maiden  
 Wave fro' her window.

But the nineteenth spring, i' the Castle post-bag  
 Came, by book-post, Bill's catalogue o' seedlings  
 Mark'd wi' blue ink at "Paragraphs relatin'  
 Mainly to Pumpkins."

"W. A. can," so the Lady Jane read,  
 "Strongly commend that very noble Gourd, the  
*Lady Jane*, first-class medal, ornamental,  
 Grown to a great height."

Scarce a year arter, by the scented hedgerows—  
 Down the shorn hill-side, fro' the castle gateway—  
 Came a long train and, i' the midst, a black bier,  
 Easily shouldered.

"Whose is yon corse that, thus adorned wi' gourd-leaves,  
 Forth ye bear with slow step?" A mourner answer'd,  
 "'Tis the poor clay-cold body Lady Jane grew  
 Tired to abide in."

"Delve my grave quick, then, for I die to-morrow.  
 Delve it one furlong fro' the kidney-bean-sticks,  
 Where I may dream she's goin' on precisely  
 As she was used to."

Hardly died Bill when, fro' the Lady Jane's grave  
 Crept to his white death-bed a lovely pumpkin—  
 Climb'd the house wall and over-arched his head wi'  
 Billowy verdure.

Simple this tale!—but delicately perfumed  
 As the sweet roadside honeysuckle. That's why,  
 Difficult though its metre was to manage,  
 I'm glad I wrote it.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, July 10th, 1891.

"AS we hope, gentle reader, to pass many happy hours in your society"—this was the humble conditional clause with which, just fifty years ago, *Punch* introduced himself to the British public. The tone is apologetic: and perhaps it is natural to apologise before setting out to be funny. "The Clown," as Oliver Wendell Holmes somewhere remarks, "knows that his place is at the tail of the procession." Nevertheless it sounds oddly to us who, born since the year '41, have grown up with *Punch*, regarding his weekly visit as hardly less a matter of course than the recurrence of bed-time, and feeding on his back numbers until we can feel the old jests, it may almost be said, in our blood. We should as soon expect our fathers and mothers to apologise for their existence.

That the success of *Punch*, however, was a matter of sincere astonishment to his first editor is evident enough from the prefaces of the first two or three volumes. Their very jubilation betrays them. Nobody would write in such a cock-a-whoop fashion who had not previously trembled for his life. A wild rhodomontade was indulged in, which time has softened down into a fulfilled prophecy.—"People are asking the names of the contributors to our delightful pages. We will divulge them—in our hundredth volume!" Here is the hundredth volume out, and the names of most of those early contributors have long since been secure of immortality. There seems no reason why *Punch* himself should not go on to the end of the world.

Who did it? I suppose there is only one answer—John Leech. It was he, to begin with, who, in spite of Jerrold and Thackeray, established the tradition that the illustrations of *Punch* shall be three times as good as its letterpress, a tradition that, for all Mr. Anstey's efforts, continues strong to this day. That Leech's work should have beaten and flung into the shade such writings as Mrs. Caudle's Lectures and Thackeray's burlesques is wonderful enough. But even more wonderful is his continued triumph over his own former efforts. The history of *Punch* up to November, 1864, is mainly the history of the growth of John Leech's skill and humour.

He worked for the paper from the first and barrel-organs killed him in his prime, in 1864. He was only forty-six, and had spent just half his life upon *Punch*. I think it will be granted that his early drawings—clever as they are—give hardly a hint of the development that was to come. Let me admit at once that as an artist he had his limits. In many respects Charles Keene began where Leech had to leave off and performed feats in black-and-white that Leech could hardly have dreamed of. But I can find hardly a limit to his humour that is not also a limit of kindness and sanity. Look at his earlier cartoons and his illustrations, for example, of the "Physiology of a London Idler" and then turn to one of the volumes filled with the doings of Mr. Briggs, of the precocious juvenile, of the charming young women in pork-pie hats. The gulf is immense, and perhaps there is no prettier amusement for a rainy afternoon than to sit close to a shelf of the old volumes and trace the growth of that beneficent imp, John Leech's humour. Pick up the one labelled '1846' and you may see it increasing here by a line, there by a dimple. Consider the over-eaten boy who complains "Oh, lor mar! I feel just exactly as if my jacket was buttoned." You may attend that

youth's progress through volume after volume with cumulative relish.

In the beautiful sentences which announced his death, mention was made of the irreparable loss to society—"society, whose every phase he illustrated with a truth, a grace and a tenderness heretofore unknown to satiric art." These same words may be applied to *Punch* itself, and higher praise could not be given. France has had wittier caricaturists, perhaps, than Leech's successors, and Frenchmen who look at *Punch* have often asked—and often with reason—where precisely the fun existed on this or that page. But it is, perhaps, not insular prejudice alone which detects a certain brutality, a certain lack of heart, in the very best of French caricatures. In Keene's and Du Maurier's drawings the humour has now and then been far enough to seek, but never the sympathy. Even Maudie and Sir Gorgius Midas have been chastened with a kindly hand; while as for Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, who can doubt that Mr. du Maurier himself is in love with this fascinating, if unveracious, lady.

Perhaps the most marvellous stroke of luck in all *Punch's* career was that Charles Keene stood ready to take up Leech's pencil. Keene's humour was never quite irresistible, as Leech's was: but its geniality came from a heart that surely was the twin-brother of Leech's. What shall we do without him? For week by week it grows more sadly plain that there is no successor. The clever young artist who signs himself E. T. R. has very much more to learn, even in the matter of humorous observation, than had Keene when he sent his first sketch to *Punch*. The fussy old lady, the choleric cabman, the street boy, the omnibus-conductor, the vinous old gentleman, the sapient rustic—must these disembodied spirits wander hereafter on the shores of Styx? but these questions are too gloomy for *Mr. Punch's* Jubilee.

There is, on the other hand, plenty in which we may still rejoice. Tenniel still draws and still astounds us, every now and then, with his very best, as in that noble cartoon of Bismarck going down the ship's side—"Dropping the Pilot" was its title. Sambourne's fancy is as riotously rich and his outline as fine as of old: and a more cunning hand than Harry Furniss's has never drawn for *Punch*.

*Punch*, too, as long as he keeps outside of the theatre, is the same old friend, bringing down his bâton on abuses as he brought it down in 1844 on Peel and the *Morning Post* and all the apologists of duelling. Even the lamentable trick of inserting in the letterpress paragraphs which smell like rank advertisements does not seem to have hurt his independence. May he live, at any rate, long enough to witness the cleansing of Mud-salad market!

To close the eyes and think of the contents is to call up the pleasantest panorama that I know. Except "Pickwick," much of whose spirit has passed into three hundred volumes and diffused itself over their pages, and there is nothing to compare with it. There is Mrs. Caudle, and George de Barnwell, and the Fat Contributor; there is Leech's street boy, who, being told by the sentry, "You must move on," replies, "Yah! but you mustn't"; there is Keene's workman, who, gazing up at the comet, invites his fellow to step over the way, because "you catch 'em sideways, here"; there are Doyle's and Bennett's graceful fancies. There is the hero of "Happy Thoughts"—most 'realistic' hero in fiction—with all the splendid nonsense of "Chikkin Hazard" and "Strapmore"; there is Mr. du Maurier's incomparable Alphabet, and his bevy of well-bred beauties;

there are Tenniel's lion, Furniss's M.P.'s, and Anstey's reciter—the list is without end. Let every man hope to live to *Mr. Punch's* centenary. C.

## REVIEWS.

### A NEW VIEW OF CO-OPERATION.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN. By Beatrice Potter. (Social Science Series.) London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MISS BEATRICE POTTER has done a great service to students of social experiments. For half a century the peculiarly British Co-operative Movement has lain across the path of economists and politicians. For over a generation it has engaged the sympathetic attention of statesmen and philanthropists. The twenty-eight "Pioneers" of Rochdale have won for themselves a picturesque chapter in the odds and ends which make up all that we yet have in the way of a real history of the nineteenth century. Co-operative progress has become a newspaper commonplace; Co-operative failure a constant theme for the cheap superiority of journalist ignorance. "Histories" of Co-operation we have had enough of, and to spare, but Miss Potter's recent lectures at University Hall, which form the basis of the present volume, constituted almost the first serious attempt to seize the real significance of the Co-operative Movement in its relation to the other developments of the century of Democracy.

The treatment of Co-operation by the writers of economic text-books has hitherto been a curious mixture of ignorant flattery and patronising contempt. The persistent success marked by thirteen millions of capital and a million members could not be denied, although industry carried on under Democratic control by a merely salaried service was contrary to all the postulates of economic authority. The extravagant accounts which the Co-operators themselves gave of their panacea were obviously absurd, and the "Co-operative Faith" appeared mere sentimental moonshine. When the economist consulted his business friends, he found that financiers and captains of industry were scarcely aware even of the existence of the Co-operative trade which had loomed large to the academic mind, and that they ridiculed the very idea of their workmen coming to be their masters. But the Co-operative Movement was, at any rate, "safe," and respectably British. It was too pretty a solution of industrial difficulties to be lightly given up, even if not understood; and hence we have the chapters on Co-operation in our economic text-books in which each succeeding economic writer has almost blindly followed his predecessor.

Miss Potter has taken a new line. Setting aside both the rhetoric of the Co-operators and the second-hand criticisms of the Economists, she has gone straight for the actual facts of the Movement, and has sought to disentangle that which is essential from the merely accidental and temporary features of its development in Great Britain. All through the volume, she endeavours to view Co-operation as one among the many outcomes of the Industrial Revolution. The result is that she has produced, not so much a detailed history of the Co-operative Movement, as a scientific exposition of its real position in the progress of Democracy. It is not too much to say that the relation of the Co-operative Store to the Trade Union, the Municipality, and the State have never before been presented with any satisfactory precision. Miss Potter, if we mistake not, has succeeded where her predecessors have failed, and has found for Co-operation both an economic and a political basis.

The early Co-operators started with vague dreams of an industrial millenium in which the interests of buyer and seller, producer and consumer should have become identical. This dream it is—constantly



reiterated by the survivors of the enthusiastic band of "Christian Socialists"—which the economists and the public have found both absurd and insincere. The Co-operators are always boasting of their success; but where have they made the interest of the artisan that of the consumer? Even the practical compromise of "profit-sharing" the vast majority of successful Co-operative businesses refuse to adopt; and so Judge Hughes regretfully proclaims that the Co-operators have fallen away from the true faith, and the British public not unnaturally regard them as no better than other successful shopkeepers.

Miss Potter, however, regards the "Christian Socialists" of 1850 as an almost accidental intrusion upon the already successful Co-operative movement. So far were they from imitating it or supplying it with principles, that they never really grasped its essential features. The well-meant enthusiasm of this noble group of barristers and divines has even done harm by confusing the minds of Co-operators and the public, and by constantly endeavouring to divert the growing movement into a new and impossible channel. The social problem which the Co-operators set out to solve was the dependence of the individual workman upon the possessor of capital. The Industrial Revolution had deprived the independent worker of his industrial freedom, and made it necessary for him to enter an industrial army which he did not control. The "Rochdale Pioneers" and their successors aimed, often without exact consciousness of what they were doing, at replacing the individual direction of this industrial army by the collective control of the whole mass of citizens organised as consumers. They had caught from Robert Owen the idea of completing the Industrial Revolution by the elimination of the profit-maker. Having themselves been reduced from independent producers to wage-servants, they sought to change also the profit-making *entrepreneur* into a salaried manager, and to carry on industry, as the nation now carries on war, not for the benefit of the captains, but for that of the whole community. The addition of representative self-government to Owen's economics brought, in fact, the Co-operators into line with Chartism and the other Democratic developments of the time.

The Christian Socialists, on the other hand, ignoring the rapid supersession of the small industry, sought to revive the "self-governing workshop" of the last century. When their little associations of craftsmen almost uniformly failed, the illogical compromise of "profit-sharing" received their support as a partial recognition of the workers' share in the business. But the great bulk of the Co-operators have remained true to their vision of an Industrial Democracy, where the worker does not govern himself, but serves a community, in the administration of which he has his due part as a citizen, and the benefit of which he gains, not as profit-sharer, but as consumer.

What each of these two schools has accomplished Miss Potter shows in her chapters on "The Store" and "Associations of Producers." The Democratic, or "Federal," form of Co-operation has a trade of nearly forty millions a year, including about three millions of manufacturing industry. The "Individualist" associations of producers have a total turnover of less than half a million. But this want of growth is not the worst aspect of their case. Miss Potter examines in detail the character of each of the fifty-four existing Co-operative Productive Societies of this type, and finds all but eight of them marked by anything but Co-operative principles. Many of them are merely combinations of small masters, employing the labour of non-members for their own benefit. Some are even "sweaters"; others evade the Factory Acts. In few have the actual workers any real control. So far from these associations of producers being the adherents to the true faith of Co-operation, Miss Potter regards some of them as constituting a possible disgrace to the

movement, and all of them as serving chiefly as a warning against imitation.

This part of Miss Potter's work will doubtless provoke controversy in the Co-operative world. The same may be said of the final chapter, in which she speaks frankly from a Socialist standpoint, and points out the necessary limits to the voluntary form of Co-operation, and its analogy to Municipal Socialism. Indeed, the whole volume is full of suggestion both to Co-operators and to politicians. It does not express the final word, but it is without doubt the ablest and most philosophical analysis of the Co-operative Movement which has yet been produced.

We have, however, two serious complaints to make against Miss Potter as an author. A volume of this kind ought no more to go out without an index than a lady without her gloves; moreover, even female authors must learn to give full and exact references to all their authorities. And it may be suggested that, if Miss Potter read her own proofs, she has supplied an argument against the employment of women as correctors of the press, for she has overlooked a good many minor misprints. On the other hand, the maps and statistics are beyond all praise. The volume is one of the very best of what is now becoming a really useful "series."

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF RIGHT.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RIGHT. By Diodato Liroy, Professor in the University of Naples. Translated from the Italian by W. Hastie, M.A., B.D. Two volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited. 1891.

IN English schools of law, the science or philosophy of the subject is expounded with special reference to the works of Bentham and Austin. These dead yet sceptred sovereigns have not been formally dethroned; but the defects in their method are now very generally recognised. They founded their legal theories on a narrow and dogmatic utilitarianism; they knew far too little of the history and the practice of English law. With all their faults, they did good service to the cause of legal study and law reform; but their writings must be critically used, and carefully supplemented from other sources. In selecting the work now before us for translation, Mr. Hastie has made a valuable addition to our text-books of jurisprudence. Professor Liroy is a man of wide culture, well read in philosophy and history; there are chapters and passages in his book which any student of law may read with interest and profit. Of the work as a whole we cannot speak in terms of unqualified praise: it is too wide in its scope, too miscellaneous in its contents; the number of topics introduced is so large that some of the most important are inadequately treated.

After a short and merely provisional explanation of what is meant by public right, private right, etc., the author proceeds to consider the principles on which, as he says, every moral and juridical edifice rests. Two long chapters are devoted to metaphysics and ethics; under these headings we are presented with a compressed history of philosophy from Plato to the present day; it is only in his third preliminary chapter that Professor Liroy enters on the special subject of his treatise. From these somewhat lengthy prolegomena we pass to the "objects of right," by which term the author denotes those acts and occupations of men with which the jurist is called upon to deal—religion, science, art, industry, commerce, morality, and justice. We have derived a good deal of information from this part of the book, but if we are to consider it from the jurist's point of view we must, at the risk of seeming ungrateful, remark that it reads too much like a treatise on things in general. It is, of course, desirable that a student of law should start with some clear notions about religion, morals, and political economy; but if these subjects are introduced into a work on jurisprudence, they should be treated briefly and rather dogmatically; historical detail and discursive comment, though

good in themselves, are here out of place. Law, as Chief-Justice Coke reminded his royal master, is a particular thing, and law-books should, we conceive, be written as for a reader who is taking up a special subject after a course of general study.

After describing the objects of right, Professor Lioy devotes the second part of his treatise to the subjects of right, that is, the persons and societies included within the scope of juridical science—individuals, families, orders and classes, local communities, states, the society of civilised states, and humanity, regarded as a vast association embracing the whole human species. The family is treated as a primordial fact; Bachofen, McLennan, and other writers of the same school, are at once put out of court. "We can oppose whole volumes of histories and legends to the passages taken from the ancient writers; and as regards the observations of travellers, we may reply that these are peculiar facts dependent on the degeneration of the races." This is not a convincing style of argument; and indeed the whole account of the family and the nation, as here given, is pervaded by a certain laxity of thought. In explaining the difference between state and nation, the author quotes with approval the doctrine of Mancini that there are two kinds of states: "those which are the product of force or consent . . . and those which are the creation of nature, or national states." Here the term "nature" is used, as it frequently is used in political reasoning, to give a quasi-moral authority to purely conventional arrangements. Mancini would hold that the Italian nation was "created by nature;" but the Italian State was founded, as we know, by the "force" of French arms, and by the "consent" of the smaller states to place themselves under the leadership of Piedmont. He would probably describe the British Government of India as the "product of force;" but the force which made it was "created by nature;" our Empire exists because Englishmen and Hindoos are what they are. Lax notions of "nature" as a source of law are combined with equally lax notions of "humanity" as a subject of law. We can imagine, says Professor Lioy, a vast association, embracing the whole human species. So we can; but there is in fact no such association; if we introduce the idea into a juridical theory, we give a vague and indeterminate character to the rules of international law—rules which may be made perfectly definite if we are content to found them on the actual usage of civilised states.

In his references to English institutions, Professor Lioy is not always accurate; the translator might well have taken the liberty to bring his author's statements into somewhat closer accordance with facts as they now stand. Church rates are not now "levied even from dissenting parishioners" (i. 184). Proxies are no longer permitted in the House of Lords; and the Queen has no right to appoint a life peer, with a seat in Parliament, except under the authority of the statute relating to the appointment of Lords of Appeal (ii. 150). Military tenures were abolished in 1660; but we do not know what is meant by the statement that "servile prestations" were abolished at the same time (ii. 86). The Act of Charles II., by which all free tenures were turned into common socage, has no application to base or servile tenures.

Errors in detail are perhaps inevitable in a work which covers so large a field of inquiry, but they should not continue to appear in a work which has passed through several editions and been translated into several languages. Mr. Hastie dedicates his translation to the memory of Professor Lorimer, of Edinburgh, an eminently philosophical jurist who did something in his day to shake the authority of Bentham and to widen the minds of English lawyers. We have not been able to express entire approval of Professor Lioy's "Philosophy of Right," but we recognise it as a book having a certain value of its own; it should find a place in our libraries beside Lorimer's "Institutes of Law."

#### A PRODUCT OF YOUNG JAPAN.

JAPAN AND THE PACIFIC, AND A JAPANESE VIEW OF THE EASTERN QUESTION. By Manjiro Inagaki, B.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

THIS work is a typical outcome of the movement which has developed the present youth of Japan. Eagerness for the acquisition of knowledge is as integral a part of the Japanese nature as is the love of art. The same spirit which made the people adopt all that China had to teach, at the time when they first became acquainted with Chinese civilisation, has lately induced them to attempt to master and appropriate all the wisdom and experience of Europe. Admirable as is this taste for higher knowledge, it has its drawbacks. It tempts its votaries to try to fly before their pinions are fledged, and supplies the mind with a mental stimulant which it cannot properly assimilate. We are all acquainted with clever youths who are "cocksure" on every question, and are prepared to lay down the law on all subjects, from Chinese metaphysics to the A B C. This is precisely the condition of the youth of Japan at the present time. They have imbibed such wholesale doses of Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Professor Seeley, and others, that they feel fully competent to pronounce *ex cathedra* judgments on matters on which European statesmen and philosophers are chary of giving decided opinions.

Only thirty years divide us from a time when the Japanese scarcely knew of the existence of the nations of Europe, and now we have Mr. Inagaki taking up, next to the Schleswig-Holstein question, one of the most difficult problems of European politics. With the assurance of an expert and the confidence of a boy, he passes in review the policies of Palmerston, Gladstone, Salisbury, and a host of lesser lights, and awards praise and blame with inimitable *naïveté*. His first chapter is on Japan and the Pacific, and in this he finds considerable fault with the conduct of England in the far East. The Arrow war was in his opinion indefensible, and the occupation of Port Hamilton was "a still more striking example of English loose law and looser notions of morality in regard to Eastern nations." The whole Eastern policy of England, including, we suppose, the opening of Japan, is held up to opprobrium. But Mr. Inagaki forgets that but for our action in his native country he might at the present time, instead of being able to lay down the law in the safe and quiet quads of Caius College, have been subject to all the evils of an Eastern despotism, surrounded by double-sworded Samurai, and liable at any crisis of his career to be called upon to commit Harakiri.

In his opinion Japan is the key of the Pacific, and, so far as we are able to gather from his writing, Formosa holds the next place in importance. But his ideas are evidently gathered from many sources, and remind us of the experience of an English official in Japan, who, being much struck by the well-expressed letters in English which he received from natives, inquired into the mode of their composition, and then found that the writers had collected a large number of English letters from which they picked out phrases as these were wanted. In a note such a system may work well, but in a book it imparts to its pages a mosaic style which is somewhat confusing. We could not, Mr. Inagaki considers, occupy Chusan, so we made the mistake of taking possession of Hong Kong. What we ought to have done, in his opinion, would have been to annex Formosa, leaving, we suppose, Hong Kong to the mercy of France or any other foreign Power, which would then be able at any time to intercept our communications with Singapore. This would be much as though we were to give up Gibraltar and hold Malta, or to evacuate Aden while continuing to occupy Egypt.

Mr. Inagaki is not quite clear as to our position in the North Pacific. On page 63 he gives it as his opinion that we cannot secure absolute power in



the Pacific; but he had apparently forgotten, when he wrote this, that on page 37 he had stated that "England now holds complete sway both commercially and navally in the Pacific." And then, with perfect impartiality, he goes on to say, "Lord Salisbury's policy is worthy of all praise, together with Mr. Gladstone's original scheme"—i.e., the occupation of Port Hamilton, which, as we have seen, he elsewhere condemns utterly. But it has a redeeming feature in that "if the scheme had never been originated, there would not have been so firm an Anglo-Chinese alliance as there now is."

Passing at one bound from Eastern Asia to Europe, Mr. Inagaki enters with enthusiasm on the troubled waters of the Eastern question. For him the complexity of the matter has no terrors. *Currente calamo* he sketches the history of the dispute, and puts his finger with unerring instinct on the mistakes made by European statesmen. General Ignatieff evidently stands high in his opinion, and he favours us with sayings of that astute diplomatist which, we should imagine, cannot have been drawn from other than apocryphal sources. Of the Treaty of Berlin the author takes pains to assure us, with admirable truth, that "it seems to me to be virtually a repetition and revision of the conditions of the European concert in the Eastern question." Generally he approves of the treaty, though he is surprised that Crete was not ceded to Greece; but just as the occupation of Formosa is the key to supremacy in the China Sea, so a railway from Constantinople to Bussorah is the true solution of England's difficulty in the East, and Mr. Inagaki wonders how the project "escaped the mind of so clever a statesman as Lord Beaconsfield."

We have no wish to be hard upon Mr. Inagaki, but it is difficult to treat his book seriously. It is a crude attempt to deal with a subject of which he has, and can have, only a very superficial knowledge, and, if published at all, should have been published in Japanese for the benefit of his own countrymen. For them, the historical facts which he has collected would be of interest, while to us the only portions of any value are the pages in which he describes the material progress which has been made by Japan in recent years. On one point we can cordially congratulate him, and that is his knowledge of English. He very rarely falls into solecisms, and his style is entirely free from those exaggerated inflations which so commonly deface the early efforts of Oriental writers in our language.

#### A GOOD TALE.

HASSAN LE JANISSAIRE, 1516. Par Léon Cahun. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 1891.

SEARCHERS for good French story-books that are neither Zola-ish nor Gyp-sy, nor yet too Jules-Verney nor too goody-goody, are in luck when they fall in with M. Cahun, the librarian of the Mazarin Library of the Institute of France, some of whose books of historical adventure have even found their way into English. His "Bannière Bleue" told of the Mongol conquests in Asia; "Les Pilotes d'Ango," Englished if we recollect aright, was Mexican; "Les Mercenaires" romanced of the campaigns of Hannibal; his "Excursions sur les bords de l'Euphrate" gave many of the results of his scientific missions; and "La Vie Juive," of which the author is naturally proudest, is a serious and well-illustrated contribution to the endless question of the eternal race.

The present story of "Hassan the Janissary" is, by a detested publisher's trick, undated on the title-page, but M. Cahun has taken care to date his useful preface "Mars 1891." Dolma Hassan, Hassan of the Vines, is the Turkish name imposed on Yourgui, the youthful son of Frank Spiro, a Christian Shkip of Albania, pressed into the Turkish Army under the old recruiting law called the *devsheurmeh*. Drafted into the *Ajemi-oglan*s, or Barbaric boys, a foreign-legion sort of cadet-corps for the Janissaries (= *Yani-cheri*,

new troops), he, like all the rest of his comrades, soon blossoms into a rabid Moslem and devout son of Saint Bektash, who, according to a disputed tradition of the *bektashi* dervishes, gave their *taj* or white sleeve-cap, with its golden spoon and nape-flap, to the Janissaries. He fights in the campaign of Selim I. against the Mamelukes in Syria and in Egypt, and is promoted a full Janissary on the field, when only nineteen, at the battle which crushed the last Mameluke Sultan, the valiant Tumanbaï, at Gizeh in 1517.

The great corsair Dragut, the Turkish Drake and Jean Bart of those days, with his Lieutenant Dare-Devil, are also in the tale. The motion is of the rapidest and fightingest throughout; the colouring rich and truthful, and the Eastern twang and echo grateful enough to those who have once tasted of the Orient; or who, like M. Cahun and his reviewer, must own-up to Turkish sympathies, limited. Although the Turkish terms and phrases are fully enough explained throughout, M. Cahun need not be afraid to add a small glossary to his future editions. We do not remember better battle-pieces in pen-and-ink than the breathless account of the beating of the Mamelukes at Merj Dabik (p. 159, etc.) and their final crushing among the pyramids (357); and all that passes in Aleppo the Grey and the Well-guarded is worthy of, worthier than very much of, the Arabian Nights.

The always execrated *devsheurmeh* pressgang, which hooked-in with its cruel tackle the Christian youth of Bosnia, Albania, Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Epirus alike, fell into disrepute after the culmination of the Turkish Empire under Soliman the Magnificent; and at length exchanged itself for an exemption-tax in lieu of military service—the *bedel askerieh*, which we found in Cyprus and upheld there. It is an evil tax both in its inception and in its incidence as a capitation, and ought to be doomed whenever revenue will admit of its abolition.

#### HUMOROUS BOOKS.

1. THE BACHELORS' CLUB. By I. Zangwill. London: Henry & Co. 1891.
2. THE DIARY OF A PILGRIMAGE (AND SIX ESSAYS). By Jerome K. Jerome. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Kent & Co.
3. THREE WEEKS AT MOPETOWN; OR, HUMOURS OF A HYDRO. By Percy Fitzgerald. London: Henry & Co. 1891.

"IN writing 'The Bachelors' Club,'" says Mr. Zangwill in his prefatory caution, "I have not so much had in view the public interest as my own." The public, however, may be very well contented; for it is impossible to read this book without being delighted with it. Like all books—with the exception, perhaps, of time-tables and small dictionaries—it does not always maintain the same level. But it is full of good things; the humour is bright, fresh, and spontaneous; while "the subject of the work"—we quote once more from the preface—"is one that is full of interest, especially to readers of either sex."

The first page of the prologue tells us that this was a club in which all the members, without exception, were bachelors; the last words of the book are *Marriedum est omnibus*. The rest of the volume, as might be surmised, is occupied with an account of the defection and treachery of the members. They commit matrimony from the maddest motives—in fact, from any motive except a usual one. Some of them only give in after a struggle. "Come at once, in Heaven's name—I am marrying," is the despairing telegram which one of them sent on the eve of his happiness. One of the funniest things in the book is the table showing how to live on certain annual incomes. For the explanation of its mysteries we must refer readers to the book itself. At first sight, it is a little difficult to see why the man with £300 a year should spend £37 on liquorice, or why the possessor of an annual income of £150 should spend £5,000 on theatres; but it is all explained

The last of the bachelors marries in order to purify and elevate English humour. This is explained also.

One of the six essays which are to be found at the conclusion of "The Diary of a Pilgrimage" is called "A Pathetic Story." It tells of a writer who was able to do good work, but who intentionally wrote what was conventional and bad, because he found that it paid better. It is perhaps true that the majority of English readers laugh most at the jokes to which they are accustomed. It is perhaps true that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is capable of really good and original work. It is absolutely certain that he has given us very little of the sort in this dreary volume. Many of the illustrations represent people who are tumbling down, or who have tumbled down; much of the letterpress reaches to just this level of humour. There are amusing passages on the subject of seasickness, bands, and conversation-books. (Will the public never be tired of them?) As the book tells us how Mr. Jerome went to see the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, some part of it is serious; and this part is not more pleasing, for the writing, whether it is intended to be amusing or not, is forced and unconvincing. Mr. Jerome frequently uses "like" for "as"; possibly he justifies it. "What you will think after you have read the book, I do not know; indeed, I would rather not know," he says in his preface; so, probably, he does not read reviews of his work. Had this been otherwise, we might have pleaded with him to give us something which we have not had so often before—to let the public have a chance of laughing at something a little newer. Mr. Jerome has a reputation for talent and cleverness, and could possibly do it, if he only knew that it was wanted.

In "Three Weeks at Mopetown" Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has written a satirical sketch of life in a "Hydro." His satire would be more telling if there were more characters in it who were not deserving of satire. There is not enough contrast and relief. Nearly everyone in the book is mean, sordid, or ridiculous. The humour is of the old-fashioned kind, with a tendency to exaggeration and caricature. The story contains some good and amusing situations, but one wearies a little of reading of so many painful people. Had the sketch been made more pleasing, it would have lost none of its force—indeed, it would have gained in verisimilitude and conviction. Laura Engel, the heroine, is attractive enough, but she alone does not make the average right. Among so many people we are sure that the average would not have been so low.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

THE three monthlies which are generally considered to stand like a triumvirate at the head of magazine literature have each an article on Australia. In the *Fortnightly* Sir G. Baden-Powell, discussing the "Credit of Australasia," is not dismayed by the hoarse voice of the prophets who give the financial collapse in the Argentine Republic for a sign; nor yet by the display of the seamy side of Australian life which his friend, Mr. J. W. Fortescue, recently made in the *Nineteenth Century*. The failures of Victoria and Queensland to place new loans in the London market are, in his opinion, of the most wholesome character, and should do much to sustain the credit of Australia in the matter of the existing loans, because it is now above all cavil that the Australasian Colonies will not have the opportunity of borrowing beyond certain specified limits. As for Mr. Fortescue's seamy side, what else can you expect? Sir George says practically: Superfine cloth won't turn, but no one has any right to say on that account that it hasn't a nap. The stuff of which Australian finance is made up is sound, durable, and extremely useful both to Australasia and the Mother Country. Mr. G. H. Reid, an M.P. of New South Wales, reviews in the *Nineteenth Century* the proceedings of the National Australian Convention, and points out to "men gifted with

high intelligence and soaring aspirations," who may be impatient for greater things, that the triumphs of development which distinguish the history of Australia have been achieved under separate government. When a Ministerial grandee dilates upon a "commonwealth of Australia," and the strength and dignity that spring from national life and an equal place in the "family of nations," and yearns for a flag, an army, and a fleet, the average Australian tax-payer is apt to speculate on the cost of all this greatness; and Mr. G. H. Reid, knowing how easily the greatest of all democratic confederations has degenerated into a vast organisation of political "bossdom" and "party spoils," looks on the "one people one destiny" theory with some misgiving, and whispers a cautious *festina lente*. Sir Henry Parkes himself writes of the "Union of the Australias" in the *Contemporary*. Sir John Macdonald, Mr. S. B. Boulton reminds us in a personal reminiscence of the late Canadian Premier in the *Nineteenth Century*, achieved Canadian Federation in spite of the croaking of the highest and most respectable authorities. Sir Henry Parkes is bent on a similar triumph; like the famous Canadian statesman, he regards the federation of the groups of Colonial States as a step towards something greater, and sees with a prophet's eye Australia occupying a grand place in the mighty family of incorporated Free States, and in possession of a plenitude of authority and happiness of which the poet has never dreamed. Another writer on Sir John Macdonald, Mr. J. G. Colmer, in the *Fortnightly*, recalls his fine description of his own endeavour to make Canada "the right arm of England and a powerful auxiliary to the Empire," and we know that the "something greater" which Sir John had in view was Imperial Federation; but what is this "mighty family of incorporated free states" which looms on Sir Henry Parkes' horizon? It is well that there are men like Mr. G. H. Reid at hand to throw water on the glowing wheels.

This business of Imperial Federation is becoming more and more a subject of speculative interest. It is discussed by Mr. William Lobbun in the *Westminster Review*; and Professor Cyril Ransome in "Wanted: A Statesman," in the *Contemporary*, expounds a plan for its realisation feasible at least on paper. Professor Ransome proposes a variety of changes, some of which are eminently rational. Nobody, at any rate, will be likely to quarrel with his general position, that the utilising of the present machinery of government for the purpose of creating a truly Imperial organisation is a consummation devoutly to be wished. To carry the traditions and prestige of the ancient House of Commons into another which, with no break of continuity, should take up the work of the old; and to carry out a reorganisation of our constitution which, while fully adapted to our present requirements, should be in the strictest sense a logical development from the history of the past, are, indeed, problems well worthy the attention of statesmen.

Reform seems to be in the air in minor matters as well as in these great Imperial and Constitutional questions. Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster points out in the *Nineteenth Century* "How to Utilise the Naval Volunteers." There are a hundred "first-class torpedo boats" stored up in our dockyards, because they have become practically obsolete owing to changes in naval construction. Let them be given to the naval volunteers as a step towards providing all our great seaports and watering-places with thoroughly efficient torpedo boats, and thus secure us against the possibility of a hostile raid, and leave our fleets free to devote themselves to aggressive warfare on the high seas or on the enemy's coasts. General Sir George Chesney, also in the *Nineteenth Century*, finds the key to the proper organisation of the War Department within itself; all that requires to be done is to make somebody really responsible—as simple and effective a plan to place the egg on end as one could wish.



The most interesting contributions to literary criticism are Mr. Andrew Lang's essay on Browning in the *Contemporary*, and Mr. Lewis Morris's "Thoughts on Modern Poetry" in *Murray's Magazine*. There is also a very good introduction to Browning in the *Monthly Packet*. Good literary articles are to be found in many of the other magazines, notably on Gordon, the Australian poet, by Arthur P. Martin, in *Murray's*; on the "Poet of the Klephts," by Rennell Rodd, in the *Nineteenth Century*; and on Guy de Maupassant, by Madame Blaze de Bury, in the *New Review*.

As usual, there is abundance of reminiscential and biographical matter. We have already referred to two notices of Sir John Macdonald. Laurence Oliphant has the place of honour in *Blackwood*, and his relation to Harris is discussed by Mrs. Phillips in the *National Review*, her object being to rescue the name of an honest, God-loving seer from the cruel charge of being an impostor. We are afraid it is too late in the day to regard a professed seer as being other than a fool or a rogue. Sir Richard Burton and John Murray are discussed in *Temple Bar*; Lord Wolseley concludes his papers on Sherman in the *United Service Magazine*; there is a capital study of Pasquale di Paoli by Walter F. Lord in the *Nineteenth Century*; and no less than four biographical articles in the *London Quarterly*.

Symposia continue to hold their own in the magazines. Education is the subject of a two-handed talk in the *Contemporary* and the *New Review*; and the "Science of the Drama" is discussed in the latter by Messrs. Jones and Grundy. Mr. Jones reveals his aims in the brief reply he made to a lady who said, "I place the stage next to the church." "Why put it second?" queried he whom the profane ones of the Savage Club call "Jones the Evangelist." Sydney Grundy welcomes what he calls the New Criticism, for although in the meantime it seems inclined to give exclusively to Ibsen what was meant for the drama, he expects it to help the playwrights to a greater elasticity, a wider scope, and a larger opportunity than they have yet enjoyed.

The anonymous political article in the *National*, entitled, "Five Years of Resolute Government," is about as weak as it can be. The writer bases his opinion that possibly Home Rule may have no place in the programme which will be presented when the Gladstonians come into their own again on the authority of a document entitled "What the Liberals Propose to Do," and which makes not the slightest allusion to Home Rule. This leaflet, which bourgeons into a "document" in the eyes of the Tory writer, was drawn up by some of the staunchest Home Rulers in the kingdom, and was intended to give the general Liberal programme in addition to Home Rule, which was dealt with separately.

Literary articles on nature and natural history will be found in *Longman's*, the *Contemporary*, and the *Gentleman's*, although Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Woodlands," in the *Nineteenth Century*, is as statistical as the article which follows it, "A Fair Taxation of Ground-rents," by Robert Hunter. There are travel and descriptive articles enough and to spare, half of the contents of the *English Illustrated* being of this nature. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's sketch in the *Contemporary*, though overdone with mannerism, is as vigorous, and in parts as brilliant and subtle, as his best work. Mr. Harris's second story in the *Fortnightly* is conventional and tedious. "To-day in Morocco," in the *National*, is a most interesting sketch of that country by Captain Rolleston, one of the few authorities on the subject in the country. Of unclassifiable articles, the ablest are "The Re-discovery of the Unique" (*Fortnightly*), by H. G. Wells; "A Labour Inquiry" (*Nineteenth*), by H. H. Champion; and the first of Mrs. Lynn Linton's papers on "The Wild Woman" (*Nineteenth*). Mrs. Lynn Linton has been called a misogynist; her bitterest enemy should hardly dare to do so again after this fearless, most aggressive, but yet most womanly deliverance on "Women as Politicians."

## MEXICO.

MEXICO. By Susan Hale. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

THE authoress (we do not know whether she is Miss or Mrs.) of this volume of "The Story of the Nations" makes no pretence to be critical. She takes Mexican history and Mexican legend as she finds them, and patches so much of them together as she thinks will make a readable story. The often-told story of Toltec and Aztec, Chicimic and Maya, is once more marshalled before us. Montezuma and Cortes, Tezucuo, Mechoacin, and Tlascalla, and other familiar-sounding names, are revived amid their well-known surroundings. A fair picture of the Mexican tableland, with its picturesque mountains and its broadening plains, is given us; with the usual information about the three zones of temperature. The old legends as to the origin of the various peoples who raised the buildings, the ruins of which yet puzzle the archaeologist, are retold with evident enthusiasm; the tragical story of the princes of Mexico, the atrocities committed by the Spanish invaders, the long period of misrule under the Viceroy, the revolutions which upset the old Spanish dominion, the chequered independence which followed, the French intervention, the tragedy of Maximilian, and the efforts after stable government which followed; all the long story is fairly well told by the author, and is sure to interest those who are unfamiliar with Mexican history. The book, on the whole, gives a fair impression of what is known of Mexico, and the author warns the reader that much of it cannot be accepted as history. Indeed, until we know more of the strange alphabet of the numerous monuments which dot the country—and we are only on the threshold of interpretation—we must admit that our knowledge of Mexican history before the Spanish conquest is little better than guess-work. The author tries to forecast the future of Mexico, and no doubt very earnest efforts have been made in recent years to deal fairly with creditors and to promote the industrial development of the country. But with the examples of two such apparently prosperous and firmly established countries before our eyes as the Argentine and Chile, who can prophecy what a day may bring forth among the Spanish republics of America?

## A DICTIONARY AND AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. xxvii. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New edition. Vol. vii. Maltebrun to Pearson. London and Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers.

VOL. XXVII. of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is more varied in character than some of its predecessors, there being no long sets of sovereigns or of families chiefly conspicuous as soldiers or seamen. At the same time there are few names absolutely of the first class, the most famous being two comparable in nothing but fame—Hogarth and Hooker. The life of the former has been written by Mr. Austin Dobson at considerable but not undue length, with all the minute elaboration of nice investigation, which, had not the writer accustomed us to it, we should have been far from expecting from a graceful poet. Mr. Sidney Lee displays equal diligence in his treatment of Richard Hooker, and enters particularly into the question of the interpolations in the last three books of the Ecclesiastical Polity. The sixth book, he says, is compiled from notes prepared by Hooker himself, but not intended for this work. The curious anecdote of the destruction of Hooker's MS. sermons after his death from their illegibility is not mentioned. Two other famous Churchmen are fully treated—Hoadly and Horsley—and, considering that the article in each case proceeds from an opponent, the candour displayed is very creditable. More, however, should have been said of Hoadly's remarkable advance upon his time, and the obloquy he incurred for opinions, rather, however, in politics than in theology, now regarded as maxims. Still more interesting are Miss Agnes Clerke's admirable notices of two great scientific geniuses—Robert Hooke, who "divined before Newton the true doctrine of universal gravitation, but wanted the mathematical ability to demonstrate it," and Jeremiah Horrocks, "whose genius was akin, and certainly not inferior, to that of Kepler." Hobbes, by Mr. Leslie Stephen, is also a very important article; and Hinton, Hobhouse, Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, Francis and Leonard Horner, Hood the admiral and Hood the poet, Hook the humorist and Hook the Churchman, may be named among a crowd of minor personages, few wholly without interest. We have noticed two curious clerical errors. *Gallomania*, on page 93, is a palpable slip of the pen for *Gallophobia*; and *Horse Guards*, on page 48, for *House of Lords*.

The high character of Chambers's Encyclopædia can only be exalted by the present excellent volume. It is everywhere copious, unpretending, and accurate. The high literary reputation of some of the contributors has not rendered them unobservant of the time and limits proper to a practical work of this description. Among the more important articles may be named Painting, by Mr. Hamerton; Palæography, by Canon Taylor; Music, by Mr. F. Peterson; Mythology, by Mr. F. B. Jevons; Numismatics, by Dr. B. V. Head; and Moeæ, by the Rev. J. S. Black.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

MR. OSMUND AIRY has compiled with creditable industry a "Text-Book of English History from the Earliest Times" for the use of colleges and schools. The arrangement of the contents is judicious and sound, and the volume fairly well covers the wide field of investigation suggested by the title-page. In a few introductory pages the Roman military occupation between the years B.C. 55 and A.D. 407 is described, and then Mr. Airy indicates the characteristics of Saxon England, the nature of the struggle against feudalism, and the circumstances which led to the Hundred Years' War. The strife of the rival Houses of Lancaster and York, the despotism of the throne in the age of the Tudors, the fierce conflict between the rights of Parliament and the claims of prerogative in the seventeenth century, the "new monarchy" which began with William and Mary and ended with George III., and the dawn of political and social reform in the reign of his successor, naturally form the chief landmarks in this lucid and well-informed summary of the facts and forces which have shaped the course of subsequent events in the Victorian era. Mr. Airy has done well to call the special attention of young students to the causes of the Peasants' Revolt, the origin and significance of the Reformation, the French Revolution and its influence over English society, the growth of our Colonial Empire, and the economic problems which have come up for solution with the altered condition of the industrial classes. Elaborate descriptions of military campaigns, and even decisive battles, have been wisely omitted in order to do something like justice to these and kindred points which intimately touch the life and thought of modern England. Amongst the authorities whom Mr. Airy cites in foot-notes—which lend a special value to the book—are Hallam, Freeman, Stubbs, Mahon, Carlyle, Lecky, and Walpole; he also acknowledges the "occasional advice and help" which Mr. S. R. Gardiner has given him in the preparation of this useful, though hardly brilliant, compendium.

At first sight, it seems rather a risky experiment to republish at this time of day a course of lectures, delivered as far back as the spring of 1848, on such a subject as "Popular Astronomy." Science has made vast strides in the last forty years; indeed, in many departments it has been completely revolutionised. Discoveries, and some of them of the greatest moment, have been made in astronomy within that period, and they have, of course, been duly indicated in successive editions of Sir George Biddell Airy's fascinating and singularly clear exposition of the outlines of the abstruse science to which he has devoted a long and distinguished life. This new and welcome issue of an authoritative, as well as popular, book bears marks of still further revision, though Mr. Turner—the Chief Assistant at Greenwich Observatory—has used his editorial functions sparingly, and has done so from the avowed conviction that a work which has stood the test of time so well is "more easily damaged than improved." Where, however, alterations have been rendered necessary by the progress of astronomical research, the altered statements are placed within square brackets. We are glad to think that so excellent a book has taken a new lease of life.

Amongst "Companion Poets" George Wither rightly holds an honoured place, and Mr. Morley has, therefore, done well to include a selection from the poems of that old English worthy in his quaintly named series of pocket-volumes. Like many other genuine poets, Wither wrote a good deal of verse which merits the oblivion which has overtaken it; he was a voluminous author, and some of his effusions were clearly uninspired. On the whole, Mr. Morley has made in this dainty volume an admirable selection, though the devotional poems of "honest George," as Richard Baxter termed the author of the "Hymnes and Songs of the Church," are rather sparingly represented. No one, however, can seriously quarrel with a book which opens with so beautiful a poem as "Faire Virtue," and which includes the pastoral eclogues written when Wither was a prisoner in the Marshalsea—the due reward of "Abuses Stript and Whipt"—and to which he gave the name of "The Shepherd's Hunting."

\* TEXT-BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. By Osmund Airy, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Sixteen Maps. Post 8vo. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. (4s. 6d.)

POPULAR ASTRONOMY. A series of lectures delivered at Ipswich by Sir George Biddell Airy, K.C.B. Revised by H. H. Turner, M.A., B.Sc. Seventh edition. Foolscape 8vo. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. (4s. 6d.)

POEMS BY GEORGE WITHER. Edited, with an introduction, by Henry Morley, LL.D. Companion Poets. 12mo. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. (1s. 6d.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: a History. By Thomas Carlyle. Illustrated. The Minerva Library of Famous Books. Edited by G. T. Bettany, M.A. London, New York and Melbourne: Ward, Lock & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s.)

THE LITTLE MANX NATION. By Hall Caine. London: William Heinemann. Crown 8vo. (Paper covers, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d.)

POWER THROUGH REPOSE. By Annie Payson Call. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Company, Limited. 12mo. (3s. 6d.)

STORIES OF OLD NEW SPAIN. By Thomas A. Janvier, author of "Color Stories," "The Aztec Treasure House," etc. London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

The biographical introduction—even when the scale of the book is taken into consideration—is somewhat meagre, and the quality of it, in our opinion, is hardly more satisfactory than the quantity.

Carlyle's "French Revolution" has just been added to the "Minerva Library of Famous Books." Mr. Bettany's introduction is brief but excellent. He reminds us of the bewilderment of the critics when the book appeared, and he is responsible for the statement that Southey was so appreciative that he read it six times over in his enthusiasm. A welcome addition to a remarkably cheap and, on the whole, an admirably selected group of books.

Mr. Hall Caine writes with considerable vigour and picturesque charm concerning "The Little Manx Nation." Into a volume of scarcely more than a hundred and fifty pages he has packed, with practised literary art, the salient events, incidents, and characteristics of the strange romantic history of ten centuries. The annals of Manxland fall into three periods: the era of Celtic rule, then the Norse supremacy, and finally the period of English supremacy—in fact, "Manx history is the history of surrounding nations. We have no Sagas of our own heroes. The Sagas are all of our conquerors. Save for our first three hundred recorded years, we have never been masters in our own house." The curious story of the Athol Dynasty is told with a good deal of humour by Mr. Caine—indeed, the book throughout is full of vivacity. The Isle of Man, we are assured, is not now what it was even five-and-twenty years ago; Mr. Caine frankly says that it has become "too English of late." Esplanades and iron piers, marine carriage drives, and other traces of the invader are only too apparent, and fairy glens seem all too likely to be transformed into "happy day" Roshervilles. It is the old lament, but there is a touch of churlishness about it, even though Mr. Caine pulls himself up to exclaim, "God forbid that I should grudge the factory-hand his breath of the sea and glimpse of the gorse-bushes." A pleasant book, clever and unconventional, and with plenty of fancy as well as no lack of facts.

"Power through Repose" is a title which half suggests a volume of sermons. It belongs, however, to a little book which discusses the conservation of nervous force, and the best methods of securing, amid the wear and tear of modern life, that equipoise of mind and body which is only another name for health. Miss Payson Call is an American lady with ideas, but whether she was born to set the world right on the question which she deals with in these pages is quite another matter. Nevertheless, she writes sensibly, and points out with clearness and force the rise and progress of many forms of nervous prostration and overwork which often last for years before health is irretrievably lost. Her theory can hardly be stated with justice in a few words, but one of the chief ideas of the book is that rest must be complete when taken, and must balance the effort in work. Recreation as well as physical repose is, of course, included in the kind of rest on which a wise emphasis is placed in this suggestive, rather than practical, book. Nervous patients are not uncommon on this side of the Atlantic, but in the United States they appear to be still more plentiful; indeed, a German physician in practice in New York, bewildered by the variety and frequency of the malady, has, we believe, coined a generic term to cover the different phases of the disorder, and hence it has come to pass that "Americanitis" has found its way at least into partial acceptance as a word which describes a certain class of difficult patients.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Janvier's previous works—and notably "The Aztec Treasure House"—are sure to turn with interest to his sheaf of "Stories of Old New Spain." The book is concerned in part with the shadowy time when the Spanish viceroys were the rulers of Mexico, and partly with life in that sunny land in a later age. The nine stories of which the volume consists are of unequal merit; but if anyone is sceptical as to the charm of Mexican romance when subjected to deft literary handling, let him read "San Antonio of the Gardens," or the exquisite little sketch of "Nanita: a Typical Daughter of the Soil."

## NOTICE.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE German Emperor's visit came to a close on Monday night, when His Majesty left London for Leith, where he joined his yacht, and started on a cruise to the North Cape. The visit has been a distinct success, so far as the establishment of cordial relations between the Emperor and the Government and people of this country is concerned. At the same time an uneasy suspicion prevails in some quarters that LORD SALISBURY has been anxious to give to this natural feeling of goodwill a character which it ought not to possess. We have dealt elsewhere with the question of England's adhesion to the Triple Alliance. No Minister has it in his power to commit us to engagements of this kind. The misfortune is, however, that some of our foreign critics do not realise this fact, and they are consequently apt to overrate the importance of such an incident as the Emperor's visit. LORD SALISBURY, speaking at a Unionist Club meeting on Wednesday, was careful not to say a word in reference to the Emperor's visit. We incline to think that this is not a good sign, and that he held out hopes to our Imperial guest which can never be realised.

ON one point connected with the Emperor's visit it is impossible to speak too strongly. We refer to the extraordinary manner in which the guests at the various state and civic functions who were invited to meet His Majesty were selected. The crowd of utter nonentities who filled the Guildhall last Friday of course needed no explanation. It was a "City" ceremonial, and the "City"—in the sense in which the word is understood at the Mansion House—has nothing to do with statesmanship, literature, science, politics, or even the world of fashion. A few political officials had to be asked. The rest of the invitations were distributed among the Common Councilmen and their friends. But how came it that in the different Court and official festivities such jealous care was taken to prevent the Emperor from meeting any but the "old gang" of the Tory and Liberal-Unionist parties? And if Ministers chose to turn this visit to account for their own personal and party ends, how was it that they had not the grace to bring the Emperor into personal contact with one or two of those representatives of literature, art, and science about whose eminence there is no dispute? They need not have gone beyond their own political following in order to find men at least as fit to meet the Emperor as any Treasury Bench hack is. MR. LECKY, MR. HUXLEY, and SIR JOHN MILLAIS, for example, might reasonably have been invited to Court on this occasion only, if the Court had only known who are the persons who are the worthiest representatives of unofficial England at the present day. As it was, if it had not been for the kindly thought of the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, it is doubtful whether the Emperor would have met a single Liberal statesman or a single man of letters during his visit to London.

THE House of Commons has been engaged in debating the Estimates during the week, and though good progress has been made, and some points of importance have been raised, the advance has not been quick enough to satisfy an assembly of worn-

out legislators. Accordingly the twelve o'clock rule is to be suspended, and the remainder of the discussion on the Estimates is to be conducted in the perfunctory fashion which is usual at the end of an exhausting Session. For the moment party feeling seems to have died away, and the House of Commons is chiefly bent upon reaching the holidays at the earliest possible moment. The languor which has distinguished the House during the week is in part due to the absence of so many of its leading members. MR. SMITH is suffering from a severe chill, and the leadership has consequently passed into the hands of MR. GOSCHEN. MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MORLEY, though both happily better, are still unable to resume attendance on their Parliamentary duties. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT is in consequence acting as leader of the Opposition, and is performing his duties with as much zeal and spirit as it is possible to infuse into political affairs at the present moment. On Wednesday LORD SALISBURY intimated that more than two years have still to elapse before this House of Commons will come to an end under the provisions of the Septennial Act. It is impossible to contemplate without a shudder the condition to which the House would be reduced if it were to linger on for these two years.

LORD SALISBURY's speech on Wednesday was important for what it did as well as for what it did not contain. The Prime Minister believes that great constitutional changes are impending, and he indicates the line on which the Tory party ought to act in carrying a large measure of Parliamentary reform. He is in favour of the equal distribution of political power, the abolition of the illiterate voter, and the admission of women to the franchise. LORD SALISBURY has been so consistent an opponent of every kind of Parliamentary reform that he cannot blame us if we look with great suspicion at any proposals he may make for the purpose of extending the franchise. For the present, however, his proposals may be left to the consideration of his own party. It will be interesting to know what some of his colleagues have to say on the subject of his declaration in favour of the female vote.

THE case of MISS KATE GREENFIELD is an excellent example—more striking because the victim happens to be an English girl of fourteen—of what happens every day to the daughters of the Armenians, whose protection the Treaty of Berlin bound the Great Powers to secure. MISS GREENFIELD, whose mother is a considerable landowner in North-East Persia, was carried off by Turkish Kurds some weeks ago, with the connivance of her Kurdish maid. She has since been kept in captivity in the Turkish Consulate at So-uj-Bolak in Persia, and it is pretended that her captor is, in fact, her husband, and that she has adopted the Moslem faith. Were this true, it would be immaterial, considering her age. But the Turkish Consul and Ambassador have thrown every obstacle in the way of ascertaining the truth. Persian troops have been sent to the spot, but the Kurds are Turkish subjects, and they hesitate to act. Probably, too, the official Persian and Turkish view is that a young lady who goes for country walks is best shut up in a harem of some sort. The fact is, of course, that Persia and Turkey are absolutely powerless to keep the semblance of order in the wilder parts of their

own dominions. With Persia we have little concern; but with Turkey we are bound to interfere. If she cannot keep her Kurds in order herself, she must allow Persia to do so. SIR JAMES FERGUSON says the Foreign Office has done its best. But a notification to both Governments that they will be held responsible for MISS GREENFIELD'S safety, or, in case of her death, for the payment of a heavy pecuniary indemnity, as well as for the capture and fair trial of her murderers, would probably accelerate the recovery of the captive.

THE extremely foolish and vulgar trick by which the so-called Moderates at the London County Council prevented the ratepayers from acquiring a handsome tramway property may have the excellent incidental effect of ruining their prospects at the poll. Their action was indeed curiously void of every kind of excuse. The abstention was a gross violation of the spirit of the Act, which obviously was meant to provide for a full attendance of Councillors, not that the minority should, as it were, disfranchise themselves for the nonce, and reduce by a third the voting and acting power of the Council. The reasons urged in defence of this miserable laches were altogether groundless. London was simply asked to do what twenty-nine municipalities in all—including Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Bradford—have done at immense profit to the communities they serve, and what a most advantageous law enables her to do. The Tramways Act of 1870 gives the Council power to take over tramways on the expiry of their leases for the cost of their plant, without any allowance for goodwill. If this measure were gradually applied to all the tramways of London, a property returning an income of over £200,000 a year—equal to a saving of at least one penny in the £—would be placed at the disposal of London. The portion of the particular line—the London Street Tramways—which the Council was asked to purchase was also a thoroughly prosperous one, so that MR. BOULNOIS, who ranted vaguely about the evils of State Socialism, was simply standing between the ratepayers and a particularly fine bargain. We only hope that this serious misdeed, as well as the scandalous method of doing it, will be well rubbed into the constituencies.

A COMPREHENSIVE list of proposed London improvements is to be discussed by the London County Council next Monday. The disgraceful little "island" of old houses between Holywell Street and the Strand is at last to disappear, and the "betterment" principle is to be applied to the new frontage by an improvement rate amounting to fifty per cent. of the increased annual value, with arrangements for deferred payment. A new street is to run from Holborn to the Strand, beginning at Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, intersecting the slums about Drury Lane and Wych Street, and descending by a curve and an easy gradient to the Strand at Catherine Street. It is to be made a first-class thoroughfare by the introduction of glass roofs, at least for the sidewalks—an arrangement which unfortunately, considering the neighbourhood, is extremely likely to make it a more offensive reproduction of the Quadrant or Burlington Arcade. But it will be an admirable solution of the question how to get from North-East London to Charing Cross and Waterloo—which is only partially met by the construction of Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road, and by the clearances near the British Museum. The south end of Tottenham Court Road is also to be opened up, and there are considerable improvements promised in the little-known districts of Wandsworth, Nine Elms, and the north and south of the Tower Bridge. The scheme is to cost upwards of two millions, and, despite some local contributions to the latter improvements and the application of the principle of betterment (under very fair restrictions) to the former, involves an

increase in the rates, for the present, of three farthings in the pound.

DURING the week ended Wednesday night, somewhat over £1,100,000 in gold were taken out of the Bank of England, chiefly for Russia. A considerable amount also was withdrawn for Holland and Germany, and more will go. It is probable likewise that before long a strong demand for the United States will spring up, and as soon as harvesting begins, coin will flow out to the Provinces. Naturally, therefore, there has been a considerable rise in the rate of discount in the open market. At one time last week it was as low as  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Now it has advanced to  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., and in some cases as much as  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is charged. If gold continues to be withdrawn from the Bank of England, as now seems probable, there will be a further advance. There has, too, during the week been some revival of alarmist rumours, which, however, appear to be entirely unfounded. It was said that the MESSRS. MURRIETA were again in difficulties. That is incredible, as it is only the other day that they received the assistance which they required. There was also a report that the English Bank of the River Plate intended making a call upon its shareholders in consequence of losses, but the report is contradicted by the Managing Director. But while the rate of discount in the open market has recovered so rapidly, the rate of interest for short loans remains exceedingly low. The speculation in silver has not made much progress. There is still a belief in some quarters that we shall see a rapid rise, partly because of speculative operations in the United States, and partly because of buying by the Bank of Spain. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether the belief will be realised. The present is not a favourable time for large speculative operations of any kind, and there is so much opposition in the United States to further silver legislation that the efforts of speculators there will probably be defeated.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange continues as stagnant as ever. Consols have somewhat declined, which perhaps is one reason for the revival of alarmist rumours. People argued that bankers and great capitalists would not sell Consols unless they had reason to fear some trouble, but probably the only cause of the sales was that money being in better demand, those who bought Consols when they were low desired to realise their profit and to employ the money in other ways. There has also been some check to the advance in Home Railway Stocks and other investment securities, and the speeches of the Chairmen at the half-yearly meetings of Joint Stock Bank shareholders have been regarded as somewhat discouraging, as all of them speak of the past half-year and the present outlook as disappointing. Speculation is utterly paralysed, as it has been for a long time past. The unfavourable reports of the crops in Russia lead to a fear that there will be a sharp fall in Russian Stocks which may cause trouble in Berlin and Paris. The state of affairs in Portugal, Spain, and Italy does not improve; and the crisis in South America deepens. But perhaps the influence which most depresses the Stock Exchange just now is the stagnation that continues upon the New York Stock Exchange. The American crops are altogether so good that people have been looking for a great increase in business of all kinds in the United States; and as it has not come as quickly as was anticipated there is great disappointment here. Besides, much dissatisfaction has been created by the decision of the directors of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company to pay no dividend on the preferred shares. In New York, however, though business remains as slack as ever, there appears to be very great confidence that before long a marked recovery will take place.



## PLAIN ENGLISH.

NOW that the Kaiser is gone, well pleased it may be hoped with the cordiality of his reception in his mother's native land, it seems desirable to say something about the grave international questions which have been brought more or less prominently before us during his visit. It is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that a considerable section of English politicians seem anxious to convert our real feeling of goodwill towards Germany and the Germans into a more decided and active sentiment. Sir James Fergusson, it is true, has been compelled to repudiate the notion of any formal engagement on the part of this country with the members of the Triple Alliance. But he has not been able to conceal his own sympathies, and still less has he been successful in stifling the sympathies of his party, with the Continental Governments who have entered into that alliance. The English Tories have for years past looked to Berlin for their political inspiration. Prince Bismarck seemed to them to be the one strong man in Europe who could withstand the advancing tide of democracy, and they clung to their belief in his statesmanlike sagacity, even after they had received proofs that democracy, so far from standing still under the Bismarckian régime, was making more rapid advances in Germany than in any other country in the world. It was enough for them that Bismarck was a genuine Tory of the old school. For despite the fact that this school is now extinct in England, the modern Conservatives still cherish a lingering affection for it, and look back with regret to the days when it was supreme in the counsels of the nation. Bismarck has disappeared from the scene; but still our Tories in London turn to Berlin as their Mecca; for Bismarck's place has been taken by the young Emperor, who personifies the principles of force and personal rule even more directly and openly than the great Chancellor did. Once more, therefore, we have our English Conservatives looking enviously towards the ruler of Germany, and contrasting his vigour in action, his apparent independence of all popular control, his perpetual assumption of supreme personal authority, with the Constitutional and Parliamentary government of our land, and making the contrast with unconcealed regret. Their foolish aspirations for an English monarch of the fashion of William the Second are too absurd to deserve serious notice. No such revolutionary change is possible in this country. The English Sovereign who declared that he alone was supreme in Great Britain, and that he would have no other master in the land but himself, would speedily be convinced of the suicidal folly of his speech. But though sensible Tories are well aware that a ruler of the German type is impossible in this country, they have so strong a hankering after that principle of personal authority which the Kaiser represents that they are anxious to bind our country as closely as possible to Germany, apparently in the hope that they will thus secure an ally who in the fulness of time may come to their aid, not against foreign foes only but against the advancing forces of democracy of whom they entertain so great a dread.

The Liberal Party of Great Britain can have no share in this feeling. Without nursing a spark of animosity towards Germany or the Germans, and whilst cordially re-echoing all those sentiments of mutual goodwill which were shed abroad so profusely during the Emperor's visit, they simply refuse to look upon Germany as having any greater claim upon their alliance than the other nations of Europe. Alliances, indeed, are not for this island monarchy. Her sole interest in international affairs is the preservation of peace. She seeks no extension of terri-

tory, she desires no aggrandisement at the expense of others, and, with one notable exception, she has no cause of quarrel, near or remote, with any other Power in the world. With what object, then, should she enter into entangling engagements with the Central European Powers? They have their policy to carry out, and they do well to combine together for that purpose. Germany and Austria feel every year the increasing pressure of Russian armaments and Russian intrigues on their Eastern frontiers; whilst Germany and Italy have, or think they have (though, so far as Italy is concerned, we do not understand why it should entertain the notion), reason to dread the aggressive action of France. Their combination in the Triple Alliance has a clear and specific purpose. They combine for mutual protection, not from some vague and undefined foe, but from the possible attacks of Russia and France. Is there any reason why we should follow their example? Have we also such reason to dread Russian or French hostility as to make it wise for us to enter into a league, offensive as well as defensive, directly aimed against these Powers? To that question, which touches the very kernel of our foreign policy, there can only be one answer. We have no individual quarrel with Russia, nor are we likely to have such a quarrel within any period which can be regarded as being within the sphere of practical politics. The ancient bugbear of Constantinople is happily losing its power over us. When the Turk takes his departure from Europe it will fall not to England, but to Europe at large, to determine by whom he is to be replaced; and if a single English life were to be lost in enforcing a particular solution of this question that life would most emphatically be wasted. As for India, one may well hope that the days of craven panic over the possible fate of our Empire there have passed away. It is ours to hold for our own glory and for the interests of the people of India; and if we have so little confidence in our ability to safeguard this splendid possession that we shiver at the movement of a Russian squadron in Central Asia, we had better yield to our fears at once and abandon an Empire which we no longer have sufficient nerve to keep. This, happily, is a solution of the problem to which it is impossible that the people of this country should ever submit. There remains but one alternative: that we continue to hold our own in India, fearing no man's wrath and seeking no man's favour; confident in the justice of our rule and in the strength of our own right arm.

Against Russia, therefore, it is inconceivable that we should have any good reason for entering into a league with her European rivals. There remains France, and with France it is perfectly true that we have an open question which may some day lead to a serious dispute. It is needless to say what that question is. If the Egyptian difficulty were out of the way, there would not be a cloud as big as a man's hand on the horizon so far as France was concerned. We should, on the contrary, find in her our nearest and most loyal ally, community of interest combining with community of sentiment and political convictions, to bind us together in a firm and lasting friendship. We are not blind to the fact that there are two sides to the Egyptian Question. We do not forget that France left us in the lurch in an undignified manner when we had to intervene in that country; we cannot forget that ours was the blood and ours the treasure which we spent so freely in the years of the successive wars in the Soudan; nor are we blind to the fact that English energy and English institutions are now conferring blessings innumerable upon the Egyptian people. All these facts make us feel that the irritation in France against this country is unwise and unreasonable.

But, alas! we have ever to reckon with "the un-wisdom and unreason of mankind." Our business is to try and see this question through French spectacles. If we do so we shall note in the first place the repeated pledges we have given before Europe of our intention to depart from Egypt when our work there is finished. From those pledges we can only free ourselves with honour by means of the sword. But is there a man in Great Britain who is mad enough to think it would be worth our while to fight France in order to retain our present position on the banks of the Nile? It is enough to ask the question in order to make sure of the answer to it. Yet, in plain English, it is this Egyptian business, and this alone, which is the bait by which men are seeking to allure us into the entanglements of Continental politics. For the sake of keeping Sir Evelyn Baring, or somebody like him, in high office at Cairo—and keeping him there, it must be borne in mind, in defiance of our own solemn promises to France—we are invited to break from the traditional policy of the last half-century, to destroy the splendid security which our insular position gives us, and to become a mere puppet in the high game of Continental politics! It is incredible that so great an act of folly should be even suggested to us. It is at least certain that the Minister who thus tried to surrender our strength and our independence would deserve to be impeached. By all means let us be friends with Germany; but let us also remember that it is only with France that we have any cause of quarrel, and that the only honourable way of removing that cause is also the way of peace.

#### THE RIGHTS OF LABOUR.

TWO incidents this week of interest in regard to labour are to be noted: one a matter for dissatisfaction, the other cause for congratulation. We did not expect much from the House of Lords in regard to the Factories and Workshops Bill; we were not prepared for the absolute barrenness of the attempts to improve it in Committee. Every proposal to alter the measure was met by a *non possumus*, or by arguments revealing the fact that there are many people who, even in these days, do not sincerely believe in the necessity of factory legislation of any kind. The House of Lords, it used to be said, was in advance in regard to this question of the manufacturers and capitalists in the House of Commons. To anyone studying the proceedings in Committee on Monday that will be the last thought to occur. Lord Dunraven and one or two other peers sought to insert in the Bill more effective provisions for the sanitary condition of factories and workshops. They were all pronounced mischievous or useless. Lord Dunraven tried to persuade the Government to bring laundries within its ambit, and proved not only that there was a strong case for doing so, but that the demand for it was practically universal, as shown by the fact that on a canvass being made, 65,939 were in favour, and only 439 against, bringing laundries under the Factory Acts. The answer of the Government, through Lord De Ramsey and Lord Salisbury, was that "excess in sentimental philanthropy" must not prevail, that laundresses liked the long hours and stuffy rooms, and that the proposed legislation would really injure those whom it was intended to benefit—in short, the arguments used A.D. 1831 or 1847 against the Factory Acts by their early opponents. One distinction the spokesmen of the Government put prominently

forward. "They" (the Opposition) "were going outside manufacture for sale and were entering upon those matters which were included in domestic service." Not for the first time have we seen this distinction pompously promulgated, as if it were one of principle. It is nothing of the kind; the assumption upon which it is based, that the Factory Acts must never be extended to operations and services not connected with manufacture on a large scale, is most questionable. Let us not be misunderstood. No man of sense would recommend the application, without many modifications, of the principle of these Acts to domestic service, for two excellent reasons: the evils of the factory system do not often there exist; the supervision compatible with that system is impossible in private houses. The whole machinery of the Act is alien to domestic service. But we take leave to question the incompetence of the Legislature to interfere whenever in industries carried on in private houses there are revealed abuses and evils akin to those which existed in factories. Very soon the question may take a practical shape. Some day we may have to look into the lot of the London "slavey" as well as the infant mill-hand. We hope the best from such voluntary agencies as the Metropolitan Society for Befriending Young Servants; still its efforts may have to be supplemented. Success was not to be expected for Lord Dunraven's proposal to raise the minimum age for employment in a workshop or factory to 12; in view of what befell Mr. Buxton's motion in the Commons, it could but have one result, and the amendment was, in fact, not pressed. But that the Government would resist and jeer at every proposal designed to track out and destroy the sweaters' dens was scarcely to be looked for. The history of the new Factory Bill is discouraging, considering what it might have been made—a clear advance in the path of legislation in which hitherto England has been foremost—and how imperfect and mutilated it is.

The other event of the week affecting Labour is the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench on various cases as to the rights of workmen, and in particular on the appeal from the judgment of the Recorder of Plymouth as to the legality of strikes. When, some months ago, his decision was given, we expressed our dissent from it; and the Queen's Bench Division—that Court being unusually strong—has quashed the conviction on the grounds which we then indicated. The secretaries of three trades unions in Plymouth told Mr. Treleaven, a shipowner of that town, that if he did not cease to employ non-union men they would call off union men. He refused to do what they asked. They accordingly called off the union men, who thereupon struck work. It was not suggested that any threats had been used, that violence had been intended, or that the secretaries bore ill-will or any grudge against Mr. Treleaven. On the contrary, they had, it was admitted, done their best to prevent disorder. The magistrates nevertheless convicted the secretaries, and the Recorder affirmed the conviction, on two grounds: (1) that in a technical sense there was such intimidation as, notwithstanding 38 and 39 Vic. c. 86 (which legalises strikes), is still punishable; and (2) that, though an agreement by workmen to strike for the purpose of benefiting themselves is lawful, such an agreement, if injurious to others, is still indictable. This reasoning, if sound, makes waste paper of the statutes by which it was supposed Parliament had relieved trades unions of their disabilities, and enabled workmen to use effectively their only weapon against capitalists. Difference of opinion is, in this distorted view of plain facts, intimidation, and a strike—which can scarcely fail to injure someone—is as illegal as when



the old Combination Acts were in force. Both grounds are now pronounced erroneous. "To tell an employer that, if he employs workmen of a certain sort, the workmen of another sort in his employment will be told to leave him, and to tell the men, when the employer will not give way, to leave their work, 'using no violence, but quietly ceasing to work' (we quote the words of the Recorder), is certainly not intimidation within the meaning of the reasonable construction of the statute." As to the second point relied upon by the Recorder, the Court was not less clear. "In trade, in commerce, even in a profession, what is one man's gain is another man's loss; or where the object is not malicious, the mere fact that the effect is injurious does not make the agreement either illegal or actionable, and therefore such an agreement is not indictable." The same principle was also affirmed in another case, "*Gibson v. Lawson*." A and B were employed as fitters in a shipbuilding yard; A was a member of the Amalgamated Society, B a member of the National Society. The former society threatened to strike unless B left the yard or joined the Amalgamated Society; a resolution to that effect was communicated by A to B's employers, who communicated it to him, and eventually, in order to avert a strike, discharged him. The magistrates dismissed a summons taken out against A, and the Court of Queen's Bench held they were right; though morally objectionable, the conduct complained of was not criminal. These decisions are in every way satisfactory. No one can be sure what the law of England is in regard to conspiracy until the House of Lords gives its long-expected decision in the *Mogul Case*—a case which raises the entire question, and the final decision in which may call for legislation. But we are tolerably confident that the opinions expressed by the Court of Queen's Bench will be upheld. A ruling to the contrary would be fatal to unionism, new or old, and would be a serious obstacle to strikes, those safety valves of modern society; and it would encourage a namby-pamby, thoroughly unreal, view of the relations of employers and workmen. Of course, there must be inconvenience to the former while the latter are seeking to better their lot; such inconvenience must be accepted in a manly, courageous spirit, and it is childish to treat it as a violation of sacred rights.

#### BAITING THE BARON.

**B**ARON HENRY DE WORMS excites in the House of Commons mind a kind of hilarity, of which the causes and degree are not obvious to the outside world; and on Friday and Monday the House enjoyed one of its annual treats in putting the Baron through his paces over the Colonial Office vote. If the fun be somewhat of the occult and "shoppy" order, the occasion at all events is often the only one in the Session when the student of comparative politics obtains a glimpse of the working of our Colonial Empire. Unfortunately the review of Imperial affairs is not exhaustive, for nine-tenths of the work done by the Colonial Office consists in deeds which excite neither blame nor curiosity, and are therefore deemed unfit for polemical discussion. On Friday, Mr. Labouchere opened the ball with a well-seasoned attack on the finance of the British South Africa Company. He was seconded by Dr. Clark, who, as Consul-General for the South African Republic and a former traveller in South Africa, was able to throw a great deal more of local colour and precise knowledge into his remarks. We warned the Chartered Company more than a year ago that the hostility of

Mr. Labouchere, due in great part to the presence of two Dukes upon their board, might be a grievous hurt to their well-meant enterprise. This part of the debate was made amusing to the House by the fact that Mr. Labouchere and Dr. Clark were attacked in rear by Mr. Rochford Maguire, the Parnellite, and Mr. W. A. M'Arthur. It was Mr. Maguire who, at the risk of his life, had obtained the concession from Lo Bengula on which the charter scheme is based, and the House of Commons listened to his maiden effort with the sympathetic respect which it always shows to a man who speaks of what he knows. Here the Baron was perfunctory and unconvincing. Knowing the City and its ways by a long, honourable, and successful experience, he probably saw the strong points of Mr. Labouchere's attack, and he contented himself by blustering out the scarcely serious argument that the Company must needs be above suspicion as it had two Dukes upon its board. The question of the finance of the Chartered Company is a standing dish at all repasts where Mr. Labouchere is among the *chefs*, and we shall see it served again. Should the Company "burst up," to use the classical language of Dr. Clark, Mr. Labouchere's part in the affair will be reckoned with his *vendetta* against Lambri Pasha, Mather, and Walter Austin, as amongst the most brilliant personal triumphs of his varied career.

Presently the debate travelled to Zululand, being lifted to an altogether higher level by Mr. Alfred Webb, Mr. Thomas Ellis, and Mr. Allanson Picton, who pleaded the cause of the Usutu chiefs now in banishment at St. Helena. Here the Baron rather gave himself away, and alienated the sympathy of the House, by a sneer at Miss Colenso, whose case the Opposition had been stating. How he had been tempted into this error was obvious to onlookers, for Mr. Webb had been practically reading his speech from certain ragged-looking slips, printed by Miss Colenso, which the unhappy Baron probably knew more intimately than any other writing of ancient or modern times. We cannot ourselves go all lengths with the advocates of these Usutu chiefs. However reprehensible it may have been of the Zululand officials to repatriate their dreaded rival Usibebu, there were certain ugly features in the rebellion of 1888, which, we think, could hardly have been at once condoned by any Government, however humane. We refer especially to the murder by Usutu levies of traders and their native wives and little ones—these traders being debased whites who had no concern with the quarrel, and had shown no desire to side with the Government. Having regard to the very recent date at which Zululand had been annexed, we quite agree with the Parliamentary friends of Miss Colenso that it is monstrous to argue that the penalties of high treason might have been inflicted on the Zulu royal family for resisting the Queen's supremacy; but we believe that the Baron had a better defence than he saw fit, or remembered, to put forward. The chiefs are *not* enduring long terms of penal servitude, as the House was led to suppose. Lord Knutsford, although he nurses himself in the belief that he is amongst the most benighted of Tories, is a kindly, sensible man, earnestly desiring to stand well with the country and the many Liberals who are of his own household. Under his orders, if we can rely on the story of a recent traveller, the supposed convicts are being treated by St. Helena much as England treated the Kaiser. They reside in a spacious country house, and are everywhere treated as honoured guests. But we think that their exile, greatly as its harshness has been mitigated, should not be prolonged, and we note that the

Radical party is practically committed to their repatriation on its return to power. At one period of the Zulu discussion, the Baron was in danger of being defeated, probably owing to the non-arrival of the Hatfield "special." As it was, Government had a greatly depleted majority, not much exceeding forty. Even when this division was passed, the House was not done with South Africa, for Sir George Campbell, with solitary courage, rose to object to the grant of complete self-government to Natal. The House recognised him as the man who had fought against the grant of self-government to the Western Australians, and been overthrown by Mr. John Morley in alliance with the Baron, and now the Baron had an easy triumph over him, showing how, on constitutional grounds, the question was one in which Parliament had but a secondary right to interfere.

Then the debate sped across the ocean and concerned itself with the grievances of the merchants of the Straits Settlements. Adhering sternly to a promise made by the Colony thirty years ago, the Home Government are exacting from its revenues a contribution towards the expense of its garrison which amounts to four-fifths of the total charge. Here the Baron was dumb, for, as the House suspected and as several speakers insisted, the Baron and his department were strongly averse from the policy of exacting so heavy a contribution from the Colony. Certainly at first sight it seems a harsh use of the powers of the Home Government over a Crown Colony to extort so much when places like Natal and Jamaica pay nothing and Mauritius pays vastly less. But the Government case is not a bad one. The people who complain pay no taxes. The Government of the Straits Settlements derives its income, which is an ample one, from the tribute which the Chinaman is willing to pay for the daily privilege of a five minutes' nap produced by opium. The Chinaman cares nought how his money, once paid, is spent. The grievance of the merchants is that any part of it should be diverted from the elegant and often superfluous public works on which they would spend it. The House was not with the champions of the merchants, Sir Thomas Sutherland and Mr. de Lisle; and the Government had a good deliverance.

Then Mr. Summers raised a useful discussion on the preposterous Ceylon paddy tax; but here the Baron practically threw over the tax, merely arguing that it must be replaced by some addition to the existing sources of revenue, and so the debate ended in peace, after a useful and, for the times, animated discussion, the Baron being, for some reason or another, in unusually hilarious form.

#### MR. DIBBS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

**D**IBBS! Heavens, what a name, and what a man! There is something so modern, so unromantic, so unsuggestive, so terse, so "squat," as it were, about the name. It indicates nothing of quality, kinship, or ancestry. Like the personage immortalised by Tacitus, Dibbs is his own ancestor. And yet no other name would have so well fitted the man whom Providence has appointed to do the work of Dibbs. There he stands; and we are forced to take note of him. He is not new to office, but now for the first time he claims a hearing in Imperial affairs; and this just at the moment when so many of us were allowing our imaginations to be fascinated by romantic dreams of Imperial union, of *Zollverein* and *Kriegsverein*, and other high-sounding things, all harmonised and validated by the supremacy of a Throne at

once historic and picturesque. Now to Dibbs these things are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Dibbs is a Republican, and Dibbs wants to cut the painter. If our contemporary *The Independent* is correctly informed, Dibbs has won largely on the Tranby Croft case. The thoughts of Dibbs are concentrated on the welfare of his own clients. Dibbs does not want to see English goods in Australian markets. Dibbs believes that they are all manufactured by Polish Jews, or if not by Polish Jews, then by degraded Englishmen who consent to work at the wage of such Jews. Dibbs is quite willing to advise his followers to subscribe a good proportion of their spare cash to enable English workmen to fight their employers. But there his desire to influence the affairs of the Mother Country begins and ends. He would give charity to the English workers; but he would neither buy from them nor sell to them. Here, then, is an end of *Zollverein* as far as Dibbs can influence Australian affairs. *Kriegsverein* is in no better plight. Dibbs finds that he is bound by law for a time to subscribe to the cost of Her Majesty's fleet in Australian waters; but for not an hour longer than the statutory obligation endures will he contribute towards the hated cause of "Militarism."

It may be objected that, after all, Mr. Dibbs is not of such very great account, for he does not command an absolute majority in the New South Wales Assembly. The labour members, it is argued by the admirers of Sir Henry Parkes, are an unknown quantity, and that astute tactician may be able to make a deal with them. This is a vain imagining. If Sir Henry Parkes makes a bid for the vote of the labour party Mr. Dibbs will "go one better." For is not the motto of the Labour party "support in return for concessions?" Were Sir Henry Parkes to succeed in concluding such an alliance, the only result would be that he and his front bench colleagues would be tripped up by a coalition between his followers and Mr. Dibbs. The differences between the followers of the latter and the labour members are little more than differences in name. Any attempt to detach them from one another would be as futile as the attempt of the Tories here to effect a split between the Gladstonians and the working classes. Sir Henry Parkes has been defeated because he offended the Socialists, and it is the Socialists who have returned the strong cohort of labour members. The victory of Mr. Dibbs and the labour party is the first fruits of the defeat of the strikers. It will be followed in neighbouring Colonies by similar victories. Already Mr. Deacon, who for long ruled Victoria under the patronage of the *Melbourne Argus*, is in two minds whether to place himself at the head of the labour party in Victoria, and thereby constitute it one of the two possible official parties. Queensland, South Australia, and even New Zealand are taking fire or are ready to take fire in the same way.

We do not regard this state of things with entire satisfaction. The Demos, who is thus bursting his bonds, is but an ill-instructed, truculent Leviathan, without self-control, and without what Matthew Arnold called "renunciation"—a Leviathan whose growth has been stimulated out of all natural proportion to his surroundings, by a lavish expenditure on State ventures, paid for out of borrowings, which it seems likely that the home money-market will consent neither to increase nor renew. But there Demos stands, and he and his must be fed somehow and fed well, or he will, metaphorically speaking, "smash the 'ome," like a working man who returns to find his supper unprepared.

Nor can we look for any permanent reaction from the domination of such as Dibbs. Dibbs,



in our judgment, represents the winning drift in Antipodean opinion. Most English publicists are wholly at sea on colonial problems because they derive their views exclusively from the wealthy colonists, or rather ex-colonists, who come over here cadging for baronetcies and "K.C.M.G.'s." Dibbs is the typical up-to-date "Colonial." He embodies and expresses the aims, the jealousies, and the limitations of the "Australian-born." Already the Australian-born outnumber the home-born in the proportion of two to one. In ten years the population will be as purely local-born as that of any State outside Eastern Europe. It is the fading class of the home-born which keeps alive the traditions and sentiment of the English connection, and at the same time lends what vitality there is to the rally of Australian Capital against Labour. Every five minutes throughout Australia an Imperialist dies, every four minutes a Republican is born. It has been contemptuously said that the party of "Australia for the Australians" is made up of unfledged boys. That was so two or three years ago. But unfledged boys have a trick of growing into full-fledged men. As long as the leaders were youthful or unknown, the party failed to assert the influence which was due to its members. Now it is confident and increasingly aggressive, for it has "grown up." Towards the Mother Country and its institutions it has the same covert antipathy as has the ill-dressed country bumpkin for his smart cousin in town. It apes England and devours all English news, down to the most piquant "social gossip" of the West End, with untiring appetite. But, nevertheless, its feeling towards England is one of half-avowed hate. This is ignoble; but it is eminently human. We are no better ourselves. The "Outsider" is always malicious and unrestful, and, as far as England is concerned, Australia is fast becoming a nation of outsiders.

#### THE AGE OF PRUDENCE.

IF twenty years ago we had been told that the time would come when the flow of English babies would abate, and that the *Daily Telegraph* would openly rejoice in the fact, we should have set down the seer as a person to whom no English tradition was sacred. Yet both these things have happened. It is now clear, from the summary of census returns for England and Wales, that the "devastating flood of children" is losing at all events its torrential force. The calculations for this census were based on the belief that England would show a population of about thirty millions. We are almost exactly a million below that number. The increase is a trifle over three millions, or 11.65 per cent. of the numbers returned in 1881. It is, moreover, the lowest rate of growth recorded in any previous decennial period in the century, and falls short of the estimate by 703,367. That estimate was in itself a fairly modest one. It is a noticeable fact that each decennial period since 1821 has shown a smaller proportional growth of population than its predecessor. To-day the wheel is moving at its very slowest rate. We are, indeed, still far from attaining the "moral minimum"—as Bagehot called it—at which France, with a scarcely perceptible annual increase and an actual falling off in the supply of its purely native population, has for many years fixed its desire for men and women to till its soil and conduct its industries. The proletariat still breed faster than the peasant proprietor, and we should have to imagine a vast economic and social change in order to produce a state of things in

which our people would be content to balance every nine deaths with ten births. Yet an average growth of some 300,000 a year, in a country which is still the workshop of the world, is sufficient proof that we are within hearing distance of the Malthusian formula that the population has diminished, is diminishing, and ought to be diminished. The basis of Malthus's calculations was that a perfectly happy and physically virtuous community ought to double itself in twenty-five years. As things have happened we have not yet "turned over" the stock of human capital with which we started at the beginning of the century. We were over fifteen millions then, we are not thirty to-day. No doubt emigration counts for something; the appalling unattractiveness of our country life sweeps the best blood out of the country into the colonies, or the States, or the ever open jaws of London. Indeed, when we look to the great Anglo-Saxon forcing-ground, the United States, we are still more struck with the slowing down in our own rate of increase. By 1900 A.D. the States will, at their present scale of increment, feed a population, drawn from without and from within, of eighty-eight millions; in about five years more Brother Jonathan should have a more or less compact little family of a hundred million souls, while the august Mother of Nations is struggling to maintain a paltry thirty-three or thirty-four millions. And this tremendous shifting of the world's gravity may come about without artificial agency, without the firing of a shot, or the redistribution of a rood of territory.

Not that even here we are secure from miscalculation. As America fills up, she too will begin to shut off steam. Even to-day the sociologist notes the sterility of the New England family as a counterpart to the severe measurement of resource of the French peasant, albeit the cause in the two instances is widely different. The conclusion of it all would seem to be that the world is now definitely entering on the age of prudence. The moral restraints which Malthus suggested in his character of Christian apologist, in order to relieve himself from the odium of having imagined a world rushing on to a dreary doom, have plainly begun to operate wherever civilisation has developed, and the best land has been thoroughly taken up. The sheer physical restraint of want of subsistence has not been reached, and is happily further off than ever. Whether we measure wealth by the mere vulgar increase of exchange values, or in the more rational fashion of the spread of a mean of comfort among the masses of the people, we find that on the whole the population, though it may be still tending to outgrow subsistence, has been kept well beneath it. The standard of comfort rises slowly, thanks partly to legislation in restraint of extreme "property" rights, partly to the one precious weapon left to a landless proletariat—the power of combination. And as it rises there goes with it an added keenness to preserve and enhance it. A certain wise selfishness, which we admit might very well lapse into a fatally unwise and in its essence childish and unprogressive selfishness, has got hold of the modern world.

In another sense the signs of a slackening of the child-torrent are very much less satisfactory. Part of it we must beyond doubt attribute to the series of checks that Nature provides against reckless multiplication. The futureless hand-labourer bred, and still breeds, with careless ease, knowing that under no conditions can he be worse off than he is to-day. But the town life to which his fate condemns him is not favourable to large families, and we have to thank a calmly inexorable law of Nature for finding a rough remedy for our social crimes and

errors, and for protecting the national stock against swarms of anæmic slum-bred children. We are not in possession of the fuller returns which would enable us to say precisely in what proportion our towns absorb the population. In 1881, 44 per cent. of the people of England and Wales were living in towns; the chances are that the proportion is nearer 60 per cent. to-day. The village does not grow; year after year it stands changeless as its immemorial elms. In 1881, twelve great towns absorbed over six millions eight hundred thousand of people, or 26 per cent. of the total; ten years later we find that these same towns counted seven and a half millions of people, or about the same percentage. But, side by side with the steady growth of the new-old centres of industry—one or two of which, notably Liverpool, have slightly decreased in numbers—innumerable fresh wens have been shooting forth on the fair surface of English soil, with city suburbs, which in London run over three counties. Greater London, indeed, is a vastly bigger business than the London which counts in the Registrar-General's return for a paltry 4,200,000 folk as against 3,800,000 in 1881. In the end, we are doubtless tending to the Australian model of a national life concentrated in province-cities, with the centres devoted to work, and the population, as in unhealthy Eastern towns, spread loosely for sleeping quarters over countrified suburbs.

Next in importance to the facts which show a slower rate of growth in the population are those which exhibit the woman's question in a sufficiently startling light. To-day there are 900,000 more women than men in England. There, at all events, is one everlasting cause of prostitution. But, like more social troubles than we imagine, it is susceptible of cure. The growing economic freedom of women, and the gradual opening up of calling after calling—clerkships, school-work, hotel and restaurant service, journalism, as well as a fair number of handicrafts, provide a choice between unutterable degradation and the lot that nine women out of ten still regard as the happiest for their sex—the life of marriage and motherhood. Indeed, the whole moral of the census is the old one of the immense area of social improveability. We really need not, when we come to think of it, eternally condemn the mass of our people either to the reckless indulgence of one instinct of the race or to unhealthy abstinence from it, or to that physical degeneration which has been the sure penalty of over-haste to be rich.

#### THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY BRIDGES.

THE recent railway history of this country has recorded no occurrence more remarkable than the collapse, on the 1st of May last, of the Norwood Road bridge on the main line of the London and Brighton Railway. Our English railways have frequently been contrasted—not to their advantage—with the railroads of the United States. That they give worse accommodation and charge more for it, we have been told times without number. Hitherto, however, it has been admitted on all hands that for perfection of "permanent way," as it is appropriately called, for monumental solidity of construction, English railway engineers could laugh to scorn the rivalry of any other country. Yet here we have a bridge on a main line within ten miles of London collapsing in ignominious ruin as though it were a mere "trestle" on the Wabash or the Missouri Pacific. And this is by no means all, for if Sir John Fowler is to be believed, the condition

of affairs on the Brighton line is in no way exceptional, but may rather be taken as typical of the normal state of affairs in this country. "The result of my investigation," says that distinguished engineer, in his report of June 17th, "does not indicate any unusual weakness in the Brighton bridges, which are neither better nor worse in that respect than those on similar lines of railway at home or abroad"—including, we presume, the Forth Bridge amongst the rest.

If this were true, it would imply so sweeping a condemnation of the entire body of English railway engineers that assuredly no layman would venture to pronounce it. For our own part, however, we absolutely refuse to admit that the statement which we have quoted from Sir John Fowler is justified. For what says General Hutchinson in his official report to the Board of Trade:—"Independent of the flaw in this girder, it did not possess a sufficient theoretic margin of safety. . . . The attention of the Brighton Company was drawn by the Board of Trade to this deficiency of strength after the occurrence of the accident on this bridge in December, 1876, when two identical girders at a different part of the same bridge were broken by an engine getting off the rails; and they were then recommended to substitute stronger girders in their place—a recommendation to which, unfortunately, no attention was paid, or the present serious accident would have been prevented. The Brighton Company is, therefore, in my opinion, deserving of much blame for having omitted to substitute stronger girders for the existing ones after attention had been thus specially directed to the weakness of the latter." Does Sir John Fowler really wish us to understand that English railway engineers and English boards of directors habitually and deliberately retain on their main line bridges which they have known for fifteen years to be unsafe, not only from theoretical calculations, but also from actual practical experience? Or did Sir John Fowler insert the sentence which we have quoted in order that his clients might be able to produce a certain amount of that very necessary article, whitewash, supplied by a firm of the highest reputation?

Let us see what Sir John says when he condescends to particulars. He begins by assuring the Brighton directors that two of their bridges, Battersea Bridge and the Ouse Viaduct, are actually "strong and good" and in "excellent condition. . . . The work of reparation is evidently never neglected." Really, really! If someone were to go to the directors of, say, the North-Western, and remark with the same air of pleased surprise that the Runcorn Bridge or the Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits were strong and good, and that the work of reparation was evidently never neglected, he would stand, one might think, a very fair chance of being sent about his business with the scantest of courtesy. By the Brighton board, however, such an observation is presumably taken as a compliment, whose force is only heightened by the contrast afforded by the rest of the report, which goes on to point out how very exceptional it is for the bridges on the Brighton line to be strong and good. The Shoreham Viaduct, for instance, says Sir John, must be reconstructed from the ground whilst it is still "in a perfectly safe state . . . during the next twelve months, or sooner if possible." Besides the Shoreham Viaduct, there are "about twenty" other bridges whose life Sir John Fowler will not venture to warrant beyond the twelvemonth. Nor is this all. For as soon as the twenty most rickety have been dealt with, "about sixty other bridges should then be reconstructed . . . it being understood that all the eighty or eighty-one bridges are to be reconstructed in the



shortest time reasonably possible, and not exceeding two to three years from the present date." In fact, divested of its vague generalities, Sir John Fowler's report comes to this: half the cast-iron bridges on the Brighton system ought to have been removed long ago, or—to put it another way—scattered over the Brighton system, at an average distance of five miles apart, there are eighty death-traps, any one of which may be expected within the next two or three years at furthest to become almost as dangerous as the Norwood Bridge was at the beginning of last May.

What, then, is the lesson to be drawn from this lamentable failure? Not a few of our contemporaries have cried out without hesitation to their grandmother the State to come and protect them. And if Sir John Fowler be really correct in saying that the Brighton bridges are neither better nor worse than those of all the other companies, we cannot deny that our contemporaries are fully justified. But, as we have said above, we frankly disbelieve Sir John's sweeping generalities, and till he produces specific instances on the lines of one of our great companies to match the specific instance of the Shoreham Viaduct, we shall continue to disbelieve him. To our thinking this fiasco is only one piece of evidence the more to prove, what indeed hardly needs proof, that, in the words of Mr. Foxwell, "our railways south of the Thames are from the public point of view quite another species from those to the north of that narrow stream." And if this be so, the problem is not how to compel a whole band of recalcitrant companies to do their duty, but how to bring up the rest to the standard which has already been attained by the great majority amongst them. The subject is too large to be dealt with adequately at the end of an article, but it may be summed up in two words—public opinion. The same disorganised condition of public feeling which gives Londoners a Clerkenwell Vestry instead of a Manchester Corporation gives us also the London and Brighton Railway in place of the Lancashire and Yorkshire. If Londoners are satisfied with the Brighton management, by all means let them put up with it. If not, they had better take the trouble to improve it. The task will not be found insuperable, if it is resolutely undertaken. Edinburgh and Glasgow have done a good deal since last Christmas to induce the North British to set its house in order, and what the Scotch public and the Scotch press can accomplish should surely not be beyond our power here. One or two points in the programme of reform suggest themselves at the outset. Sixty-eight is full old for the average age of a board of directors; eighty-one is full old for the chairman of that board; and it would be well that at least one director out of the nine should live on the line which he professes to manage. We mention these points as the first needing attention. Perhaps when they are set right, it will not be necessary to call in either the public press or the Board of Trade to reform the rest.

#### DIFFICULTIES OF THE BERLIN BOURSE.

THE Berlin Bourse just now is in a very critical state, which is exciting not a little apprehension amongst all financially connected with Germany. The protective policy adopted by Prince Bismarck led after a while to great speculation in mining and other industrial enterprises. Manufacturers of iron and steel combined to keep up prices at home, and at the same time competed abroad with foreign manufacturers, selling very much cheaper than they did at home. For a while they prospered greatly,

and the prosperity of the iron and steel trade gave prosperity to the coal trade and all subsidiary industries. Then, again, the vast expenditure of the Government upon the army and the navy, upon fortresses and railways, added to the temporary prosperity. As a matter of course, the prices of mining and other industrial securities were run up extravagantly by speculators. Private businesses were converted in large numbers into limited companies, and the old limited companies increased their capital, often selling the new shares at high premiums. After a while, however, the temporary prosperity disappeared, and prices began to fall ruinously. At the beginning of last year there was a sharp crisis in Berlin. Many failures took place, and there was much fear that several banks might be brought down. Quite recently there has been another crisis brought on immediately by difficulties in Italy and Spain. One of the leading iron and steel companies in Germany, whose shares are largely speculated in on the Berlin Bourse, has entered into a kind of partnership with a mine at Savona in Italy, and another at Seville in Spain. It is believed that the two foreign companies are bankrupt, and that in consequence the Germany company will lose very large amounts of money. When this became known there was a heavy fall in its shares, and the fall rapidly extended to all other industrial securities. The *Statist* of last Saturday estimates that within eighteen months there has been a depreciation of about 8½ millions sterling in the securities of seven leading mines dealt in on the Berlin Bourse; in addition it estimates that the securities of other industrial companies have depreciated about 22 millions sterling; so that the total depreciation in industrial securities in about a year and a half has been over 30 millions sterling. Furthermore, there has been a very great depreciation in bank shares. And, of course, everyone knows how great has been the fall in South American securities, in Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish, all of which are more or less largely held throughout Germany.

What makes the matter the more serious is that the banks in Germany are more closely connected with speculation than banks are generally in other countries, that they carry on a Stock Exchange business as well as a banking business proper. And how great is the fear that the banks in consequence will be plunged in difficulties is shown by the fall that has taken place in bank shares. According to the *Statist*, since the end of 1889 there has been a fall of over 180 per cent. in the shares of one bank, of 150 per cent. in those of another, of 140 per cent. in two others, of 138 per cent. in a fifth, and of 118 per cent. in those of a sixth. Doubtless, these shares were unduly run up by speculation like all other securities a year and a half ago, and a fall in them was inevitable as soon as the general market began to give way. But the magnitude of the fall is undoubtedly owing to the apprehension that prevails that the banks have committed themselves too deeply to their speculative customers, and that they must share largely in the losses of the latter. Every now and then, indeed, there have been rumours that some of the banks were inextricably embarrassed. Up to the present, however, there have been no failures; and it is possible that none may occur. For there is no question that Germany has advanced greatly in material prosperity during the past quarter of a century, nor likewise that the banks generally are managed with very great ability of a kind; while they are in the habit of combining in a way that is quite unusual with our own banks. But that they engage in most risky business is beyond dispute, in spite of the ability of the management;

and it remains to be seen whether they will be able to tide over the coming autumn. Fortunately for Germany, there has been a great improvement in the crops during the past month. On the other hand, the latest reports of the Russian crops are disquieting. A bad harvest in Russia at a time when the business of the country is thrown into confusion by the persecution of the Jews, can hardly fail to affect unfavourably, not only the well-being of the Empire, but the credit of the Government, and the prices of all Russian securities. And it is well known that German investment in Russian bonds and shares, in industrial enterprises, and in lands and houses, is very large. Good authorities estimate the aggregate at several hundreds of millions sterling. A Russian crisis, therefore, would have a disastrous effect upon the German Bourses.

The deepening of the Italian crisis, too, will tell adversely upon Germany. For some years past large amounts of German money have been invested in all kinds of Italian enterprise, the Germans being influenced with regard to Italy very much as the French are with regard to Russia. But, as our Italian correspondent has very clearly shown on several occasions, the economic condition of Italy just now is bad. The National finances are in disorder. Those of the local authorities are still worse. The banking and building crisis has not come to an end; and trade is depressed by bad harvests and by the interruption of the commercial relations with France. If matters grow worse, as seems only too likely, the losses to German investors and German speculators will be increased. And though the Germans have not risked so much in Portugal and Spain, yet there is a good deal of German money locked up in Portuguese and Spanish securities, and a crash in these would add still further to the embarrassments in Germany. Lastly, German bankers have ventured too rashly of late years in Mexico, Greece, and Turkey, and the finances of none of those countries are just now in a satisfactory state. It is not surprising, then, that very gloomy views prevail as to the immediate future of the Berlin Bourse. If the harvest turns out well, and the Money Market is not disturbed in the autumn, it is possible that a crash may be averted. There will have, however, even in that case, to be a slow liquidation of the bad business that has been accumulated for years. Failures will be numerous, trade will decline, and some of the banks will still further lose credit, if they are able to avoid winding up. But if the harvest is not good, and the Money Market is disturbed in the autumn, a sharp crisis appears only too probable. And the crisis may be precipitated at any moment by an untoward accident, such as a political scare, a breakdown of Portugal, or the spread of distress in Russia. If there were less distress in London, it might be possible to tide over the difficulty, as doubtless assistance could be got here. But in the present state of the City, it will not be easy to get help should it be required; while the distrust that prevails will prevent the Germans from selling largely in London until prices have fallen so heavily as to attract purchasers.

#### CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**T**HE German Emperor has gone to hunt the whale at the North Cape, and to reap the full benefit of a well-earned holiday; the French fleet, which has just been received with enthusiasm at Stockholm, will not reach Cronstadt till July 25th; and in the interval international politics have somewhat given place to internal. We have, however, various after-echoes of the talk about the Triple and Quadruple

Alliance—the most notable of which is an article in Prince Bismarck's usual organ, ascribing to him the chief credit for the present understanding between England and Italy; Mr. Labouchere's French friends are preparing a fitting acknowledgment of the service he has done to their country by his criticism on the alleged relation between England and Italy; the arrangements for the visit of the young King of Servia to the Russian and Austrian Courts are complete, but it is officially announced that the visit was decided on long before the Triple Alliance; and the Sultan seems disposed to set a good example to other Powers by recognising Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria—which would probably do much to secure calm in Eastern Europe.

In France the *Fête* of the Republic was celebrated on Tuesday with at least the usual spirit. On Monday, by way of preparation, a new Boulevard, the Avenue de la République, was inaugurated by the President. It is three miles long, extending from the Place de la République eastward, past Père-la-Chaise, to the suburb of Ménilmontant, and opens up a number of slums and a curious, shabby-genteel little suburb.

The French naval manœuvres in the Mediterranean have ended with an attack on Toulon by the enemy's fleet, which successfully evaded the defending squadron off the Balearic Islands.

The Senate has modified, generally in the interest of the employer, the restrictions introduced by the proposed Labour Law on domestic workshops and on the labour of women and children. The Chamber, after somewhat confusing and contradictory proceedings, has rejected the duties on cotton yarn proposed by the Commission—though an advance of 30 per cent. on the present duties is to be enforced against yarn from countries which discriminate against French goods. The vote is regarded by both sides as a serious check to the Protectionists. On Thursday the Chamber refused to shelve a debate initiated by M. Laur, the Boulangist, on the enforcement of the passport regulations in Alsace. The debate was to take place on Friday. The sentences in the melinite case were confirmed on Thursday by the Court of Appeal.

In Alsace and Lorraine, the second ballots for several municipal elections were held on Sunday last. Generally—and it is a significant fact—the contest is between the "German immigrants" and the "native Alsations," and the latter seem generally to have won.

The Belgian Government, which Liberals generally cannot regard with much favour, has done two good things. It has taken steps to limit as much as possible the Sunday goods traffic on the railways; and it is doing its best to check the circulation of indecent literature. Certain French illustrated papers in particular are no longer to be sold at Belgian railway stations, nor carried, at least in bales, by the State railways. Unfortunately, it is maintained by the Liberals that this latter regulation conflicts with that article in the Constitution which prohibits a Press Censorship; and it is easy to see its dangers as a precedent when worked by an unscrupulous and intolerant Government.

The Norwegian Storthing has passed a resolution in favour of separate consular representation for Norway abroad. The shipping and mercantile interests have protested against the scheme, and it will be interesting to see if the nationalist sentiment of the country districts will prevail over practical convenience.

The Swedish Prime Minister, Baron Akerhjelm, who recently aroused the utmost indignation in Norway by the astonishingly incautious remark that, "if the annual military training is extended to ninety days we can go and talk Swedish at Christiana," has at last resigned, and is to be replaced by M. Bostroem, who is said to be a strong Protectionist, a fact which may affect the pending negotiations as to a commercial treaty with France.

The trial at Zürich of the persons accused of



participation in the revolution in Ticino last September—called for convenience the “Septembrists”—terminated on Tuesday with the acquittal of all the accused. On Wednesday, however, Signor Castioni—the proceedings for whose extradition at Bow Street last November have become a leading case—was condemned by default to eight years’ imprisonment and twelve years’ deprivation of civil rights. The trial has been extremely damaging to the reputation of the Conservative Party in Ticino and of the cantonal Government which the Revolution overthrew. Those pedantic champions of law and order who forced it on by opposing the general amnesty lately passed by the Lower House of the Federal Legislature and thrown out by the Upper, must now sincerely regret that the past has not been left to oblivion. For it was clearly established, and declared on oath by one of the leaders in the Revolution, that its sole object was to force the Federal Government to intervene; and the main object of the defence was to exhibit the ample provocation which the Liberals had received during the last ten years. The ballot stuffing and repeating of a more advanced civilisation were replaced by ruder but not less effective methods. Thus, at a general election in 1881, nomadic bands of Conservative voters, known as “the Kroumirs,” were drafted into the districts where they were needed most; so that in one village of forty-three voters 122 votes were cast. These nomads were brought in over-night, and supplied with Government blankets by a local official. The subject set for an essay in a Government school examination was, “Describe how Zwingli, impelled by the Devil, introduced the Reformation into Zürich, and also the Divine punishment he is now undergoing.” A book by a Government schoolmaster states that “it is better to be a forger, an adulterer, or a murderer, than a Liberal.” Professors in colleges were dismissed for their political opinions as a matter of course, and the gendarmes always received their voting tickets from their commanding officer. The witnesses for the prosecution did not come out very well, particularly Signor Respini, the head of the Government overthrown by the Revolution, who insisted on haranguing the Court at great length, and refused to answer questions, so that the sitting was for a time suspended. The present Conservative Government of the canton had had 500 copies of the preliminary proceedings in this trial printed, nominally for the use of the parties to a civil suit, but really, it was suggested, that all the witnesses for the prosecution might tell the same story—a proceeding severely condemned by the Court. An active controversy arose at one stage of the proceedings as to whether a worthy Conservative lady was killed by the shock of the Revolution or died of cancer in the stomach. Indeed, the trial seems to have been fertile in curious incident—and also, doubtless, in hard swearing. How can the canton ever be pacified again after all these reminiscences?

Enough signatures have been collected to necessitate the submission of the new Customs tariff to a popular vote in September next. The proposed purchase by the Federal Government of a controlling interest in the Central Railway is to undergo a similar ordeal. The corrected totals of the vote on the introduction of the Federal Initiative on Sunday week are: For, 181,888; Against, 120,372.

The Austrian Reichsrath has adjourned for the summer recess.

In Spain a general amnesty to political exiles of all parties has been voted. The passage of the Bill authorising the Bank of Spain to increase its note issue has been followed by the issue of notices by certain shopkeepers in Madrid that they will refuse to accept the notes.

After six weeks of persistent obstruction the Bill for the reform of County Government has passed the Hungarian Chamber. The Opposition has proceeded from about a fourth of the House, chiefly the ultra-Nationalists of the Extreme Left, who, it seems, prefer an archaic institution which is national

to improvements which suggest Austrian bureaucracy.

The petition from various Greek notables of Crete has been refused by the Sultan, who has given orders that no more documents of the kind are to be forwarded. The Turkish authorities state that the island is now quiet, and that “no murder arising out of revenge has been committed for three weeks.”

In the United States conflicting, but for the most part very unfavourable, reports are current as to the present and recent state of Mr. Blaine’s health. Alarming reports are also coming in of renewed disturbances and “ghost dancing” among the Indians in Dakota and Arizona.

The Balmacedist Government of Chili has scored a point by the removal of the embargo imposed by the French Government on the cruisers just completed for it—the first of which, the *Presidente Errazuriz*, left Havre hurriedly on Friday week. The action of the French Government is generally condemned by the French press. It is stated that the United States Minister to Chili, Mr. Patrick Egan, of National League fame, is strongly Balmacedist in sympathies: partly because the English residents and officers of the fleet favour the Congressional party. The latter seem to be really advancing southwards, and claim an important naval victory.

#### A MEDICAL SCANDAL.

THE honour of the medical profession is gravely affected by a recent revelation in the Paris Académie de Médecine. A well-known physician, Professor Cornil, disclosed an experiment made four years ago by a surgeon whose name was withheld, and whose nationality is a matter for disagreeable speculation. This scientific savage, having to deal with a woman suffering from tumour in one of her breasts, deliberately transferred the malignant growth to the healthy breast while the patient was under chloroform. He was rewarded by the discovery of a new tumour which he had the satisfaction of having planted, and this was removed by a second operation, to which the woman succumbed. The gratification of this professional curiosity was obtained at the cost of a human life after a cold-blooded outrage. It is worthy of note that the iniquity of this experiment does not appear to have struck Professor Cornil until the indignant protests of his colleagues apprised him of the existence in a scientific body of a higher sentiment than medical ambition. To its honour, the chief organ of the medical profession in this country has struck no uncertain note in condemning an unparalleled piece of inhumanity. Professor Cornil, says the *Lancet*, ought to have dealt first with the ethical and not with the scientific side of this case. Instead of confining himself to a complacent review of the addition to medical knowledge, it behoved him to stigmatise the ruffian who had purchased that knowledge by the violation of every instinct of honour. The *Lancet* demands the name of the operator, and no seal of confidence ought to prevent Professor Cornil from proclaiming the identity of this enemy of the human race. It is probable enough that if experiments of this nature were frequently made on patients, medical knowledge would be considerably enlarged. But, as the *Lancet* observes, the medical profession is nothing if it is not a healing profession, and there is no conceivable justification for the surgeon who cures a disease in one part of the human system in order to transfer it to another. That is a truth which will be impressed rather forcibly on Professor Bergman and Dr. Hahn, should it be proved that they have actually made experiments on the bodies of paupers in the transmission of cancer.

If Professor Cornil’s anonymous practitioner had inserted a portion of the excised tumour in his own flesh, he would at least have shown an unselfish devotion to the cause of science. Cases are

known in which medical men, in the ardent pursuit of knowledge, have subjected themselves to perilous experiments. We can respect their zeal, even if we are more than dubious as to its propriety. The surgeon who operates on himself with a view to relieving mankind from some physical curse which has hitherto baffled medical skill is a hero. But the man who takes a helpless woman, and treats her with as little regard for her well-being as if she were a rat, puts himself outside the pale of humanity. A human life cannot be weighed in the same scale with lives in the lower ranks of creation. The *Lancet* fairly maintains "that the very justification of careful experiments on animals is the superiority and sanctity of human life in the very humblest man or woman in the most unpretentious hospital." There is a danger that the opponents of vivisection will overlook this distinction. They are already showing an unfortunate disposition to treat the advocates of vivisection under clearly defined restrictions as little better than the miscreant who confided his infamy to Professor Cornil. The indignation of the Académie de Médecine, and of the representatives of the medical profession in this country, shows how unwarranted is any assumption of this kind as regards the great mass of its members. True, there is evidence that a certain type of scientific enthusiast has done the same thing before. A list of fifty similar experiments, recorded in German medical papers, was published last week in Berlin: one of these at least was mortal; and other cases, nearly as bad, can be cited by those who know certain foreign hospitals. But German specialist professors practise purely for scientific purposes. Our great English surgeons are primarily healers of disease, and unflagging and hypersensitive public opinion will assuredly check the slightest excess. After all, too, most people will always refuse to admit that there is no more right to vivisection the lower animals than to vivisection a human being. Man uses the varied forms of life on this planet for his own comfort and convenience. This does not relieve him from the responsibility of treating the dumb creation humanely, but it does not impose upon him the duty of placing the brutes on the same moral level with himself. If vivisection can be shown to have conduced in any way to the prolongation of human life, or the relief of the human frame from lifelong torment, the proposition that such a benefit ought not to be purchased by experiments on animals, can never commend itself to the common-sense of mankind. As M. Pasteur's researches have enabled him to reduce the mortality from hydrophobia, it is rash to affirm that the boon he has conferred on the race is counterbalanced by the vivisection of rabbits and guinea-pigs. If the child of an anti-vivisectionist were bitten by a mad dog, it would be the plain duty of the father to send the sufferer to the physician who has unquestionably saved many people from one of the most horrible forms of death. If the anti-vivisectionist refused to avail himself of M. Pasteur's skill for his child's sake, he would incur quite as grave a responsibility as that of the Peculiar People, who sacrifice their children rather than call in a doctor.

This much is necessary by way of protest against the zeal of those who would like to see vivisection abolished altogether. Human life is more sacred than animal life; and there is no moral obligation to treat the microbe as if it had an ethical claim to devour our tissues. The sentiment of kindness to animals is admirable so long as it is not allowed to run into such exaggeration that a civilised sensitiveness to pain becomes the sole standard of right. When this extremity is reached, we find perfectly amiable people, in their anxiety to save dumb animals from torture, assuming that the medical profession is composed of callous inquirers who cannot look at a dog without a bloodthirsty longing to cut it up alive. The weight of opinion on this subject amongst medical men ought to count for something, especially as there is no reason to

suppose that they take a brutal delight in vivisectioning animals merely for pastime. To say that the prodigy of cruelty revealed to us by Professor Cornil furnishes an illustration of what will become general amongst vivisectionists if their operations are not absolutely prohibited, is a libel not only on the members of a noble calling, but also on the most elementary reason. It might just as well be maintained that if the sale of alcohol is not forbidden, doctors will poison their patients with brandy. The law which carefully limits the operations of vivisection shows that in England the humane treatment of animals is a feature of our civilisation. In some other parts of Europe public opinion is not so advanced; but the excesses of vivisection there do not establish an overwhelming indictment against the whole system.

#### THE CASE OF MARGARET COLLARD.

MOST of the events of which we propose to give a very brief summary occurred as far back as last February. They called for a rigorous inquiry at the time, and they still call for it. If an injustice has been done—which is at least possible—the circumstances are so intolerably cruel, and the victim is so near her death, that redress can hardly come too speedily. A gentleman of Plymouth, however, who wrote to the Home Secretary, begging him to weigh all the evidence in the case and order a fuller investigation, has received this answer:—

WHITEHALL, 9th July, 1891.

SIR,—I have laid before the Secretary of State your letter of the 29th ultimo, in which you complain of the conduct of the police stationed at Stonehouse in the case of Margaret Collard, and I am directed by him to inform you, in reply, that the control and discipline of the County Police are vested, not in the Secretary of State, but in the Chief Constable of the county and the Standing Joint Committee of the County Council and Quarter Sessions, and that you should address to these authorities any complaint as to the conduct of officers of the County Police force.—Your obedient servant,

E. LEIGH PEMBERTON.

Margaret Collard is an old woman of sixty-four, the wife of an iron-worker at Stonehouse, Devon. Her husband, who is sixty-three, has led a steady and hardworking life; and, although unable to obtain regular employment of late, chiefly in consequence of an injury to his shoulder, which prevents his lifting one of his arms beyond his mouth, he has managed to keep his wife and himself by odd jobs. Margaret was born at Launceston, of respectable parents, and was, for seven years, maid to Lady Trelawney of Harewood, near Calstock. She left this situation to marry, and her mistress provided the wedding breakfast, as a mark of esteem. Her long married life has been—it is not denied—irreproachable: she was known as a steady church-goer so long as her health permitted.

Four years ago, when this couple lived at 20, Hobart Street, Stonehouse, Margaret Collard had a paralytic stroke, and, falling, injured her head against a mahogany table. The doctor, who was then called in, has since given the following certificate:—

153, UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, June 18th, 1891.

I was called to visit Mrs. Margaret Collard, Hobart Street, Stonehouse, on the 7th November, 1887, and found her suffering, to the best of my recollection, from slight paralysis. Such attack arising from some disease of the brain, has left some permanent weakness, and a liability to fresh attacks and occasional unconsciousness. These attacks closely resemble the effects of drink.

THOMAS PEARSE, M.D., Surgeon.

Indeed, the poor woman has suffered, more or less, from faintness ever since this seizure: and her husband and daughter were always anxious when she walked out alone. Early in February last she had one of her attacks and lay helpless for two days and a night. But on the 14th of that month, she put on her bonnet and left her home in Goad's Buildings, Stonehouse, at about a quarter to seven in the evening, to walk to the Grand Theatre and see her daughter, who is employed there as a barmaid. A neighbour, Mrs. Hargreaves, who saw her



start, wished her "good-night," and added, "I hope you'll enjoy yourself."

About seven o'clock—i.e., fifteen minutes later—a policeman named Willsman was walking down East Street, Stonehouse, when he found the old woman lying on the footpath. She was bruised on her forehead and on one side of her face. Two women were there, who said they did not know her. The constable lifted her up twice, and twice she fell on the ground again. He then questioned her, and reports that she answered "she did not know how she had got into that condition, as she had only had a little wine and brandy." He at once jumped to the conclusion that she was hopelessly drunk, and, with the help of another policeman, called Ridge, he took her to the police-station, a quarter of a mile away. In the morning her husband came, bailed her out, and found she had sustained terrible injuries. A surgeon, Mr. Bean, was called in, administered an anæsthetic, and found (1) that her knee-cap was fractured, (2) her right elbow fractured and separated from the bone, (3) her right arm was bruised, both above and below the elbow, the result of applied pressure, and (4) both her eyes were blackened. All these injuries, the doctor decided, had been received within twelve hours.

When at length the trial came on there was a mass of police-evidence to prove that Margaret Collard on the evening of February 14th was drunk and incapable. A bench of three magistrates declared themselves "perfectly satisfied" that the case was proved, and that the police were "perfectly justified." The case was dismissed, however, as a first offence: that is to say, there was no punishment inflicted, but this old woman is deliberately declared to have been shamefully intoxicated.

Let us grant it for a moment, and consider her injuries. These injuries must have been received either before the police found her, or while she was in their hands. The second alternative is too horrible for credence, and we will believe, therefore, that when P.C. Willsman found the woman she had a broken knee-cap, a broken arm, two black eyes and many bruises. Now this, on their own word, is the manner in which the constables treated her:—(1) P.C. Willsman swore, under cross-examination, that the defendant "walked as well as she could" and that she "was not dragged along." (2) On the other hand, P.C. Ridge swore, "On going to Willsman's assistance, I put my arms round the legs of the woman, and lifting her off the ground, assisted to carry her to the station." The two statements conflict; but the fact is atrocious enough, whether it be that this old woman with a broken knee-cap was walked along for a quarter of a mile or was lifted by the legs. Worse, however, remains. (3) P.C. Beere, the reserve constable, who was in the station when Mrs. Collard was brought in, explained in his evidence that he carried her to her cell on his back! Let our readers consider the poor creature's broken bones and ask themselves how this could have been done without inflicting torture. Lastly (4) the female searcher at the police-station, a Mrs. Horwill, never discovered the injuries, or, if she discovered them, neglected to send for the doctor. And when the husband, John Collard, came in the morning to the station it is alleged that he was not only refused permission to see his wife, but even to fetch a doctor for her!

But was Margaret Collard drunk at all? Her husband deposed—and she herself has since declared—that she had not one drop of any intoxicant on the evening of February 14th. The neighbour who saw her start and wished her "good-night" swore that she showed no signs of intoxication. On the other hand, P.C. Willsman, P.C. Ridge, P.C. Gibbens, P.C. Beere and the female searcher are confident that she was helplessly drunk. She "smelt strongly of spirits"; she asserted that she had had "a little wine and brandy," and later that she had taken "a drop of gin." A person called William Henry Thompson, "a writer at the Dockyard," gave

evidence for the prosecution, and had no doubt that she was drunk. If we believe all the evidence, therefore, we must come to the conclusion that this old woman of sixty-four, subject to fainting-fits and paralysis, walked from Goad's Buildings to East Street, Stonehouse—some little way—drank wine, brandy, and gin in rapid succession, broke her knee-cap and elbow and blackened both her eyes, and all in the space of fifteen minutes!

Meanwhile Margaret Collard is dying. The doctor told the magistrates, a fortnight ago, "The woman is now in a perfectly hopeless condition. She is unable to move the bone that was fractured; she has a stiff elbow-joint, and she is apparently sinking. She will never recover from her injuries." If, then, it should turn out that the police were mistaken, she is perhaps too near her end to care very much that the stain of drunkenness, put upon her in her closing days, should be removed. But she has a husband and a daughter who bitterly resent that stain, while they fight with their poverty to give her a few comforts in her lingering illness. And the public has a right, at any rate, to be certain whether the stain is deserved or not. The *Western Morning News* and the *British Medical Journal* have spoken vigorously about this affair; and we must add our voice to the assertion "that, besides the questions of the cause of the injuries, and when and how they were received, the conduct in several respects of the sergeant in charge of the station, and the conduct and veracity of every police-constable who gave evidence before the magistrates, and of the female searcher, need strict investigation."

#### MR. SPURGEON.

AS we write, Mr. Spurgeon still lives, but his life seems to be hanging by a thread, and even before these words appear in print the thread may have been snapped. How many people, we wonder, are fully conscious of the loss which the breaking of the golden cord in this case will inflict upon London and the world? The time has long since passed when it was fashionable to deride this master of the English language in its noblest forms; this preacher whose tenets were those of a former day, whose creed, as fervid as it was narrow, seemed little likely to lay hold of the sympathies of a generation like the present. There was a time when Mr. Spurgeon was on the whole the best-abused person in England; when orthodox Church circles regarded him with horror as the representative of everything that was odious to the members of an Established Church; when men of light and leading sneered at him as the typical Philistine, and when smart essayists in weekly reviews regarded him as a butt provided for the special purpose of enabling them to sharpen their small wits upon him. Long ago Mr. Spurgeon lived down all the bigotry, the folly and the flippancy of which he was for many years the mark. People came at last to see that, even if they could not share his creed, they could admire the fervour of his zeal, the purity of his life, and the large-hearted charity which he showed in every matter that did not appertain to dogma.

And even our men of light and leading, after years of scoffing at his pulpit style, awoke to a perception of the fact that in Mr. Spurgeon England had one of those born orators of whom this generation has seen only two—to wit, himself and Mr. Bright. Gifted with splendid common sense, with a genuine humour, with a large-hearted love for his fellow-creatures which no narrowness of creed could stifle or distort, and with those unequalled powers as a preacher which enabled him for nearly forty years to sway the largest congregation in the world, Mr. Spurgeon has unquestionably been a figure of real importance as well as of real interest in the community in which he dwelt. But he has been something more than this. The sermons which delighted by

their simple Saxon eloquence and genuine piety those who flocked to the Tabernacle to hear him, printed from week to week, were carried throughout the world, and formed the spiritual pabulum of scores of thousands of men and women dwelling in the uttermost parts of the earth. To these, even more than to his own sect in London, Mr. Spurgeon was the accepted teacher of Divine things; and though, as we have said, his theology was not that of the present day, not even that of the majority of the members of his own Church, it was at least distinguished by that note of manly honesty which commended it to everybody. Old-fashioned it was in very truth, and some of his dogmas seemed hard and repulsive to enlightened minds; but none could be brought within the range of his personal influence, none could see how the warmth of his own heart fused the cold crudities which jarred upon those who studied his creed from a distance, without feeling that here at least was a good man who had a message from the Highest to his fellow-men. Well tried by time, which tries all things, Mr. Spurgeon's life and character have been shown to be of that pure gold against which the sharp edge of ridicule and satire must ever be turned in vain. In parting from him we part from one who was both great and good; and whatever differences on points of theology may separate us from him, there are few amongst us who will not feel that when he dies the world will be the poorer for his loss.

#### OF THE DIVERSIONS OF PRINCES.

##### AN ESSAY. PART II.

—formist conscience.

[Though occasion turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and the Emperor be now sunk below the horizon of our seas, a retiring guest, leaving me a day behind the fair; yet will I abate no doot of this essay. For my cutlery will hardly prune an opinion where it must first carve a printer's urchin, by which furtive little beast his inkiness my manuscript hath twice in this se'nnight been brought to hash; nor, I am determined, shall my salary be docked upon any flimsy motion—as, that I am lethargique. So I have taxed my familiars for the price of a type-writer, and will consider principally of Foreign Princes, how they should be entertained.]

'Twas a stingy vile business, and reasonably abhorred by the late Khan of Tartary, that he travelled from Dover to Buckingham Palace in a third-class-smoking with no choicer company than a babe of low birth. I pass over his treatment of the cushions, imputing it to a native tetchiness, which, certes, had found no vent could Her Majesty have brought herself to go and fetch him up from the coast. But there is always some boddle how the host shall be appparelled on these formal occasions. Theseus, prince of Athens, having to receive the Queen of the Amazons off her long-ship, at Piræus, was at first minded to attire himself in the livery of her second regiment of cavalry, of the which he acted honorary colonel. But the impediment was, they wore no insignia but an amputated breast. Less queasy hath been our George, Duke of Cambridge, these few days, whose mother, could she have trod again this funambulous planet, had assuredly cut him in the street for an idol of the market-place; as the small boy hinted, *coram populo et sine fuligine*, who cried "I vow you are out, George—but is your mother certified thereof?"

I counsel, then, that upon these pompous opportunities we blow the expense and lay in store of horns, Jewish harps, accordions, castanets, recorders, haut-boys, tom-toms, ocarinas, and the like—besides instruments of percussion, as the big and little drum. As it was said—

"With trumpets also and shawms."

And again—

"By the pricking of my thumbs,  
See, the conquering hero comes!  
—Blow the trumpets, smite the drums."

And again, by an obscurer mouth—

"Blow the recorder of the City of London!"

and all to make a pretty bombination. For luncheons let us have *bisque d'écrevisses*, and for pageants a plenty of Venetian poles and triumphal arches. Only let us be cautious concerning the mottoes thereon. "God speed the plough!" is a fair text for all weathers: but *Have you seen the Shah?* standeth upon a nicer contingency, and I have known times that it was clean impertinent.

Histieus, tyrant of Miletus, wishing to welcome his cousin Aristagoras in a befitting manner from abroad, made a bon-fire of his mother-in-law: and Philip of Artois was used to blow up his cooks upon the arrival of any considerable guest. We may use these exemplars, so it be at a humane interval and we have a care to adjust our pyrotechniques better than did that Swede, who touched off a rocket with "Here goes for King Charles!" "And there goes with my eye!" quoth his Majesty: which indeed was the case, and I have seen it at the end of the stick in the collection of a rich merchant in Christiania—a mighty curious toy. I mislike flags and ensigns, as breathing too much of war in pacifick ceremonies: as I have noted in another place—

"Marry, this is stitching calico: it means mischief."

Nor, maugre his good intent, can I commend that scrivener in Fleet Street who knows no better how to make exhibition of his loyalty than by sitting at his piano and playing of the scales while the Emperor was passing; and so miss'd all.

Against Freedoms of the City I have no dog's letter to grate, so the luncheon be well set out and the casket of a fair popping value, as they say. But 'twas a chuckleheaded and unblessed generosity that gave the late Swiss ambassador his freedom in a cuckoo-clock. For the vulgar opinion that the Emperor had more to eat than was good, I make no bones of it, *nec flocci facio*. I could have done it on my head.

#### OPEN QUESTIONS.

##### III.—ARE CHILDREN GOOD IN JULY?

MOST of us know that oysters are never spelt with an "r" when the month is out of season. Everything has its time. Every dog has its day; every roast duck has its proper seasoning. New potatoes are not ever with us. Which of us has not stood, awed and silenced, by the death-bed of the asparagus? We know these things, but we do not think enough about them. We say that they are platitudes, but what of that? The epigrams of one generation are the platitudes of the next. A platitude is only a truth gone dull because it has been kept too long. Even truth has its season. Now the season for goodness is undoubtedly childhood. "Be good" is the nursemaid's commonest injunction. Therefore, if it can be shown that during one month of the year children are not good, action of some kind seems imperative, and the possibility of a close season for perambulators becomes worth discussion.

Are children good in July? The question would perhaps be easier to answer if it were put in a slightly different form—are children sticky in July? For a child which is sticky is generally a child which has not been good. Adhesiveness is in children the concomitant of sin. If a child is sticky, somewhere or other in its past you probably will find an excess of exercise or of jam, a neglect of the ceremonial of the table, even a perverted love of uncleanness. Jubilation is another sign of sin; few adults have that triumphant joy in wrong-doing which children always display. Once, about the hour of noon, I



tried to find the cause of the ecstasy of happiness which had possessed a small male child during the whole of the morning. He gave his reason as follows: "Cos I never washed this morning when I got up, and nobody's found it out yet." He went away laughing. It was hideous.

Most of us probably have noticed the increased jubilation and increased stickiness of children during this month; we might now be inclined to consider that this was not an open question any longer, and to answer definitely that children are not good in July. But although wrong-doing in children is certain to be evidenced by either jubilation or stickiness, and probably by both, it does not follow that nothing else but wrong-doing could cause such jubilation and stickiness. We must not forget that the approach of the holidays may cause the one and a legitimate use of strawberries may cause the other.

Now the ways of a man with strawberries are very many. No artist could reduce them to hideous pulp with a fork as the commercially minded are wont to do. Very spiritual natures refuse cream with them; the average woman takes rather too much sugar with them. Simplicity and manliness make one prefer to pick and eat them in their native garden: one is in closer commune with nature so; no fruiterer interprets her to you; and nobody sees how many you take when you eat them in that way. It is the way which children like best, and I dare not—I positively dare not—say that they are wrong. But—and these are important words—it is impossible to eat strawberries thus without becoming sticky. A child which is sticky is generally, but not *always*, a child which has not been good. What is a virtue in a postage-stamp is not *always* a vice in an infant.

It may be urged that even if the jubilation of July really is caused by the approach of the holidays, we should remember that holidays are to children simply increased opportunities for sinfulness. It is true, but it is beside the point. We are not asking whether children are likely to be good in August and September, but whether they are good in July. If we confuse the point at issue, we are only too likely to come to some clear and definite conclusion.

And we have absolutely no grounds for forming any such conclusion. We might obtain them, of course, by sending to each mother in England a paper for her to fill up, containing a few questions about some other mother's children. We might interview some of the leading infants of the day and see what they thought about it. Ultimately we might be able to do something towards securing that close season for perambulators. At present we can only leave it an open question, another problem for a weary, sinful, sceptical age. However, the age likes problems and loves to brag of its sorrowful inability to answer any of them.

#### THE DRAMA.

THERE is a trick known to the contrivers of burlesque by which events only described in the play parodied are shown in action in the parody, and mute or unseen personages are brought on the stage and made to speak. For example: in the *Francillon* of Dumas fils the heroine relates the story of the famous visit to the Restaurant, which she makes for the purpose of putting into practice her "eye for eye and tooth for tooth" theory in the matter of conjugal infidelity. In *Franc-Chignon*, the burlesque of the Dumasian play, by MM. Busnach and Vanloo, the visit to the Restaurant is actually shown, and so is Eugène, the head waiter, who in the original play is merely a name.

It is obvious that this process, the process of "showing Eugène," may be applied to serious drama in all seriousness. Narrative may be turned into

action, *personæ mutæ* into "speaking parts," and the dramatic clock may even be put back, so that events which are supposed to have happened before the rise of the curtain in the original play may be subjected to the faithful eyes, in accordance with Horatian precept, in its derivative. Thus we might have a new *Hamlet*, in which Scene 1 would show Claudius poisoning his brother, and Scene 2 his marriage with Gertrude, or a new *Merchant of Venice*, introducing Leah in a scene wherein she gives Shylock the ring he tells us he had of her "when he was a bachelor." To the process of "showing Eugène" there is, indeed, hardly any limit. It has been applied this week to Browning's *In a Balcony*, by Mr. Leonard Outram, in his two-act drama, *A Mighty Error*, produced at the Avenue Theatre—in accordance with a new fashion which threatens to set us all jumping out of the fire of the trial-matinée into the frying-pan of the trial-soirée—"for one night only." Mr. Outram's play may be described as a serving-up of Browning's Liebig-extract in the *sauce tartare* of Victor Hugo. The author prefers, however, to describe it as a mediæval romance—doubtless because its atmosphere is that of the Renaissance, and its personages wear the costumes of the early seventeenth century. Or possibly Mr. Outram intends a subtle allusion to its middle-aged heroine, the Queen of Spain? According to the best Iberian traditions, Queens of Spain have no legs, but this one has a heart, and, like Robert Landry's on his release from the Bastille, it is dead. Her husband has deceived her, and is now an exiled traitor. Wherefore Her Spanish Majesty has "abjured the hope of love and being loved" upon her "pedestal, where she grows marble." Yet was she once a woman like another, all a-hungred for love, so much so, she says, that—

There have been moments, if the sentinel  
Lowering his halbert to salute the queen,  
Had flung it brutally and clasped my knee,  
I would have stooped and kissed him with my soul.

And one fine day there comes along a young courtier, Norbert, who sets the dead heart throbbing once again. Norbert has risen from an obscure adventurer to a great statesman, and saved the kingdom, and the Queen (remembering, doubtless, that little story about Ruy Blas and her predecessor, Maria de Neubourg) thinks the youth has been inspired by love of herself. Only too ready to return his love, she is naturally vexed when she finds that the lady of Norbert's affections is not herself but her favourite Constance, and she dooms the pair of lovers to death. So far the poet Browning, who gets his story told in triangular dialogue by the three characters I have mentioned. The poet Outram—for *A Mighty Error* is in blank verse, if you please, and really, by comparison with the numbers of the average stage poetaster, not bad blank verse—turns the triangle into a pentagon. He shows us Eugène—I mean Don Miguel, the Queen's wicked husband, and introduces a fifth personage, Count Xante, in love with the Queen's favourite, who is also a fifth wheel to the coach in that he is quite superfluous.

We are allowed to catch the hero in the act of saving the Kingdom by overcoming Don Miguel (with a duel, rifle-practice by supers, and other bustling delights) and (here you have the Victor Hugo sauce) a new ending is provided for the story in a poison scene, wherein the Queen, after vainly trying to persuade the courtier and his sweetheart to swallow the deadly potion, relents at the last moment, recognises that she is *de trop*, and drains the cup herself. Now that the romantic movement of 1830 has spent its force, dramas of this lurid sort are out of fashion except on the stage of the Italian Opera or at the Théâtre Français, where *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* are still politely tolerated out of consideration for M. Mounet-Sully. They had, of course, no Mounet-Sully at the Avenue to play the gallant young courtier, and Mr. Outram was but an indifferent substitute; but Miss Frances Ivor played with some

force and distinction as the Queen, Miss Mary Ansell made a pretty *ingénue*, and if Mr. Whistler had not asked his famous question, "Why drag in Velasquez?", I should be tempted to say that Mr. Frank Worthing's Don Miguel was a Velasquez portrait in three dimensions.

Another instance of "showing Eugène" is furnished by *Rosmer of Rosmersholm*, a four-act drama published this week by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein. Its anonymous author, pointing out that "the dramatic incidents of Ibsen's play *Rosmersholm* had all transpired (*sic*) previous to the rising of his first curtain," offers this dramatisation of the incidents in question "as a respectful study in the new school of natural drama." And so we are shown Mrs. Beata Rosmer in the flesh and the gradual process by which that poor lady was driven by the wicked Rebecca into the mill-race. To the author's notion of "natural drama" only copious extracts from the dialogue would do justice. I must, however, content myself with two gems only. Rosmer and Rebecca are discussing the fictions of conventional education.

REBECCA: When we were children we were satisfied with the fanciful tales told as to where we were discovered. I, for instance, believed as a child that I was found under a gooseberry bush.

ROSMER: And I—that I was found in a manger. Ah! and the appositeness of that to the career to which I was destined (*i.e.*, the Church), had a great deal to do with reconciling me to its adoption.

If this is not "natural" enough, What say you to this?

Beata shows Rosmer a photograph.

ROSMER: What a bad photo.

BEATA: Well, of course, Johannes, those travelling photographers who work in the open air cannot compete with the ordinary shop work.

ROSMER: It is so blurred.

BEATA: Yes, it is indistinct; but surely you remember the day—

ROSMER: No, Beata, I don't remember it.

BEATA (*walking towards window, excessively pained*): Oh, Johannes; that was when you proposed to me. (*A pause.*)

And I pause, too, wondering whether this "natural" dialogue is not, despite the author's "respectful" protestations, the sly joke of a man who "jocks w' deeficulty." When he proceeds to parody Ibsen's stage-directions with

(REBECCA is startled by the suggestion that she is *enceinte*)

doubt is changed to certainty. *Rosmer of Rosmersholm* is evidently another Ibsen burlesque, done by a worker "in the open-air," who, therefore, by his own ratiocination, will see that it is "natural" in me to prefer "the ordinary shop-work." If *par impossible* he be really serious, I can only say to him, Almost thou persuadest me to be an Anti-Ibsenite.

A. B. W.

#### VERDI'S OTELLO.

THE first performance of Verdi's *Otello* was for the Royal Italian Opera a new production; one of the few which, under Mr. Harris's for the most part admirable management, the theatre has known. Time was when Italian composers wrote at the rate of two or three operas a year. The conditions of art rendered it possible and the conditions of life necessary that operas in those days should be written in what at present would look like the wildest, most reckless haste. Instrumentation, instead of the difficult art it has since become, was little more than a process. The composer either laid on his orchestral colour with a very light hand, or in most cases did

not lay it on at all. More too is now expected from the composer in the way of dramatic appropriateness; and the criticism to which his opera will be subjected is more searching and on a far wider scale than in the happy days when the Opera House was a place of amusement with which æsthetic considerations had very little to do. As regards external conditions, a composer, if he possesses a commanding position in Europe, may now take time over his labours; for they will be adequately remunerated. Since 1859 Verdi has written only four operas—*La Forza del Destino*, for St. Petersburg, in 1862; *Don Carlos*, for Paris, in 1867; *Aïda*, for Cairo, in 1871; and *Otello*, for Milan, in 1887.

Under the altered circumstances of the time, an opera of high importance does not travel so fast as in former days when there were no international copyright laws to obstruct its progress, and when a manager was at liberty to take from any country whatever work pleased him, and do what he thought fit with it. The famous house of Ricordi at Milan will not allow Verdi's *Otello* to be played except on payment of high dues and with an approved cast. The latter condition has hitherto prevented the work from reaching Paris; and the two conditions have deprived us of the pleasure of hearing it, except during one very brief season, in London. Two years ago, four years after its first production at Milan, *Otello* was brought out by M. Mayer at the Lyceum Theatre with a cast which included Tamagno and Maurel, the original interpreters at Milan of the characters of Otello and Iago, and with a somewhat indifferent Desdemona, who, for that reason, need not be named. At the Royal Italian Opera, the management has secured in Madame Albani a representative of Desdemona who is certainly superior to all previous Desdemonas. The one weak point in the original Milan cast was the impersonation of Desdemona by Madame Pantaleone; and, in addition to Madame Albani, Mr. Harris had already in his company an excellent Otello, M. Jean de Reszké, and the original Iago, M. Victor Maurel. Some of the circumstances attending the production of *Otello* at the Royal Italian Opera have possessed quite a dramatic interest. For several years M. de Reszké was said to object altogether to the part of Otello—less because it was not quite suited to his vocal powers than because it had immediately after its first presentation been offered by the composer to another tenor, engaged like M. de Reszké at the Paris Opera House. When at last he consented to undertake it, he was a little put out by the sudden success of the tenor named Van Dyck, and, as rumour has it, was so much troubled by the favour with which his unexpected rival was received that he fell first morally then physically ill, until at last (not merely in the American sense of the word) he was sick, and in his convulsions broke a small blood vessel in his throat. This was bad enough. But, to make matters worse, Mr. Harris, after many postponements of what he knew would be the great artistic success of the season, resolved, by reason of M. de Reszké's long-continued ailment, to engage another tenor; who in the person of M. Durot was brought over from Paris and put to rehearse the part of Otello with the other members of the cast. Not until the very day of the performance was it known whether M. de Reszké or his newly-imported substitute would play the leading part. There is no being in the world whom an operatic vocalist, and especially a *primo tenore*, detests as he detests his understudy. To prevent this impertinent aspirant from filling the part on which, without the slightest regard for the feelings of the principal "artist," he has set his heart, there is nothing that the leading tenor—*tenore di primo cartello*, as he sometimes likes to call himself—will not do. He will even sing when he is really not in a fit state to do so; and this was generally reported to be M. de Reszké's condition on the day when the before-mentioned M. Durot



arrived in London. But on the night of production he sang, in spite of obvious physical weakness, with undoubted impetuosity and fire.

The greatest figure in Wednesday's performance of *Otello* was M. Maurel, whose Iago is one of those studies and one of those realisations of study which are only to be met with now and again on the operatic or any other stage. The hatred and jealousy he not only portrays but actually exhibits are those which the baritone of brains must naturally entertain for the fatuous tenor. From whatever quarter the inspiration may be derived, Maurel's Iago is really an inspired performance. The French baritone has, according to his habit, thought out the part; and he at once understands and feels the motive of every word that he utters, every note that he sings. His celebrated "Credo," a modern philosophical and quite unreligious profession of faith, is by no means a lyrical piece; but the singer declaims it with so much meaning as to make it thoroughly dramatic. In the beautiful "dream," on the other hand, wherein he repeats the alleged exclamations of Cassio during his sleep, he is thoroughly vocal. His acting of the part is all of a piece; and if Maurel makes Iago a leading character of the drama, directing the personages and commanding the action generally, that result is due to his mental superiority over his companions in the performance.

The lyrical portion of the work is naturally for *Otello* and *Desdemona*; and their love duet which terminates the first act is based on a theme as beautiful by its melody as by the rich and constantly varied harmonies to which it lends itself. Nothing is more effective in the opera than the re-introduction of the love motive in the scene of the assassination, just when the tragic act is on the point of being committed.

*Otello* may in a few words be described as a musical drama in which the composer has without deviation in the way of incidental airs and concerted pieces, followed with the greatest strictness a very dramatic libretto. Verdi takes part in the preparation of the opera books he proposes to set to music; and Boito's libretto of *Otello* is cast in such a mould that a setting of a severely dramatic kind was the only one it admitted of. With the exception of the before-mentioned duet, one or two of the choruses, the "Ave Maria," and the "Willow Song" of the last act, there are but few musical pieces in *Otello* possessing the simple melodic attractiveness of so many pieces which have helped to secure popularity for *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, and, at a later period of Verdi's career, for *Rigoletto* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*. But the work is admirable as a whole, and Mr. Augustus Harris deserves the thanks of the musical public for having at last produced it. It was said at Milan on the night of the first representation that with one little handkerchief on the stage, the handkerchief which at the critical moment *Desdemona* could not show, Verdi caused two thousand handkerchiefs to appear waving in the air from boxes and stalls. The miracle of the multiplication of handkerchiefs was not repeated at the Royal Italian Opera, but the representation nevertheless provoked much genuine enthusiasm.

#### THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

THEY must all wait, the many various subjects for articles stirring within me—"Morality in Art," "The Joy of Art," "Royal Patronage in Art," "Artistic Education," etc.—and I must continue my article of last week, explaining and developing my proposal that the artists and art lovers of Great Britain should subscribe and purchase one of the portraits by Mr. Whistler now hanging in Piccadilly for the National Gallery. After my article of last week I am obliged to do this, for it would be surely unjustifiable to advise that such a movement should

be set on foot in a casual phrase run off the end of the pen. Besides, my proposal was deliberately put forward, and for definite reasons, which I desire to make clear.

For the last ten years the Press has teemed with complaints against the Academy. Every journal, in turn, has espoused the cause of the malcontents, and all have espoused it vainly. It was urged that the Academy, being in receipt of public money, was obliged to do this, that, and the other. The Academy sat still, in a Buddha-like tranquillity, unmoved by piercing shrieks from the *Pall Mall Gazette* or howls from *Truth*; the cries grew fainter, ceased, and in the heavy stupidity of a corporate body the Academy continued to accept and reject pictures just as before.

I have explained in another article that I have always found myself unable to acquire any interest in the reformations that have been proposed in the constitution of the Academy, not because success seemed impossible—the failure of to-day is the success of to-morrow—but because of my implicit disbelief in the value of public exhibitions of pictures. Now it seems to me that the purchase of one or the other of Mr. Whistler's portraits would be a splendid manifestation of our artistic faith. Are they not the supreme expression of all that English academic art has chosen to ignore? Either picture, if purchased by us, will express, and in immortal fashion, the contempt of the artists and the art lovers of the nineteenth century for all they believe to be base and worthless in art. We can say now, and our speech shall be for all time, how much we loathe the art of Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Fildes, Mr. Leader, Mr. Goodall, Mr. Dicksee, Mr. Frith, Mr. E. M. Ward, and Mr. Long. These are the names which personify the art which is most disagreeable to a large body of artists, and it is this art which the Academy, with unwearying—indeed, with increasing—persistence, has chosen to honour.

Should the younger school of artists in England show signs of a desire to subscribe and purchase one of the two portraits by Mr. Whistler now hanging in Piccadilly for the National Gallery, the first question that will arise will be which portrait—that of Miss Alexander or of the artist's mother? It matters little, both are masterpieces; either is sufficient to eternalise a name. I chose last week to praise the portrait of Miss Alexander, but that was because I did not know it so well. A perfect reproduction of the mother's portrait hangs in my room, and for years I have given it daily homage, and I thought I should be able to write better under the dictation of the new passion, the more immediate emotion; and I doubted my power to explain Beauty, which, from long contemplation, has become an integral part of my life, an habitual vision—something which, if it had never been, I should not be what I now am. Doubtless the portrait of the mother is one of the most important events in our lives. We marry, grow weary of our wives, and are divorced; we forget relations, friends, perhaps even our parents, but that picture we never forget—it is for ever with us, in sickness and in health, in loss of fortune, and in moments of extreme despair, when life seems hopeless, the strange magic of that picture springs into consciousness, and we wonder by what wizard-craft was accomplished the marvellous pattern on the black curtain that drops past the engraving on the wall. We muse on the extraordinary beauty of that space of grey wall, on the black silhouette sitting so tranquilly, on the large feet on a footstool, on the hands crossed, on the long, long black dress that fills the picture with such solemn harmony. The wall is a shudder of colour, and the delicacy of the execution transports us. Again has been used a canvas prepared with a dark tint, and the learnedly foreseen greys were laid on lightly, lifted off here and there with a dry brush; perhaps in one place we can detect the passing of the palette-knife, and their charm is an actual palpitation. Then mark the transition

from grey to white—the tenderness of that white cap, tender as the perfume of a field flower, the white lace cuffs, the certainty and choice in the execution, and think if you can of anything, even in the best Japanese work, so exquisite in perception, so illusive in execution. And if the lace cuffs are marvellous, the delicate hands of a beautiful old age, lying in the small lace handkerchief, are little short of miraculous. They are not drawn out in anatomical diagram, but appear and disappear, seen here on the black dress, lost there in the small white handkerchief. Then, when we study the faint, subtle outline of his mother's face, we seem to feel that there the painter has told the story of his soul more fully than elsewhere; that soul, strangely alive to all that is delicate and illusive in nature, found perhaps its fullest expression in that grave old puritan lady looking through the quiet refinement of her grey room, sitting in solemn profile in all the quiet habit of her long life. Never did hand trace an outline more expressively than that nose and forehead; and that eye, how well it looks through all the years! Velasquez' work would have been stronger, but he would not have seen the model so exquisitely; and to me the grace that pervades the drawing of that profile, grace verging often on weakness, is additional beauty. No; I cannot find or forge a fault, for had that face quite the strength that Velasquez would have given it, it would lose some of that wavering grace, that tenderness of choice, which makes it a thing alone in the history of the beautiful things of this world.

Last week I said that Mr. Whistler's art seemed to me to have reached its apogee in the portrait of Miss Alexander. I remember I said that the execution in the mother's portrait seemed slower, less spontaneous. I qualified this criticism by the suggestion that the greater suppleness of execution in Miss Alexander might be merely the result of the youthfulness of the subject matter. I am inclined to think I was guilty of a sophistry. The execution in the mother's portrait is less mature, and I should be surprised to hear that the portrait of the mother was not by some three or four years an earlier work. However this may be, the execution in Miss Alexander's portrait more nearly approaches Mr. Whistler's present execution than that in the portrait of his mother. But looked at from another side, the portrait of the mother possesses indisputable advantages over every other work by Mr. Whistler. Great artist as he is, he has always lacked the force of the greatest masters; he has not generally failed in grace, in delicacy, in exquisite artistry of design; there he stands alone, unequalled; but with the single exception of the portrait of the mother, he has never been able to write on his sitters' faces the story of race and of life; the resemblance is uncertain, vague, it never haunts us. Nine times out of ten we remember a portrait by Mr. Whistler by an exquisite transition of colour, by some happy choice of movement; now and again some fragment of the face comes back to us, but rarely the whole face. Of Miss Alexander's portrait I remember the frock—how it cuts against the black wainscot, how the matting is indicated, the grey hat, the flowing hair, the mouth, the line of the jaw bone; but the eyes escape me. Mr. Whistler is often wanting in the qualities of the great portrait-painters, for the qualities I speak of are the result of entire absorption in observation of the model, and Mr. Whistler is a man who has thought a great deal about himself and very little about others. But in the portrait of his mother he was prepared by a fund of observation gathered in years when the ego was not so strong, and in this picture he nearly equals Velasquez where Velasquez is strongest—exceeding him in many other issues. I would not exaggerate, but truly this portrait seems to open up wider possibilities in art than any portrait by Velasquez, and it has been most certainly a greater event in our lives

than the Philip in the National Gallery or the two Infantes in the Louvre.

Let us therefore buy the picture for the National Gallery. By electing Mr. Dicksee an R.A., the Academy has offered a deliberate insult to the young artistic spirit of England. The purchase of this picture will be a splendid counterblast, and it will remain an eternal reproof, and will immortalise the names of forty ephemeral Academicians, the electors of Mr. Dicksee and the purchasers of a picture, "The Cave of the Winds," which even the most ignorant among them knows to be worthless.

G. M.

## THE WEEK.

IT is not yet a hundred years since DANTON said to the executioner, SANSON, "Thou wilt show my head to the people; it is worth showing," and now he has a statue—not by universal consent, however. M. WALLON, self-elected devil's advocate, tried hard to revive the mythic DANTON with the head of the PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE in one hand and a glass of wine in the other; but the DANTON of history was too strong for him. All the more terrible charges against him seem now finally rebutted. M. F. AULARD has disproved MADAME ROLAND's accusation of embezzlement, by discovering DANTON's account of the 100,000 livres granted him for extraordinary expenditure; some 70,000 of it he spent in the public service, not a sou on himself, and the remainder he returned to the executive council.

As to the September massacres, his share in them seems to have been that he alone of his colleagues foresaw them, and tried to prevent them; and his famous, "Il vous faut de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace," was intended, unavailingly, to turn the swords of the Septembriseurs against the Prussians.

It is easy to understand why DANTON did not have his account published and the facts of the September massacres made known. He was, to begin with, one of those rare men in whom immense ambition reconciled itself with an almost total indifference to public opinion; then, as he was guiltless, he had no reason to suppose that such accusations would be brought against him, and by the time the scandal came to his ears, it had been propagated so sedulously by the Girondins, that it would have been about as useless in the delirium of the times to attempt to disprove it as to expect to live it down. The chance to clear himself came at his trial, and doubtless he would have done so had he been allowed; his judges seemed to anticipate it when they interrupted his defence with the death-sentence. They took his life, but they failed to destroy him utterly as they hoped: they are forgotten, while he is now justly regarded as the greatest French statesman between MIRABEAU and GAMBETTA.

CARLYLE's rendering of DANTON's battle-cry is different from M. AULARD's. "Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace," reads more smoothly with the two connectives, but the other is liker what the heat of the moment would have brought forth. It is also more in keeping with DANTON's character to exclude himself in his exhortation.

CURIOUSLY enough, the chief enemy of the three-volume novel is said to be that body of tradesmen which it created—the keepers of the circulating libraries. They say it doesn't pay them. In the eyes of some relentless people this would be a sufficient reason for retaining the three-volume novel,



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those literary arbiters of the circulating libraries being, like JESHURUN, much too prosperous already.

MR. JOHN C. NIMMO has in the press a new translation of the "Lettres Persanes," the first published work of MONTESQUIEU. M. SOREL, in his memoir of MONTESQUIEU, remarks that on the death of LOUIS XIV., sanctimonious in his old age, France, as one man, changed from Tartuffe into Don Juan; and it is this mocking, inquiring, unspeakably debauched libertine, this France of the Regency, that MONTESQUIEU depicts in the "Persian Letters." Although not a work of such historical importance as his "Esprit des Lois," from a literary point of view it is probably his best. Its composition extended over a number of years; and it was not laboured at, but written as the mood seized him. It was the first unmistakable literary sign of the French Revolution, and it was the most popular book of its time. More than a century has elapsed since it was last translated into English. The version which MR. NIMMO has in the press will be issued in a limited edition to subscribers.

GENERAL BOULANGER will probably find that his promised "Reflections, Thoughts, and Maxims" are a day after the fair. If he is capable of it, a good graphic history of BOULANGISM, which would amount simply to a volume of confessions, would find a readier market. MARCUS AURELIUS is not a part which suits BOULANGER.

OF the two translations of ARISTOTLE'S "Constitution of Athens," published this week, it is no forestalling of criticism to say what MACAULAY'S school-boy could tell at a glance, that MR. POSTE'S (MACMILLAN) is the more literary, and MR. KENYON'S (BELL) the more literal. There is considerable difference also in the attitude of the two translators to the text. MR. KENYON is positive that the reappearance of this treatise is the most striking event in the history of classical literature for perhaps the last three centuries; MR. POSTE, more cautious, is not yet quite sure as to its substantive character and interest.

THE translation of the third division of M. RENAN'S "History of the People of Israel" (CHAPMAN) dates from the time of HEZEKIAH to the return from Babylon. The volume shows how the work of the monotheistic prophets acquired such solidity that the terrible blow dealt to Jerusalem by NEBUCHADNEZZAR failed to destroy it.

MESSRS. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE have published for the Stationery Office the "Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding with Delinquents," preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Record Office. The calendar of cases extends from 1643 to the Restoration.

It will be an interesting experiment which MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is about to make in the publication of his dramas. The public will be able to decide whether their undoubted literary "flavour" is a mere sprinkling, or of the essence of their workmanship; and MR. JONES will find out how much of his popularity is due to his skill as a playwright. "Saints and Sinners," and the *Nineteenth Century* article on "Religion and the Stage," will be included in the first volume.

Two books for holiday reading are "Bear-hunting in the White Mountains" (CHAPMAN), by H. W. SETON-KARR, illustrated by the author; and "Four Welsh Counties" (LOW), being the story of Breck-

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages

nock, Caernarvon, Merioneth, and Pembroke, told by E. A. KILNER.

"PREACHERS of the Age" is the title of an important new venture which MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co. have in contemplation. They have made arrangements for the publication of a group of volumes by distinguished living representatives of the Church of England and the chief branches of Nonconformity. The volumes will be uniform in size, appearance, and price, and each will contain some twelve or fourteen sermons or addresses specially selected by their authors for this series. The books will contain five photogravure portraits—in many cases new ones—brief biographical sketches, and a bibliography of published writings. Amongst those who have definitely undertaken to contribute volumes are: The ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, the REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., Manchester, CANON KNOX-LITTLE, the REV. HENRY R. REYNOLDS, D.D., the REV. J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D., the REV. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, of Mansfield College, Oxford, the REV. CHARLES A. BERRY, the BISHOP of RIPON, and other well-known representative men.

LONDON is at last to have what almost every other capital in Europe has long possessed—a Teaching University of its own. At present there are to be faculties of arts, science, and medicine, though others—presumably of law and theology—may be instituted by and by. No religious test, of course, can be imposed. Law is to be well represented on the governing body, as also the Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons, though their demand to constitute the medical faculty themselves has not been complied with—which is fortunate in the interest of women students of medicine, to whom they have not hitherto granted degrees. The teaching staff of the constituent colleges will, of course, be largely represented on the Examining Boards—a welcome contrast to the London University, where the examination papers often show that the examiner has a very slender acquaintance with the mind of the average examinee. Unfortunately the new institution makes rather a bad start. The name London is already taken by a body which now has less claim to it than ever; and the new body must get on as best it can with either the vulgarly inaccurate name "Metropolitan," or the really deplorable "Albert," which suggests that it is a copy of the vigorous little Victoria University, whose headquarters are at Manchester. Great cities, not country towns as CARDINAL NEWMAN thought, are, after all, the right places for energetic and serious study; and the only danger is that the present University of London may fall more than ever into the hands of the crammer—especially the crammer by correspondence.

THERE was much really admirable descriptive writing in the London dailies on Monday last, the writers having two splendid scenes to describe, and all Sunday to do it in. Perhaps out of the many dozen columns devoted to Wimbledon and the Crystal Palace, no more impressive passage could be selected than the following from the *Daily News*:—"The night proved favourable for MESSRS. BROCK'S display of fireworks, and the most marvellous sight of all was the black mass of spectators on the terrace below, as seen from the Queen's corridor. When the Emperor and Empress appeared in their box a great cheer was raised, and the whitening of the dark mass, as the faces of tens of thousands of persons were turned upwards, was a very curious change to witness." Here the effect of simplicity is strikingly seen. A simile would have been inept; the brief metaphor, "the whitening of the dark mass," is the thing itself.

RECENTLY DR. O. W. HOLMES asked a young woman of Harvard "Annex" if she ever wrote

poetry. "Oh, no, sir," she replied, "I never indulge." "Perhaps it is best," said DR. HOLMES. "Real poetry is hard to write; many are called, but few are chosen. Yet, if one wrote a thousand lines of doggerel, and in it were found hidden two or three lines of real poetry, wouldn't the game be worth the candle?" We should say surely, if the writer used the candle to burn up all the doggerel.

WHAT an admirable "double number" is that which *Punch* presents to its readers this week in celebration of its Jubilee! The picture by MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE of the *Punch* staff at dinner (is the weekly banquet *always* of so sumptuous a character?) is in itself an art treasure of no mean order. The other illustrations, in which past and present are so ingeniously contrasted, and many of *Punch's* old triumphs recalled, give completeness to a number which will be precious to the collector of future days, and is even now grateful to the lovers of our weekly humorist.

#### DOCTOR POMEROY.

THOUGH it be less than three lustres since some officious person discovered our parish to be beautiful and our parish-church to "repay a visit," the tourist is already commoner than the weasel beside our hedge-rows and threatens to grow commoner than the blackberry. Yet I cannot pass a brace of these gentry, with their ribbed stockings and indiscriminating, if approving, stare, but I long for one particular apparition to confront them on the highway and frighten them out of their skins. I imagine their demeanour in face of a sudden hooded carriage, of local manufacture, with a buff lining, through which, by attrition of the weather, the horse-hair shows in a dozen places. It is drawn by a sorrel mare with salient knees, and is ostensibly guided, at a foot's pace, by a grey man, whose trousers of corduroy betray the faded splendours of blue livery coat, metal buttons, and silk hat. Besides this driver sits a woman whose head nods with the palsy, and on the back-seat are perched a man with the jaundice and a convalescent in a frieze coat: while, some fifteen paces behind the vehicle, a tall lean man wanders from one side of the road to the other with his shoulders bent and nose buried in a book.

This whippet-in of the procession (as I have met it many a score of times) was old Dr. Pomeroy, now with God—a misleading phrase in his case, for I believe him to have been with God all his days. It was his habit thus to carry patients who were too ill or too poor to walk or send for their physick: and their usurpation of his proper seat never irked him so long as the book amused, of which he always made certain by taking an old favourite. He loved Ovid, Propertius (moderately), Lucretius, Tacitus, and, I regret to say, Petronius. Horace he never read, nor Catullus, because he knew them both by heart, as well as a third of Virgil. Juvenal he could not stomach. He was an indifferent Greek scholar, but could just manage with Plato. In English literature he had curious preferences. None of the Elizabethans came amiss to him: and he swore by Latimer, Fuller, Sir Thomas Browne, Bunyan, and Jeremy Taylor. Then came a long gap, and at the end of it Lamb and Carlyle. It seemed that he had no liking for the men who are generally supposed to have made our prose. Nor was it in accordance with other men's judgments that he declared—very roundly—Hood to be among our first of poets. He used to insist that a man should be rated at high-water mark, and that Hood's high-water mark was about level with Keats's. He was wrong, perhaps; but could be forgiven easily as he intoned the "Ode to Autumn," or, with obstructed throat, the "Song of the Shirt":

for his voice had an infecting knack at all times, and to hear him speak cheerfully was often a week's addition of life to a dying man.

He was voracious of new books, too, which reached him in the smallest dribbles; but always took the precaution of stowing his Petronius under the carriage cushions, in case of disappointment. For some reason or another the American humorists held complete power over him—possibly because he had once, during a brief visit to London, heard Artemus Ward lecture. He would always pull out his book as the mare slackened her pace at a hill's foot, and I have met him, half-way up an ascent, rolling from side to side, mopping his eyes and shaking the welkin with helpless laughter over Artemus or Mark Twain. More than one casual hedger has fallen on his knees, hearing this elfin laughter approach down a green, unfrequented lane: and more than once the doctor has arrived, yet shaken by his paroxysms, at a sick man's bedside, and endeavoured in vain to compose his face. It was no good: his fingers quivered on the pulse and the jest rippled over his features and twisted them in kinks as he struggled to pull them down to a befitting length. Funerals, again, he detested. It was odds that he estranged a dozen friends for every one he attended, owing to his incorrigible carelessness in choosing the book for the mourning coach; and without a book he would not travel a rood.

His laugh was a sheer abandonment to mirth. He hated your smilers and was used to quote Fletcher's madman on his side—

Laugh—laugh—laugh—laugh!  
Wide, loud, and vary!  
A smile is for a simpering novice,  
One that ne'er tasted caviare,  
Nor knows the smack of dear anchovies.

His complexion was sanguine and its colour deepened by wind and rain. The hair grew thinly about his temples, and the length of his underjaw and reddish beard gave him a Don Quixote look. His clothes were of a subfusc colour and appeared to have been flung upon him from a distance: they did not fit, but rather caught on the angles of his person. Between his stock and coat-collar it was always possible to drop a walnut.

He cordially loathed his profession, and devoted his spare time to excogitating a book on the Holy Wells of the west country. Every holiday found him on a pilgrimage to one of these wells to drink its waters: and by draughts of one and another he made himself (according to the superstitions of the country) proof against ophthalmia, hanging by hemp, rickets, dropsy, witch-craft, evil spirits, drowning, etc. etc. In the late evening, while he worked in his library on the notes he had collected, it required some hardihood to disturb him, and young husbands, nervous about the first childbirth, were the only ones who ventured, as a rule. I remember that, at half-past ten, on a winter's night a man came sweating up to the door on a stout cob and hammered bravely on the knocker. A window was flung up with a violence that boded no good.

"Who is it?"

"Jan Polsue."

"Then go to the devil, Jan Polsue."

"My gran'mother's main bad."

"Ha!"

"She's brok' her leg."

"Ha!"

"Tumbled over a chair."

There was a long pause here.

"Won't 'ee come an' see her?" appealed the countryman.

"No."

"I wish you would."

"If your grandmother chooses to skip over chairs at this hour—"

"She didn't skip: she tumbled."

"If she chooses to play the tumbler, then, over



chairs at her age and this time o' night—Why, in the name of thunder, wasn't she in bed, hours ago?"

"Supper."

"What did she eat?"

"Rabbit an' onions."

"Skittish old ewe! And then, I suppose, she began at gymnastics to amuse her descendants."

"That wasn't how it happened, doctor dear!"

The colloquy lasted twenty minutes, and then, of course, the doctor came out. When once he arrived at the house of sickness his skill and his manner were admirable. No glacier could be cooler, and his very touch imparted a cheerful courage. His speech to woman-kind was somewhat brusque: you were apt to mistake it for rudeness until you found that no woman resented it—they detected in it a desire to treat them as creatures of full-grown intellect. He had as little patience with a fool of a woman as with one of his own sex. To the casual rustic he would sometimes address a word or two of mere whimsicality—nonsense, as often as not—and enjoy the effect with his eyes half-closed and head tilted a little on one side. Thus to one who greeted him on the road with "Your mare's pretty fresh to-day, doctor," he replied, pulling up, "You think it's time she was salted?" and waited with disconcerting gravity for the answer.

He was a widower and childless: and the hours he spent alone in his house and garden he devoted, when not engaged upon his book, to the making of curious mechanical toys, such as water-clocks and little windmills. It always amused him to make a dial, and I remember a dozen at least in different corners of the garden and along the south wall of the house, each carved with a motto—*Heu! querimus umbram; Horas non numero nisi serenas; Pereunt et imputantur; Make haste therefore while it is prime*, and so on. The flight of time was really indifferent to him, in spite of these texts, and he died, after a short obscurity of the mind, leaving his *magnum opus* but half-finished.

Indeed, so far as achievement goes, his life was, as he called it, "a poor, incomplete, left-handed business." But he is tenderly remembered by the generations he helped to bring into the world. There is a certain green triangle, where three roads meet, that I never pass without seeing the old equipage. It was early dawn in summer, and I was walking down to the river with my rod, when I came on the hooded carriage at a halt here, and the grey mare nibbling. It was half-way on the road homewards from a midwifery case and the charioteer's head was sunk in sleep on his chest. Beside him the doctor sat, equably reading in the sunshine, "the world forgetting." I had not the heart to disturb him; and there, I suppose, he waited and read until the driver woke up.

Q.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

### THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

DEAR SIR.—The future of Canada, which was debated in the General Election of March last, once more demands discussion, owing to the death of the Canadian Premier and the consequent disorganisation of his party.

That Canada must speedily see some change has been generally admitted even by the Tory party, which proposed partial reciprocity at the late election; but outside of Canada there are few who realise that annexation is the form that change must ultimately take. The protective policy of the last ten years has given the country an unreal measure of prosperity in its protected industries, while it has impoverished the farmers, increased the national debt, and left almost untouched the true resources of the country—resources which, as it has been said, could not fail to make Canada the Lancashire of the West. Thus it is that her timber trade, fisheries, agriculture, and mining maintain an unequal struggle against the tariff and competition of America. Of nickel, for example—a metal which is becoming of the first importance—Canada has an inexhaustible store, yet the high tariff prevents the importation of good machinery to work the mines, and shuts Canada off from an enlarged market which would provide her with men and money. Again, she has a vast supply of iron ore, and statisticians tell us

that the world's iron trade is passing from East to West, yet Canada only produces one-fifteenth of what she should and could produce as compared with the United States.

Her fleets, again, are fourth in the list of the mercantile navies of the world, yet of the large trade on the lakes Canadian ships carry but one-tenth; while the returns since 1889 show a steady decline in the trade of Canadian ships as compared with other nations, as well as in the number and tonnage of her vessels.

Her animal and agricultural produce, the backbone of Canada, was estimated in 1886 at nine million pounds, yet in 1889 it was returned at a little over seven millions; while in Ontario, the great farming province, land has steadily deteriorated in value.

The tariff, and the constant exodus of Canadians into the States, are largely responsible for the present depression; for the rest we must blame the want of cohesion between the different parts of the Dominion. Ontario and Quebec, the North-West, the Maritime Provinces, and British Columbia, have severally, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has shown, more connection with the United States than with any portion of the Dominion, such is the importance of contiguity. He shows, too, that the price of a nail is more than doubled in course of transit from Montreal to British Columbia, while for Provinces dealing in perishable goods a near market is essential.

Hence, throughout Canada the McKinley tariff, with an all-round duty of more than twenty per cent., is a burthen beyond endurance.

As a solution of the problem, Imperial Federation has been suggested, the commercial aspect of which scheme is naturally paramount in the Canadian mind. At present Canadians insist on the taxation of English goods as a right and as a necessity for purposes of revenue, nor is it conceivable that if these duties were relaxed England could or would impose preferential duties in favour of Canada and resign the world's market for the sake of her Colony.

What then remains?

Canada is in hourly communication with her great southern neighbour along a border line of 4,000 miles. In 1889, despite hostile tariffs, 49 per cent. of Canadian trade was with America and 41 per cent. with Great Britain. In that year the States bought the whole supply of wool and eggs from Canada. The province of Ontario sent three-quarters as much produce to the United States as it did to any quarter, and in spite of duties, continues to get its coal from Pennsylvania instead of Nova Scotia.

Beyond question Canada would derive advantages from the market of her own continent not obtainable under any other circumstances, while Great Britain would have the same access to her market as before.

The change will take the form of annexation for these reasons:—

Partial reciprocity, such as reciprocity in natural products, is evidently not obtainable, as Mr. Blaine's letter before the election clearly showed. It must be unrestricted reciprocity or nothing, and this means, as more than one Canadian statesman has explained, differential duties against the rest of the world and an assimilation of tariffs between the two countries; in other words, commercial union.

If this is the case, it would be shortsighted not to recognise what must follow on the establishment of commercial union between two countries which even a high tariff wall cannot separate, namely, political union.

The position which Canada would hold as a part of the United States would enable her to exact terms in the settlement of commercial questions which would be otherwise unattainable. Indeed, without such a foothold it is hard to see how the nation of sixty millions could fail to override that of six millions in every case.

The advantages derived by Great Britain to-day from the Canadian connection are slight and largely a matter of sentiment.

A timely recognition of the inevitable a hundred years ago would have saved the loss of much blood and more temper between this country and America; ought we not to profit by the experience?—I remain, yours faithfully,

P. B.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,  
Friday, July 17th, 1891.

"NOW it is more noble to sit like Jove than to fly like Mercury; let us not therefore go hurrying about and collecting honey, bee-like, buzzing here and there impatiently from a knowledge of what is to be arrived at. But let us open our leaves like a flower and be passive and receptive, budding patiently under the eye of Apollo and taking hints from every noble insect that favours us with a visit—Sap will be given us for meat and dew for drink.

I was led into these thoughts, my dear Reynolds, by the beauty of the morning operating on a sense of Idleness. I have not read any books—the Morning said I was right—I had no idea but of the Morning, and the Thrush said I was right, seeming to say—

‘O thou whose face hath felt the Winter’s wind,  
Whose eye has seen the snow-clouds hung in mist;  
And the black Elm tops ‘mong the freezing stars—  
To thee the Spring will be a harvest time.”

So wrote John Keats from Hampstead, in the merry month of February, 1818—the year of the first publication of “Endymion.” Poets, we know, have “forward reaching” thoughts, and no poet had more of them than Keats, who could discern a “budding morrow” in the blackest night, and sing a song of the spring-tide even in Pluviôse; but the chief interest of the passage consists in its being a charming example of the pleasing petulance so frequently displayed by bookmen, who every now and again, in sundry moods, are to be found disputing the sway of literature, and, like the angry heathen, flouting their favourite gods.

It would be easy—but I fear unpopular, for the age is one impatient of quotation—to fill a page with examples of this amusing petulance, which is, of course, the veriest whim of the moment. Keats’s next letter, written but three days afterwards and from the same place, contains the following passages:—“I am reading Voltaire and Gibbon. . . . I hear Hazlitt’s lectures regularly; his last was on Gray, Collins, Young, etc., and he gave a very fine piece of discriminating criticism on Swift, Voltaire, and Rabelais. I was very disappointed at his treatment of Chatterton.” The chains of literature here clank very loudly. Gibbon, indeed! A fascinating writer if you will—but the morning thrush does not sing amongst his leaves, nor are the impulses to be derived from Voltaire akin to those which, according to Wordsworth, may be gained from vernal woods.

Bookmen must be content to be bookish, but none the less their little fits of temper and dissatisfaction with their bookshelves, and their futile longings after lives of action and far travel and intercourse with nature in her hidden recesses, are both touching and pleasing; but were these uneasy desires to be carried out and executed, the result would be disappointing. Horton, in Buckinghamshire, proved sufficient inspiration for the most beautiful of the poetry of Milton. Gray’s *Elegy* was not, in fact, written even in a country churchyard, but in the author’s rooms at Peterhouse, where he had all his papers handy; and Hampstead and Lempriere were together sufficient *pabulum* for Keats.

Mr. Colvin’s volume of Keats’s *Letters* is a book sure to be noticed with becoming dignity by “a real reviewer” in *THE SPEAKER*, that is, by some grave writer fully alive to the importance of his own duties, as those have been recently expounded to us by masters of the art in the inspired pages of the *New Review*. Far be it from me to quarrel with reviewers properly so called, or to hint that, after all, their disquisitions and judgments are only sought and paid for because they make easy and varied reading in the newspapers, and perhaps serve to make politics a little palatable to a weary electorate, not quite sure of its own mind about anything. Even to drop a hint of this kind would be to review the reviewers, and expose oneself to sneer jest and gibe, and therefore without doing anything of the sort I will simply urge the traveller to see to it that he takes Mr. Colvin’s little volume away with him on his holiday.

Having said that, I will say no more. When the traveller returns he can write his own review, and assign John Keats his true place amongst the letter-

writers of the world, comparing him with Pliny, and with Cicero, and with Fitz-Osborne, or with Cowper, Lamb, and Fitzgerald, exactly as his humour pleases him. But as the subject has inadvertently become irritating, there is nothing for it but to change it violently. I noticed in last week’s *SPEAKER* a reference to a volume of literary studies by M. Octave Lacroix, which was stated to contain an Essay on the Double Anniversary of the Death of Shakespeare and Cervantes. I have not seen the book, therefore am not sure whether M. Lacroix really is to be found adhering to an error, so frequently corrected, as that these two great men, the pride and glory of Europe, really expired on the same day.

As a child I remember being taught that they did, but Carlyle—somewhere, though I forget where—made it common knowledge to all English readers that the similarity of date, the 16th of April, 1616, is only nominal, as our calendar then remained unreformed, and was therefore twelve days behind the Spanish. Even Mr. Oscar Wilde would, I presume, admit that coincidences derive any force they may possess from the circumstance that they do, in fact, coincide.

Were it not that a folio volume—even a small folio—takes up an uncomfortable quantity of room in a portmanteau, I should urge the traveller to pack up along with Mr. Colvin’s volume the translation, if he does not already happen to be familiar with it, of “Don Quixote,” made “out of the Spanish tongue into the English in the space of forty days” by Robert Shelton, and first published in 1612. This was the first part only. In 1620 the second part appeared, but some have doubted whether this is the work of Shelton. It certainly is not so good as the first part, but then is the second part of “Don Quixote” so good as the first? If it is not, it is only because no second part can ever be as good as the first.

The editions of 1612 and 1620 are not easily packed in anybody’s portmanteau, for they are hard to lay honest hands upon—but the folio of 1652 is neither hard to find nor costly to secure.

It is far and away the most spirited translation we possess of the great work of Cervantes. It was written in the golden era of our language by a vivacious, if hasty, man, who loved his author and knew him as one keen-witted contemporary may know another. There was no question of any point of view, or of archaisms or anachronisms. Shelton simply put, as Mr. Ormsby, himself an admirable translator of “Don Quixote,” has well said, “the Spanish of Cervantes into the English of Shakespeare.” “Shakespeare himself,” so Mr. Ormsby proceeds, “most likely knew the book; he may have carried it home with him in his saddle-bags to Stratford on one of his last journeys, and under the mulberry tree at New Place joined hands with a kindred genius in its pages.”

No one has ever entered more completely into the very spirit of Sancho Panza than Shelton. When Don Quixote suggested giving “a turn about this little rock, and perhaps we may meet with this man whom we saw even now, who, doubtless, can be none other than the owner of our booty,” Sancho replies in Shelton’s translation, “It were much better not to find him, for if we should, and he were by chance the owner of this money, it is most evident that I must restore it to him, therefore it is better without using this unprofitable diligence to let me possess it *bonâ fide* until the true lord shall appear by some way less curious and diligent, which perhaps may fall at such time as it shall be all spent, and in that case I am free from all processes by privilege of the king.”



There is another small folio connected with the same wit-inspiring theme which the traveller may be safely recommended to leave at home—though when at home it is not a book anyone need be ashamed of—I mean Edward Gayton's "Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote," published in 1654. These notes also bear the lively title of "Festivous." Gayton belonged to that small and to my mind not very savoury class of person, the indecorous Don. He was a Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, but in an evil hour for himself, took a literary turn, found Oxford dull—travelled up to London and was "sealed of the tribe of Ben." He was as unfortunate as ever a Vice-Chancellor could have wished him to be. Gayton's Vice-Chancellor was that unlovely Dr. Fell of whom all men know and who with characteristic spite appears to have searched the pockets of this unhappy man and found only one farthing concealed therein.

However, Gayton managed to write a book or two, and a great many bad verses, which must have given him great pleasure; and although he died in poverty, and in the immediate vicinity of Dr. Fell, a most interesting sketch of his life may be read in the twenty-first volume of that glorified Grub Street, that Paradise of Poor Authors, the "National Dictionary of Biography."

There are some unseemly stories, and a great deal of forced mirth in this book of Gayton's, who had no business to make Don Quixote, that noble, sorrowful figure, the text of his college wit; still I hold by the judgment of the Curate of La Mancha, who was one of the most sensible critics that ever lived in fiction or died in reality, namely, that because a book stands in need of a little rhubarb to purge its excess of bile is no reason for destroying it, but only for keeping it in your house and letting nobody read it.

This is the right course to adopt with Gayton. It is a very easy one. I have had my copy for ten years, and can safely say that throughout the whole of that period, no one, with the just and fitful exception of myself, has ever opened the book or expressed the faintest desire to do so.

A. B.

## REVIEWS.

### MARIA DRUMMOND.

MARIA DRUMMOND: A Sketch. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

THE multiplication of biographies of unimportant persons is no unmixed blessing. Many of those ponderous monuments of vanity we should gladly exchange for something much less pretending—for a short, simple sketch, such as a friend might pen with no thought of authorship. But it is found that such brevity, far from being facile, requires much more art and insight than the mechanical, soulless compilations falsely designated biographies; and so it happens that such sketches are rare, and that we are poor in a kind of literature in which the French are enviably rich. We do not say that Mr. Kegan Paul's account of Mrs. Drummond takes rank with the many masterpieces in this field of Sainte-Beuve. But her friends will prize this little volume more than any laboured record. They cannot all hang on their walls a picture of her whom they loved and venerated, and now miss. This miniature will be some consolation; it will help to recall a strong, sweet spirit; here at least are her features, even if the exact expression which played upon them has not been perfectly caught.

What was the secret of that charm exercised by her as a child, as a wife, and in old age—a charm felt most by the worthiest? All her life she was thrown

among the clever and the wise, and everywhere the best in that circle of notables drew nearest to her. At the house of "Conversation Sharp," at Fredley Cottage, and in Park Lane, she, as a girl, met the statesmen, wits, and poets of the time. Before her marriage she mingled much with the most celebrated of her contemporaries, and one and all, whether it was Turner, or Sydney Smith, or Macaulay, or Browning, recognised in Maria Kinnaid no common spirit. It was her fortune to marry one possessed of rare nobility of soul; and when that perfect union of affection and intelligence ended, throughout her long widowhood, to her house delighted to come men of true distinction, irrespective of creed and party. What was the secret of this charm which age did not impair? Mr. Kegan Paul gives no certain answer. We have put the question to her friends. They admit the fact; they do not agree as to the explanation. Perhaps it was chiefly, but not entirely, in what was most evident in Mrs. Drummond: she was supremely reasonable, she was supremely sympathetic, so that men came to her with difficulties of heart and head. Mrs. Drummond was no visionary. To the last she retained the *joie de vivre*; she had a firm grasp of things about her from first to last; and she did not disdain ordinary means of making her home a pleasant resort to men of the world. When she settled in London in her widowhood, she consulted her old friend Sydney Smith.

"He swiftly grasped the situation. 'My dear,' he said, 'engage the best cook you can get.' 'I have done so already,' Mrs. Drummond threw in as a parenthesis. 'Send out cards of invitation for three dinners, three weeks running, and I will dine at each of them.'

"In those days to ask guests to meet Mr. Sydney Smith was to ensure the success of a dinner, and those three memorable occasions were the prelude to others which were never discontinued, even during the last season their hostess was able to spend in London. The wine, I am told, was always good. The viands, I know, were excellent; the company better than either. A very distinguished man of letters, remarkable also for his power of enjoying the good things of this life, sat next a lady known for her inherited talent as well as that peculiar to herself. 'Annie,' said the poet, as the ladies were about to leave the table, 'I call that a thoroughly conscientious dinner.' 'And conscientiously eaten, Mr. B.," said the lady, as her parting shot."

But good wine and clever *cuisine* do not explain the fact that for nearly half a century Mrs. Drummond's house was the meeting ground of people who met nowhere else, that there distinctions of rank were ignored as they nowhere else were, and that she had the sincere friendship of people with apparently nothing in common. She was not colourless or lukewarm; a good hater with a very sharp tongue, she was, nevertheless, trusted and respected by men of all parties and creeds. In recent years, Mr. Dillon and other Nationalists were, as was natural, welcomed at the house of the widow of one of Ireland's purest heroes, but that was no reason why Sir Henry Layard, or some other stalwart Unionist, should not be there next week. Tory members strayed there, and as likely as not met Mr. Bright in days when the meeting would be to neither particularly agreeable. Mr. Bright talked there at his best. Some living yet recollect his eloquent comparison between Cobden and Gladstone, winding up with the sentence: "Cobden was limited; there was finality for him; for Mr. Gladstone there is none; like the sunflower, he is always turning to the light." In her later years the company had a distinctly Home Rule flavour. "Now," said a statesman and ambassador, "I can never go to Fredley without finding some Radical or other, in a red tie, coming out of the bushes." What a pity there was no phonograph, recording the wit and wisdom of Hyde Park Gardens, or a faithful diary of the things said on the Terrace at Fredley! In the little volume are a few scraps of conversation and reminiscences; they may at least help to recall others. Here is an account of the manner in which, according to Madame Duchatel, Guizot escaped from Paris:—

"Guizot was the Minister in the greatest danger from the mob. He came to Madame Duchatel's drawing-room to concert measures for their flight. It was determined that Guizot must be disguised, as if

he were recognised the whole party would have been endangered. Madame Duchatel said: 'Le déguiser n'était pas aisé, car sa figure était bien connue. Heureusement la bonne de mon petit garçon était une grosse Normande, qui portait toujours le costume de son pays. Elle me prêta les habits, et comme le temps pressait, j'en affublai M. Guizot dans mon salon. Je lui mis ses jupes, son corsage et fichu; et le gros bonnet normand cachait bien sa figure. Mais . . . pour le pantalon, M. Guizot n'a jamais voulu l'oter. "Non, non, non, je ne l'oterais pas!" il tenait tant à son pantalon, il n'a jamais voulu en déborder.

"Il était temps de partir, aussi faute de mieux je retroussai son pantalon jusqu'aux genoux par des épingles, et parcequ'il est très petit, les jupes étaient assez longues pour cacher le pantalon."

Here is a pendant to the story:—

"Mrs. Drummond often acted as a kind of cicerone to M. Guizot, and took him about sight-seeing. 'I took him to the Tower of London, where he was most impressed by the gloomy water entrance called "The Traitor's Gate!" He remembered that Queen Elizabeth, when Princess, entered the Tower by this gloomy portal, and is reported to have sat down on the steps and refused to move for some time.

"He was so fascinated by the spot that he begged the great gates might be shut behind us, and asked me to sit down on the damp steps by his side, saying, "Madame, nous voici des traîtres!" Then he sat for some minutes in silence, no doubt thinking how narrowly he had escaped a traitor's fate when he escaped from Paris."

We should have liked to be told a little more about Mrs. Drummond's married life. Neither here, in Mr. McLennan's, nor in Mr. Barry O'Brien's biography of her gifted husband, do we learn enough about a union which we know to have been full, rich, and harmonious. The married life of a busy, over-worked politician, such as was Drummond's in Ireland, does not generally bear looking into. It is pretty sure to be disappointing to his admirers. Not so in Drummond's case; husband and wife were equal and united labourers in a common cause; both were constant in respect melting into tenderness towards each other; and surely angels, sphered in far-off celestial altitudes, might envy such a lot—that perfect marriage of reasonable minds busied with lofty affairs.

Anyone turning over this little volume must make one reflection: what a certain reward awaits those humble virtues, sincerity and kindness. We are under no delusion as to her talents. We do not hide from ourselves the fact that Maria Drummond had no rare gifts of intellect, that she did well not to write, that neither her letters nor her talk sparkle or effervesce, and that she wisely measured her powers when she chose to be no more than she was. But how ephemeral is much literary fame, compared with her fortune! The spoken word coming from lips of truth is so lasting, the written letter often so evanescent; a memory green and fragrant awaits those whose ways are simple, sincere, and kindly, as were hers.

#### AN AUSTRIAN VIEW OF ITALIAN FREEDOM.

UNE ANNÉE DE MA VIE, 1848-1849. Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie. 1891.

THE emancipation of Italy is one of those movements which lends itself admirably to biographical treatment. In Victor Emmanuel we follow a warrior king usually beaten but ultimately successful; with Cavour we trace the tangled threads of diplomatic intrigue; in company with Mazzini we lead the life of conspirators, not only against Austria, but against all government that is not both national and Republican; with Garibaldi and his redshirts we fight again the guerilla campaigns which played so large a part in the making of modern Italy. King, statesman, conspirator, and warrior each lead us to the contemplation of one side of a great movement: but our view is still imperfect if we leave out of sight the Austrian aspect of the question. This is supplied by the work before us.

Count Hübner was the confidential friend and agent of Prince Metternich, and as such was present at Milan during the exciting days of 1848, when it seemed for a moment as if a popular insurrection in Lombardy, backed by the bayonets of Charles Albert, were about to make the freedom of Italy a reality.

For a time he was a hostage in the hands of the insurgents, and was employed by them to communicate their views to Marshal Radetzky; on being set at liberty he returned to Germany and became an observer of the Viennese revolt and of the Hungarian insurrection. These events form the subject of the diary, which the veteran diplomatist has just published, with comments suggested by the experience gained during forty years' observation of Italian history.

The Count gives the impression of a studious desire to be strictly fair. He is perfectly alive to the strong points of the national movement; he is anxious to pose as a sincere lover of Italy, but is naturally desirous of drawing attention to the Austrian side of the question. It is this which gives his book its great interest, not only because it sheds a good deal of light on facts, but also because it exhibits the difficulties of an enlightened politician face to face with a national movement, with which he cannot help sympathising, but which his position compels him to resist.

Consequently, his views all along are the result of a compromise, not always conscious, between what he is compelled to observe and what his official position requires him to state. He frankly admits that the Milanese have grievances; but the real cause of hostility to Austria—hatred of foreign rule—is kept in the background, while he puts in the forefront such a comparatively trivial matter as the reservation of two front rows at the opera for the Austrian officers. He admits that throughout the country the national movement was spreading in 1848, but dwells on the material prosperity which Austrian order secured, and on the absence of taxes. Yet a line or two further on, he shows that he is aware that "material prosperity cannot by itself satisfy the aspirations of the human heart."

While no enemy to nationality in the abstract, the Count refuses to believe that the insurrectionary movement is a genuine outcome of national feeling. It is, he believes, the product of other causes, such as the ambition of the House of Savoy, the liberal opinion of Europe, the secret societies, the ferment caused by the revolutions in the South American colonies, above all, of the Machiavellian interference of Lord Palmerston. But, after all, what were these things except symptoms of the action of the sentiment: "Si noble, si élevé, si naturel," the love of liberty and the love of home?

On the other hand, he pleads strongly for Austria. She is in Italy not of her own will, but as the authoritative representative of Europe—at any rate, of the Europe of the Holy Alliance. Her mission was "au maintien de l'état de choses politique en Italie, établi ou sanctionné par les traités de 1815." She has acted "avec justice, prudence, modération, souvent avec abnégation et toujours, quoiqu'on ait dit le contraire, avec un entier désintéressement." When one has to maintain one's power by the bayonet, one cannot, he thinks, expect to be popular; but the stories of the French and English press about cruelty and tyranny are malignant inventions. It is clear that the advocate is ill-pleased with his own brief; but when he tries to make up for his own deficiencies by being sternly severe to the fatuity of the Austrian officials, and denounces the "marasme" that has settled on the Government at Vienna, and the apathy of the Lombardo-Venetian authorities, he forgets that the same causes which made Count Hübner an indifferent advocate were not without their influence at head-quarters.

It is interesting to turn to the Count's views on the condition of Italy in 1890. He had never believed in the possibility of a united Italy, mainly on the ground of the great diversity of races and dialects, and on the absence of military courage which was exhibited by the masses. "Facts, however, have given, or seem to have given, him the lie." He shelters his reputation, however, under the belief that the events which have changed Europe were "hors ligne," and, without animosity, discusses the



Italian question of the future. The most hopeful fact in the situation is the hearty acceptance by all classes of Italian politicians of the principle of Italian unity. In this Monarchists and Republicans alike agree, and the author hopes that in no circumstances will Austria be led to interfere in order to restore a state of things now "neither desirable nor possible." On the other hand, unity has been purchased at great material cost. The whole Peninsula is heavily taxed, the conscription is rigidly enforced, discontent is shown in wholesale emigration. Naturally the Count asks himself whether this heavy burden is essential. Seemingly he thinks not, and regards Italy's attempt to play the part of a strong military Power as unwise. Rather he would advise her to reduce her armaments and rely upon the strong position which is given her by diplomacy.

A further cause of difficulty Count Hübner recognises in the position of the Papacy; but in this delicate matter his opinions are naturally guarded. It is plain, however, that he has a strong sympathy for those who regret that the unification of Italy was consummated by the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, and that he does not regard the matter as finally closed.

For the future of Austria, face to face with the uprising of national sentiment, Count Hübner sees no ground to fear. He accepts Sadowa with resignation, believes that if "Austria did not exist, it would be necessary to invent her," and wonders that any feeling of hostility is possible against a Power "so essentially pacific."

Of two European statesmen with whom he came much in contact, the Count gives an interesting estimate. He describes Prince Metternich as the "most calumniated man in Europe," and credits him with drawing up a Constitution for Austria which the timidity of the Emperor Francis refused to carry into effect. On the other hand, he has little good to say for Lord Palmerston, whom he evidently regards as the "Meddlesome Matty" of diplomacy, and credits him with the assumption, "*L'Angleterre c'est moi.*"

On the whole, this biographical fragment increases our knowledge of a very exciting period both of Italian and Austrian history, and sheds a very curious side-light on the feelings of a politician of cosmopolitan sympathies, whom circumstances—not choice—have made the defender, and at one time the agent, of an odious régime, and of a most unpopular Minister.

#### SOME BOOKS IN THEOLOGY.

PHYSICAL RELIGION. By Max Müller. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

THE PERMANENT ELEMENTS OF RELIGION. By W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Bishop of Ripon. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

ESSAYS IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN THE WEST. By the Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

STONES OF STUMBLING. By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. London: William Rice. 1891.

SOME ASPECTS OF SIN. By the late Aubrey L. Moore, M.A. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

ESSAYS, REVIEWS, AND ADDRESSES: PERSONAL AND POLITICAL. Vol. I. By James Martineau, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

MUCH of our present-day theology is so wholesomely historical as almost to encourage the hope that men may yet inquire themselves out of the disagreements into which they have for centuries been so industriously arguing themselves. The old systematic treatise which covered the whole realm of belief has almost ceased to be. The universe has grown too big for it; it is too rich and varied to be reduced into an intellectual system by any one man; and instead, we have any number of separate discussions and inquiries by persons of all degrees of competence and incompetence. If a multitude of books means intellectual vitality, it is evident that whatever is going to die, it is not theology, only one could wish that its literature were in quantity less and in

quality better. For it is unhappily too true that the most mysterious of human problems often becomes the most common and most provoking of human foibles; men ruthless to incompetency and triviality in every other department of life and thought—science, arts, politics, commerce—will here both tolerate triviality and exhibit incompetency with apparently the best of consciences and the most robust good faith. And this is a special trouble to the critic. Good books review themselves: to review poor or bad books is of all labours the most thankless and the most unprofitable.

Professor Max Müller's new series of Gifford Lectures may be said to represent movement without progress. The title of the book is new, much of his material is old, and has passed through several editions. Here we have much speculative philology, a good deal of imaginary mythology, not a few personal reminiscences, but very little comparative religion, and still less light on the old problem. He would be a bold man who should say that the book was worthy either of its subject or its author. We deeply regret to say this, but the truth must be said. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to Professor Max Müller; no man has done more to create an interest in comparative studies whether of language or religion; no man can write a more fascinating and instructive book; but here he does not do what he can or what we have a right to expect from him. The work that has been done on the *Rigveda* by younger scholars, like Kaegi, Geldner, Zimmer, Hillebrandt, Ludwig, Bergaigne, is immense; and while new work on it from so experienced a scholar as Professor Max Müller would be most welcome, what is not welcome is work that is either not new or not calculated to advance our knowledge. Even in what relates to the interpretation of Christianity, he is perfunctory and out of date. His discussion on miracles is of the kind we expect from smaller and less gifted men. To dismiss physical miracles is an easy thing; what is not so easy is to determine the value of a religious personality, to ascertain his relation to Nature and history, and their common cause and law. What leaves the person miraculous is only burdened with greater difficulties if it holds that the sphere of his action shows nothing correspondent to the quality of his person; what denies the miraculous personality reduces us to a Naturalism that may find everywhere the reign of necessity, but will fail to reach anywhere a personal God. It were better if our author, instead of wasting his genius and insight on inconsequent discussions, were to use them to open up a way for us through the wonderful wilderness of the later religious developments in India.

The Bishop of Ripon's Bampton Lecture appears in a second edition, and in a very handy form. It is an interesting book, not learned, not distinguished by first-hand knowledge, not always logical in arrangement, or cogent in criticism or in reasoning, but vivid, liberal, genial, felicitous in quotation and illustration, a kindly, helpful, in the best sense instructive, book. The lectures, as delivered, were boldly unconventional; they crowded St. Mary's, and though they might not edify the drier dons, they delighted the fresher and more open minds by the frank way in which they quoted the last new novel almost in the same breath as the most venerable philosopher or divine. And as printed they retain their best qualities; the book will liberalise, edify, inform the educated man who is no specialist, yet is interested in religion. Its least satisfactory parts are the critical, for the bishop is too little acquainted with the history of opinion to be able to appreciate the full significance or genetic relations of the theories he criticises; but in his analysis of the elements essential to religion, in the sketches of their action in history, and comparison of their place and worth in the greater religions, he is often very felicitous. A question like that of personality and the infinite is too hard and metaphysical for his method; but his quick eye

for the picturesque makes him, though seldom abstruse, never trite. His illustrative and didactic method appears in quotations like the following:—

"Men have vainly striven to drive the world by theories—by doctrines, religious, scientific, and political. They have missed the mark by following bookish theories and ignoring man. The politician, no less than the theologian, has made this mistake. Alva had theories, and his failures were the failures of a theorist; for he forgot, as many others have forgotten, that he had to deal, not with mere inanimate matter, but with men and women who had wills, intellects, feelings, personal power, and consciences of their own. Alva failed in his plans because he forgot that man was man. England forgot this in her struggle with America. She was deaf to the voice of Edmund Burke when he reminded her that in this problem she had to deal with men; that not by 'bonds, affidavits, cockets, and clearances,' could she bind America to the Mother Country, but by a large and generous recognition of their common blood and common humanity. 'You cannot falsify,' he said, 'the pedigree of the people. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery.' Frederick the Great was wont to say, 'If I wished to ruin a province I should commit it to the government of philosophers.' He meant just this: that men with theories are of very little good, for they are liable to forget that they are governing men."

The Bishop of Durham has issued a series of essays which, though but "fragments of an early design," are welcome both for their own sake and the sake of the design, which was a great one. The essays on Plato, Æschylus, Euripides, Dionysius the Areopagite, and Origen, are old friends, here happily made accessible and placed in explanatory juxtaposition, though the order would have been better if it had been more historical, and the Areopagite placed after Origen. It would have been well, too, if the significance of Dionysius for the development of ritual and worship had been indicated. He ends one period and introduces another; he illustrates not only the process by which Neo-Platonic thought was made Christian, but still more the process by which heathen ceremonies became Christian sacraments; while the peculiar allegorism, both as to nature and literature, of the Alexandrian schools supplied them with a philosophical basis and *motif*. Dionysius and Augustine (and surely essays on Western religious thought, without any notice of him, are strangely incomplete) represent two distinct factors in the development of the Church. Augustine provided it with a political ideal and a justificatory philosophy; Dionysius with a theology for its ceremonial: his system, indeed, may be alternatively described as an attempt to translate the hierarchical system into a speculative theosophy, or to articulate such a theosophy into the hierarchical system. As such it had a most determinative influence not only on scholasticism, but on the whole mediæval system of faith and worship; and no treatment of him is adequate that does not bring out and illustrate this sphere of his influence. Besides, he belongs to the great cycle of pseudonymous and fictitious literature which, from the fifth to the tenth century, played so great a part in the organisation of the Church and its creed, and a part that was the more curious because what the literature as believed to be genuine tended to create, its exposure as fictitious was not allowed to discredit or destroy. Dionysius is one of the writers who would most repay minute historical study. A book on him, as this essay well shows, though more by what it omits than what it contains, is one of our greatest desiderata. The essay on Origen is more adequate; here the bishop writes as one who loves because he has learned much. Taken by itself, anyone may here get a fairly satisfactory picture of the noblest of all the Greek Fathers, who, because of his very greatness, we had almost said saintliness,

has not been made a saint, either by the Church of East or West. The essay on Whichcote, which shows the action of Greek, specifically Alexandrian, thought on an English divine, is genial, appreciative, touched with the fine personal emotion proper to one who speaks of a distinguished Provost of his College. But he fails to see the connection between Puritanism and Cambridge Neo-Platonism. These two were not antitheses, but complementary. Neo-Platonism was as much the child of Puritan Cambridge as ceremonialism was the child of Laudian Oxford. Nathaniel Culverwel and John Smith, Ralph Cudworth and Henry More, were men who owed their inspiration and thought to the same men and same influence as Benjamin Whichcote. Yet though the book has the defects of a volume of essays, written at different times, but with a common purpose, it is one to be read with the pleasure that comes of contact with a well-furnished, large, and generous mind.

It is only by a kind of innocent euphemism that the essays of Mr. Lionel A. Tollemache can be described as theology. They are clever, entertaining, full of the qualities of the *raconteur*, the man who knows a good saying when he has got it, and has the faculty of using it at the right moment. The themes are graver than the method; the criticism, though never profound or decisive, is often sharp and searching. The "Recollections of Pattison" are vivid, full of insight, and help us to see the late Rector of Lincoln, if not at his best, yet as he lived and talked when he was happily at home and at ease.

It will be enough to say that these sermons of the late Aubrey Moore show everywhere the intense conviction, the fine spirit and tender feeling of their lamented author. His peculiar ecclesiasticism colours his literary and theological judgments; but his purpose was noble; and he is at his best when, as in the first course of these Lenten sermons, he speaks to young men. They could not hear him without being improved. He says indeed some questionable things, like this: "Standing fast in the faith implies an exercise of the *will*, not of the *reason*." But surely if faith be, as he proceeds to argue, "the correlative of truth," it must concern the reason more than the will; it is impossible to a dissatisfied reason to continue in the faith. The correlation is will and authority, reason and truth; and a phrase like the above indicates that in the last analysis the man who uses it conceives religion not as truth, but as authority.

All we can do meanwhile is to accord a hasty welcome to Dr. Martineau's new volume, reserving a fuller and more critical discussion and appraisal till the series be complete. The essays have both an intrinsic and a relative worth. They are fine examples of philosophical and literary criticism; and while they exhibit the labours and the growth of a singularly gifted mind, they help us to measure the wonderful progress of the period spanned by his literary activity. Some of these papers were contained in the two volumes of his essays published in America, others are rescued from forgotten or inaccessible magazines; all are welcome, for they exhibit some of the finest philosophical and critical work of the venerable yet vigorous author.

#### ECONOMIC FACTS, AND AN INFERENCE.

THE EIGHT HOURS DAY. By Sidney Webb, LL.B., and Harold Cox, B.A. London: Walter Scott. 1891.

APART from its purpose, this little book deserves to be studied by all who are interested in economic fact. It is an admirable example of the merits—and we fear we must add of the defects—of the inductive method in political economy. It is stuffed full of facts gleaned from all sorts of sources: Parliamentary papers, trades union reports, the experience of various firms who have tried the experiment of reducing the hours of labour worked by their

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employés, accounts of foreign legislation on this and kindred subjects, and so on; mostly of very great interest and value, and often quite inaccessible to the ordinary student. It will form excellent matter for the future historian, and is accompanied by a brief but good bibliography.

On their main thesis we cannot altogether follow the writers. No doubt the strongest reason for the change is the promotion of social health. But with all that is said on this point most people will agree. There is ample evidence, again, to show that wages and productive power in many cases do not fall with a reduction of hours. And the *à priori* argument that the labour of adult males is not and ought not to be interfered with is met by citing numerous cases in which it is interfered with already—indirectly, as by the Factory Acts, which interfere with the labour of women and children; directly, as by the Truck Act; and—the strongest case of all—by the laws against Sunday labour. Of course, the interference in all these cases is an accident or by-product of the legislation rather than its main end. But that is probably too fine a distinction for the inductive economist, as it is for the practice of a nation which seldom is logical. And (it is argued with some force) the choice is between legislative interference and the costly and often unsuccessful private warfare of a strike. There is, of course, a third alternative, agreement between employers and employed under the sanction, not actually resorted to, of a strike or lock-out, but this presumably is to be superseded by the well-known Fabian plan of Trade Option. A sort of *plébiscite* is to be taken among the workers engaged in a trade as to whether they will adopt the Act or not, with or without special limitations of overtime due to their special circumstances. Here, of course, it is easy to see difficulties. What sort of test is there to be of the voters, and are the unskilled men, the women, and the "young persons" to be polled or not? If the test is to be at all rigorous, every trade will tend to become a close body; and in view of the opportunities of change of employment offered by the development of modern machinery and by the division of labour, that is eminently undesirable. Then the authors have a theory—which assuredly is not borne out by observation—that Gresham's law holds with employers as with money: the good employer is driven out by the bad. Thus the shopkeeper cannot close early, even if he desires it, unless his neighbours do, whence the need of an Early Closing Act. Here contradictory instances stare one in the face. The Saturday half-holiday is a product of public opinion; it is adopted by the largest and best shops, and is not adopted by the little struggling tradesmen who have hard work to maintain themselves at all. Then, too, Mr. Herbert Spencer's great argument—the danger and waste of an over-development of the regulative system of society—is simply ignored; and Government is treated as "simply the executive committee of the governed," which is very far from being true of the most democratic State of to-day, and certainly will not bear the argument the authors base on it so long as society contains anyone besides labourers and artisans.

But the great weakness of the book is the usual one with advocates of an Eight Hours Day. There is no satisfactory answer to the question, what will be the effect on the national wealth? It rather shakes one's faith in the economic soundness of the authors when we find them borrowing from Mr. Gunton, whose economic paradoxes are of the most glaring kind, the doctrine that the increased wants of men working an eight hours day imply more demand and more production. They do not satisfactorily explain where the purchasing power this demand implies is ultimately to come from. They hold that the loss to the national wealth, if any, will fall on profits and interest. But they are quite easy about this point, because Professor Marshall has said that many men would save as much if the rate of

interest were lower, because they would have to put by a larger sum to yield the same income; and Professor Sidgwick has said we need not yet be near the stationary state; and capital will not go abroad, because other nations are also improving their factory legislation, and relatively little goes abroad now, and much capital is immovable. All very true; but there are enormous facilities for investing capital abroad now, which there were not ten or twenty years ago—Trust Companies, for instance; capital does not usually go abroad to be invested in factories, and it is not the existing fixed capital—which will by and by wear out, and will very likely be superseded first—but the fresh capital which would naturally replace it, which would go abroad if interest and profits fell considerably. Besides, the more the joint-stock principle and the system of large capitals develop, the more mobile, on the whole, fresh capital must become. And if capital goes into other employments in preference to manufacture, neither the consumer of manufactured goods, nor the factory hand, will have much reason for satisfaction. In their anxiety to repudiate the wage fund theory the authors rather ignore the conditions under which wealth becomes capital at all.

We said that the work exhibited the great defect of inductive economics. That defect is that nearly all the facts are unsifted, and some are omitted. You take those which strike you, put them together, and however much you know, and however careful you may be, you are very apt to get the conclusion that you started to seek. A certain type of Ricardian economist talks of "tendencies," but absolutely ignores the question of their relative strength. But the inductive economist is also very liable to fall into a similar error, because he can always cite a multitude of particulars, some of them out of measure inferential. Life is too short to discuss them *seriatim*, and such words as "induction" and "fact" obscure their frequent uncertainty.

#### FICTION.

1. HUMBLING HIS PRIDE. By Charles T. C. James. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
2. ELSA. By E. McQueen Gray. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.
3. JERRY. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1891.
4. STRANGERS AND WAYFARERS. By Sarah Orne Jewett. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1891.
5. BERTHA'S EARL. By Lady Lindsay. London: Bentley. 1891.

It is a great pity that "Humbling His Pride" does not carry out more fully the promise of its first volume. The hero catches the sympathy of the reader at once; the interest of the story begins at once. The descriptive writing in the second chapter, dealing with Bleakwold Farm, is vigorous and picturesque. Some of the characters come near to being original creations; hardly one of them is utterly conventional. Page after page shows that the author possesses true humour. And yet this is not a first-rate novel; the motives are too weak. Even the conspiracy to ruin John Horlock, or—as the Vicar of Faircliff preferred to put it—to humble his pride, is not entirely convincing. The last volume of this story, which began with so much promise of originality, falls back on the old tricks. The blacksmith's son is not really the blacksmith's son; and the child which was thought to be Rose's is not really Rose's; and the hero, who was believed to have committed the murder, did not really commit the murder; and Laura, who was supposed to have committed suicide, had not really committed suicide; and even George Thompson, who does not appear until more than half the story is over, has time to show that he is not really George Thompson. It is a pity, too, that an author who has true humour should frequently condescend to something which is not humour at all. When, for instance, he says the black of Brunswick instead of Brunswick black, or uses one adjective while obviously meaning its opposite, he is not being humorous; he is simply being comic

and waggish, and using a common device of the cheerful but deficient. Some of the satire is not very pointed; the description of the Sin-no-more Society would have been far more telling if it had not been palpably exaggerated. He describes, also, the ordinary procedure of literary critics of "two great literary sheets." Ordinarily, they read—we learn—the first page and the last, and then damn the book. On the occasion which he mentions they read nothing, and make their damnatory notices rather stronger. If Mr. James really believes this to be true, why in the name of common sense does he allow his own novel to be sent for review? If he knows it to be untrue, why in the name of common honesty does he say it? We are not concerned, however, with Mr. James, but with his book. A reviewer is always tempted to praise unduly a book which contains anything particularly ignorant or untrue about reviewers, to show his impartiality; we have tried not to give way to this temptation. "Humbling his Pride" contains good work—some very good work—but it is not a first-rate novel; the motives which give rise to the action of the story are not sufficiently strong, and the third volume is commonplace.

"Elsa," the daughter of Colonel von Hochwald, was gifted and amiable. As a singer she was wonderful—phenomenal; indeed, on the only occasion on which she appeared on the operatic stage she gained a great success in the face of great difficulties. As a woman she was nearly perfect—perhaps, too nearly perfect; for it is hard to be faultless without being like the heroines of many faulty novels. A continuous interest in Elsa von Hochwald, through the six hundred pages of this story, would have been easier if she had possessed a more distinct personality. The other characters are not more original in conception. They are repetitions, types; and the author seems to have brought but little new observation to their portrayal. We have the typical Englishman, who is reserved and knocks people down; the typical German, who drinks beer and is sentimental; the typical Italian, who is crafty, villainous, and ultimately foiled; the typical *maestro*, before whom aspirants tremble. There are grades in conventionality, and the author of "Elsa" has not reached the lowest or nearly the lowest; even marionettes may be worked well or badly, and these are worked rather well. But a fresher observation, a finer touch, a more subtle method, are required before much praise can honestly be given. The plot of the story is fairly ingenious; and the book, although it is not enthralling, is at least readable. Many of the six hundred pages might, however, have been very well omitted. There is too much of the dialogue which leads to nothing, which merely occupies space, which is not interesting in itself and does not illuminate the characters of the speakers.

The mother of "Jerry," whose more prolonged name is Jeremiah P. Wilkerson, died while her son was still very young. The child, beaten by his father and by an objectionable Minervy Ann Salter, took refuge in flight, seeking the "Golding Gates" whither his dying mother had told him that she was going. He journeyed always west. On one occasion he slept in a railway car laden with hay; when he awoke, the car was moving. At first he was terrified; then arranged the hay around him. "When it gits through runnin' away and busts," he muttered, "I misewell fall soff." The various adventures of the runaway occupy only the first part of the story; the child's pilgrimage has, of course, been done before, but seldom, we think, with truer pathos and humour. Jerry arrived finally at the mining district of Eureka and Durden's; here he was befriended by Joe Gilliam. (The sketch of Joe Gilliam, by the way, is one of the best things in the book.) He was educated by the doctor, and grew to manhood. The greater part of the story deals with the rival mines of Eureka and Durden's. It is full of incident, spirited and vigorous, yet marked by the same tenderness and delicacy of touch that are the characteristics of the

opening chapters. Jerry became a leader of men; he schemed boldly and well; schemes and actions were alike aimed at one object—the greater happiness and prosperity of the mining community which he now to a great extent controlled. Joe Gilliam warned Jerry against the ingratitude of the men and the impossibility of raising them. "Orl they wants, or knows 'bout, is whisky, an' terbackey, an' dirt; they's usen to it—an' born to it—an' likes it." Joe found, however, a better method than argument to lead Jerry from his unselfish, communistic notions; he managed to show him the power of gold, and to inspire him with the love of it. The closing scenes of the story are intensely exciting and dramatic. It is seldom that one finds in a tale of action and adventure a sketch of character so strong, so true, and so subtle as that of Jerry. In short, this is a story of quite unusual merit.

"Strangers and Wayfarers" is a collection of short stories and sketches, quiet in tone, unpretentious, not without a certain gentle charm. They deal with the sorrows of the poor and aged, and with the love-stories of later life. It is not only in their subject that they remind us of the work of Miss Wilkins, which, however, they can hardly be said to rival. They are, indeed, rather pictures than stories, some of them being entirely descriptive.

The reader whose palate requires the flavour of highly spiced incident, and whose mind is so constituted that he cannot enjoy a story which is not tangled up into a maddening knot of mystery, will do well to avoid "Bertha's Earl." Neither is this a book that can be recommended to anyone who feels that a novel is outside the pale of cultured people (what a stuffy atmosphere the inside of that pale often is!) if it does not treat of some abstruse moral problem; nor to those who only get their joy from photographic reproductions of real life. But, on the other hand, Lady Lindsay's last work can be strongly recommended to those who still appreciate a genuine piece of artistic work, in which nature has been carefully studied, but not servilely copied, and in which creation has not been lulled by imitation. Not that Lady Lindsay's story is by any means an ambitious effort; it does not aim at an heroic standard in any shape or form. It is neither more nor less than a simple tale told in direct and simple fashion; yet it is impossible to read half-a-dozen chapters without being aroused to the fact that a skilled hand is filling in the canvas. It is difficult at first to assign any definite reason for this impression. You are sorely puzzled for a while until, perhaps, you remember that you were troubled with the same doubt when you read "Sense and Sensibility," and still more so when "Cranford" was first revealed to you. And coming down to a later date you recall the effect "A Humble Romance" produced upon you. There is at first sight hardly one attribute in common to be found in these three works, and yet it is impossible to deny that the same charm is to be felt in them all; and, to a certain extent, the same impression is produced by Lady Lindsay's story. Why is this? The reason after all is not far to seek. It is because the atmosphere, to use again an artistic metaphor, which each of these writers has succeeded in creating, is so exquisitely true, and also because the rare gift of selection and elimination, both as regards character and incident, has been so skilfully brought to bear.

We do not propose to give any outline of Lady Lindsay's story, for the sufficient reason that there is very little story, properly so-called, in the book. What there is has to do with the complications that naturally arise from a young artist marrying a nobleman of high degree. We are thus introduced into two widely different societies—Bohemia and Belgravia—and the writer gives the impression of drawing from both sets of models with equal accuracy and correctness. "Bertha's Earl" is a piece of delicate work throughout, and well worth reading, if only for the two delightful sketches of the little Duchess and Aggie.

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## COMPARATIVE POLITICS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ESSAYS IN POLITICS. By C. B. Roylance Kent, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited. 1891.

MR. KENT's book does not profess to be very profound or to open up any very recondite province of knowledge. It is, however, a most useful attempt to connect some of the questions of current politics with the larger problems and doctrines on which their form depends. Thus, Imperial Federation and Home Rule involve the consideration of the accepted doctrine of sovereignty, and where it lies in a Federal Government: as well as of Federation itself. Labour questions again suggest a discussion of Socialistic legislation, which contrasts the different attitudes towards it of the English and Continental democracies, but fails, like nearly all that is written on the subject, to give the obvious historical explanation—that the ideas of Continental Socialists, and of some people (like Fichte) who were precursors of "organism theories" of the State, however much they may seem to be the product of abstract reasoning, are really suggested by the existence of that bureaucracy whose real parent is Machiavelli—the bureaucracy of Colbert, adopted in Prussia by Frederick the Great. On the "Progress of the Masses" Mr. Kent is sensible, painstaking, and tolerably full, though he might have made more use of the work of Mr. David A. Wells and Mr. Edward Atkinson. The last chapter on "Science and Politics," taking its text from Professor Freeman, shows how modern means of communication facilitate both large states and local government. Unfortunately, the suggestion thrown out that economic conditions are supreme over politics would destroy the value of the book were it true—which it is only in a much more comprehensive sense than the author contemplates. Nations do not live by material progress alone. Germany is a great country in spite of its poverty, and the best machinery by itself would not do much for Paraguay, nor have nitrates and guano ensured the prosperity of Peru.

There are a few other contestable points in the book. There is Sir Henry Maine's exaggeration about the Referendum—the fact being, as was shown by official statistics noticed in THE SPEAKER last January, that, taking all the cases to which this "legislative phylloxera" has been legally applicable, only 14 proposals out of 144 have been rejected; the South American republics, except perhaps Argentina, are hardly worth mentioning as examples of Federation; and the term "Helvetic Republic" should be kept for the grotesque creation of Napoleon I., and not applied to the Switzerland of to-day. Still, the book is a useful, clear, and generally very accurate sketch of facts which the intelligent voter ought to know, and which it is not easy for him to find in such a concise form elsewhere.

## FEUDALISM.

FEUDALISM: ITS RISE, PROGRESS, AND CONSEQUENCES. Lectures delivered at Gresham College. By J. T. Abdy, LL.D. London: G. Bell & Sons.

THE best parts of this book are those which are taken from other books. The object of the work is apparently to explain the fact of feudalism, to show what were its antecedents, and to account for the form it finally assumed. Dr. Abdy tells us a great deal about the rise, little about the progress, and next to nothing about the consequences of feudalism. The sources of the lectures are the standard text-books on the subject, and from these text-books the author has imported passages wholesale into his lectures. Even when inverted commas do not mark the verbatim transference to the lectures of pages of Guizot, Hallam, Kemble, Pearson, Green, or Stubbs, the lectures are, for the most part, consciously or unconsciously on the part of the author, an epitome of one or the other of the writers named. We venture to doubt whether the students who had the privilege of attending the lectures would gain much from them. It would be interesting to see the note-books of the class. The first six lectures would, we think, fail to convey any definite meaning to a person not already more or less intimately acquainted with their subject or the technical terms employed. Information is conveyed in a jerky and spasmodic fashion. It is clouded by a constant reference to matter not already explained, and which students could not be expected to know. The gaps in narrative and explanation sometimes seem to exceed the actual information conveyed. We have searched these lectures in vain to find any substantial information about the "progress and consequences" of feudalism. It is true there is a discussion of chivalry, which no doubt was a consequence of feudalism. There are also lengthy and verbatim extracts from Domesday Book, as from many other ancient documents. It may perhaps be that the "progress and consequences" of feudalism are reserved for a later series of lectures which are apparently threatened by Dr. Abdy in the last two pages of his book. If that is the case, we sincerely trust that the lecturer will endeavour to make his future addresses more plain and intelligible to the ordinary student than those we are reviewing. It is difficult to say to whom the present volume is capable of being of service. It is too mysterious and unconnected for the beginner. It has too little originality for the advanced

student. It is neither pleasant nor profound reading, and it is not worthy of Dr. Abdy.

## COMPANY LAW.

A MANUAL OF COMPANY LAW for the use of Directors and Promoters. By William Frederick Hamilton, LL.D., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, assisted by Kennard Golborne Metcalfe, M.A. London: Stevens & Sons, Limited. 1891.

FOR some time past the formation of companies has supplied no small part of the work and income of a large class of lawyers and of business men. It is already calculated that between twelve and thirteen thousand persons, with many varieties of character and degree, fill the position of company-directors, and this number is increasing every year. Mr. Hamilton's object in writing this book has been to provide the directors of every kind of company with a useful handbook to guide them whenever any legal question arises in connection with their duties. With that object he has arranged, in a clear and intelligible form, the general rules of law which regulate the position of promoters and directors, and without going too minutely into the intricacies of company law, he has endeavoured to produce a book which laymen can refer to and easily understand. It does not come within the scope of the author's plan to state the law relating to the winding up of companies. He considers them only as going concerns, and he formulates clearly the rules which govern them as such, and illustrates those rules by examples drawn from decided cases. After dealing with the legal position of promoters and directors, and attempting the perilous task of defining a company-promoter, Mr. Hamilton discusses at length the duties of directors, the important question of *ultra vires*, the powers with regard to allotting, transferring and forfeiting shares, with regard to contracts, with regard to mortgaging and borrowing, and with regard to other difficulties in the conduct of companies, which directors are called upon to exercise, and the limitations imposed upon their exercise by the law. He has something also to say of the directors' position with respect to the accounts of the company, the payment of dividends, the holding of meetings, and the reconstruction of companies. And in his four concluding chapters he treats the vexed question of the liability both of directors and of promoters with the carefulness demanded by a subject of such immediate interest to those for whom the book is principally intended. One section deals with the intricate question of Misrepresentation at Common Law. Another sets forth, with a useful commentary, the Directors' Liability Act of last year. A third discusses briefly the criminal liabilities attaching to either position. Mr. Hamilton's book is designedly a popular book in a sense; but we see no reason why it should not justify its author's hope that it will be found by many professional readers a good introduction to the study of company-law. The careful table of cases and the excellent index compiled by Mr. Riches, the librarian of the Inns of Court Bar Library, add considerably to the value of the book, and the type and appearance of the volume leave no cause for complaint.

## PANAMA.

FIVE YEARS AT PANAMA: THE TRANS-ISTHMIAN CANAL. By Wilfred Nelson, C.M., M.D. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

DR. NELSON, in a long and rambling preface, tells us that he resided for five years in the Panama isthmus (1880—1885) in two capacities: "A Practitioner of Medicine" and "Accredited Correspondent of the *Gazette* of Montreal." It is to be presumed that much of what is contained in this volume has already appeared in the *Gazette*; but it is none the worse for that. Dr. Nelson can hardly be said to have any style. The book throughout is a rambling and often slipshod gossip. There is, moreover, a good deal of padding from various somewhat vaguely indicated sources, and a fair amount of irrelevant matter, such as the chapter on the whale fishery. But with all its faults, and keeping in mind that the author's reminiscences are several years old, the book gives a very satisfactory idea of the country, and the life of the famous isthmus. Neither the one nor the other is pleasant. The former is mainly an unhealthy swamp; and the people can hardly be described as either moral or clean. There is a full "Code" of law in the Columbian Constitution; but in practice it is a dead letter. The prison at Panama is a noisome dungeon. It is not even thought necessary to bury the dead in this extraordinary country. When the police want to arrest a man accused of crime, their short and easy way is to shoot him first, and try him afterwards. Altogether, this notorious isthmus seems to be about the most unpleasant place on earth for a civilised man to have to spend his life. The mortality among the labourers engaged on the abortive canal was one of the most unhappy features about it. Dr. Nelson has a long chapter on the Canal and its history, which will be useful for reference. A recent visitor to Panama informs us that the most striking monuments of this ruinous undertaking are the pyramids of empty bottles, champagne and other, which line the route. There is also a chapter or two of a historical kind. The book will be found to contain much that is entertaining, and a fair modicum of instruction.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

THE Mansion House Council, in the bulky "Report on the Dwellings of the Poor" just issued, claims to have done in 1890 an encouraging year's work. Not only have the direct operations of the Central and Local Committees been more numerously affected than in any previous year, but—and this perhaps is still more important—the local authorities have been taught to give diligent heed to the purposes for which they exist. Quite recently the Council made an interesting experiment in order to enlist the practical co-operation of the working classes in a matter which is so closely bound up with their welfare. Invitations were inserted in the weekly penny papers asking artisans and labourers to help forward the work by sending particulars of courts and houses which from a sanitary point of view were a menace to the community. This appeal met with an immediate and almost overwhelming response, and apparently in the vast majority of cases the complaints were not capricious but justifiable. There have in consequence been more prosecutions undertaken by the Vestries under the Sanitary Acts during 1890 than in any other year since those measures became law. Two public inquiries have been brought about at the instance of the Mansion House Council—one by the Local Government Board into the condition of Ham; and another by the Home Secretary into the sanitary requirements of Shoreditch. The result was that the Local Board at Ham received a well-merited censure, whilst a perfectly disgraceful condition of affairs was brought to light in the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch. At the beginning of the century this parish contained, roughly, thirty-four thousand people, and in round numbers there are now at least one hundred and twenty-six thousand. Anyone who wishes to see how far a London Vestry can neglect its duty, ought to read the detailed official statement given to the Home Secretary, which is given as an appendix to this report. Unfortunately, as the law still stands, there is no power to compel the Vestry to carry out the reforms which are absolutely necessary, if decency and health are matters of the least consideration. The Council express their great disappointment that Mr. Ritchie has not brought forward this year the promised and greatly needed "District Councils' Bill." The fact is that, until this measure becomes law, the London County Council must remain sore let and hindered as the chief metropolitan sanitary authority. On the other hand, distinct progress in the direction of sanitary reform remains to be chronicled. The chief legislative enactments in this direction during the past year are the Housing of the Working Classes Act, the Infectious Diseases Prevention Act, and the Public Health (Amendment) Act. It is gratifying to be able to add that some of the worst and most lethargic of the local authorities have at length turned over a new leaf, and are making a tardy atonement for former apathy and neglect by energetic attempts to stamp out nuisances. We agree with the Bishop of Chester, who, in the course of a sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral a few weeks ago, exclaimed "All honour to the Mansion House Council for what it has achieved. It has done much in the work of improving the homes of the poor."

Ten essays, packed with suggestions, wise and otherwise, on various aspects of "The Volunteer Question," together constitute a volume of upwards of four hundred pages. In the spring of last year the West of Scotland Tactical Society offered prizes of £100, £50, and £25 for the three best essays on the present condition and future organisation of the Volunteer Force. Lanarkshire, Manchester, and South Lancashire carried off the honours in the persons of Captain Carteret Carey, Captain Spenser Wilkinson, and Captain F. A. Adam respectively, and they accordingly are responsible for more than a third of the book. Afterwards follow the next seven essays of greatest excellence, and placed, of course, in order of merit. It is impossible to sum up what is practically a succession of summaries in a single sentence; we have only space to say that the volume deserves to find its way into the hands of all our citizen soldiers.

It is thirty years since Mr. Coventry Patmore selected and arranged for the Golden Treasury Series "The Children's Garland, from the Best Poets," and the book has been reprinted about a dozen times since then. It still holds the first place as the best collection of genuine poetry in the language within the comprehension of intelligent children. The dainty volume needs no praise, but "parents, teachers, and friends," to borrow a familiar and comprehensive expression,

\* **REPORT OF THE MANSION HOUSE COUNCIL ON THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.** For the year ending December 31st, 1890. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. Post 8vo. (1s.)

**THE VOLUNTEER FORCE:** a Collection of Essays. London: Edward Stanford, Edinburgh: T. & A. Constable. Paper Covers. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

**THE CHILDREN'S GARLAND FROM THE BEST POETS.** Selected and arranged by Coventry Patmore. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 12mo. (2s. 6d.)

**TYPES OF THE SAINTLY LIFE.** By Arthur C. Turberville. London: Elliot Stock. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

**AMONG THE BUTTERFLIES.** By Bennet George Johns, M.A. London: Isbister & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. (2s. 6d.)

**OUR CANINE COMPANIONS IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.** By J. Woodroffe Hill, Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo.

will probably be glad to learn that "The Children's Garland" has at length been published in a cheap edition.

"Types of the Saintly Life" is the title of a group of addresses delivered by the Rev. Arthur Turberville in Milton Congregational Church, Huddersfield, on successive Sundays. The volume is dedicated to Mr. Lewis Morris, in whose poetry Mr. Turberville thinks the "deeper faith and tenderer charities of the age have found sweetest and noblest utterance." Marcus Aurelius is taken as the representative of spiritual aspiration and endeavour in the pagan society of ancient Rome. Another and very different type—the "Catholic Saint," Mr. Turberville calls him—is Francis of Assisi, and next in this line of succession stands the dauntless figure of the "heretic" Savonarola. We then find ourselves confronted with the Puritan as saint in the person of John Bunyan, and finally we are asked to consider a typical "saintly woman," Elizabeth Fry, and a "modern saint," and the latter proves to be President Garfield—a worthy man, but hardly worthy of the company in which Mr. Turberville has placed him. The results of considerable reading and a tolerable amount of thought are attractively presented in a volume which can lay claim, at all events, to one distinctive merit—the grace of charity. Mr. Turberville has avowedly attempted to trace the secret affinities of men who differed widely in their views of truth, but who yet manifested in "things essential" unity, and, on the whole, we can fairly congratulate him on the manner, no less than on the method, in which he has accomplished his task.

Quite one of the most satisfactory volumes of its kind which we have seen is "Among the Butterflies," a manual for young collectors. It is written in a manner which is certain to render it acceptable to boys and girls, for the clear scientific explanations of the text are given in conjunction with an animated account of the rambles in field and woodland of a merry group of young enthusiasts. The only fault we have to find with the book is one for which the author is not responsible. The pictures of the butterflies and moths ought to have been worked in colours; that is all which seems to us to be needed to render this in every sense an attractive book. We hope the publishers will take the hint when they bring out a second edition.

Everybody who is interested in dogs—and that means about every second man and every third lady—may pick up some useful hints about "Our Canine Companions in Health and Disease," from Mr. Woodroffe Hill's practical and convenient manual. Mr. Hill is well known as an accomplished veterinary surgeon, and his claim to be regarded as an expert in canine pathology is attested by the position which he formerly held at the College of Agriculture, Downton, as well as by a row of scientific books. In the present instance, he has written a brief popular exposition in which with great clearness the causes, symptoms, and treatment of the various diseases to which dogs are liable are explained. Simple indications of disease are pointed out, and a number of practical directions, of a kind which all dog-fanciers will value, are given. The pulse of a full-grown dog ranges from ninety to one hundred a minute, and in old age falls to sixty or seventy. The respirations of a healthy dog, when not excited, are from fifteen to twenty a minute, whilst the normal temperature is 100° Fahrenheit. Evidently, Mr. Hill believes that prevention is better than cure, and he accordingly devotes a good many pages to feeding, condition, exercise, washing, grooming, kennel management and the like. As for the muzzle, Mr. Hill regards it simply as an instrument of torture, and thinks that resort to it is only excusable under quite exceptional circumstances, such as uncontrollable ferocity, or when anaesthesia is impracticable in surgical cases. He laughs to scorn the notion that muzzling will do anything to stamp out canine rabies; in fact, he declares that so far as that is concerned the muzzle is "absolutely useless." Good reasons, too long however to quote in this column, are given in support of this opinion. Good-natured contempt is expressed for the "hysterical scares" which are responsible for the lively time stray dogs in sultry weather enjoy when compelled to run the gauntlet between the policeman's baton and the lethal chamber. This is an interesting book, and one which all lovers of great or small dogs are sure to appreciate.

## NOTICE.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1891.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE Liberal victory at Wisbeach is as unexpected as it is significant. The strength of "the public-house interest" in the constituency is very great, and it was used entirely in favour of the Conservative candidate. Yet despite this, a majority of a thousand votes for the Tory candidate has been reduced to a minority, and another new member, in the person of MR. BRAND, has been returned to the House of Commons to give further expression of the national repudiation of the present Ministry and its policy.

IT is no longer doubtful that the struggle between MR. BALFOUR and MR. GOSCHEN has ended in the triumph of the former. MR. GOSCHEN, able as he is, has not been able to make himself a favourite in the Conservative ranks. He is too clever to please the squires and their like, and too aggressive to satisfy the men who have taken to politics as a trade. These see in him a formidable rival, and as he is a rival who has been imported from the outside, they are heartily agreed in hating him. Besides, MR. GOSCHEN has not been a success either as Chancellor of the Exchequer or as temporary leader of the House. MR. BALFOUR, on the other hand, has many special advantages to which MR. GOSCHEN can lay no claim. His connection with LORD SALISBURY, his power as a debater, and the practical experience he has acquired in office, all make him a particularly strong candidate for the leadership in succession to MR. SMITH. But his strongest claim is his popularity with his own party. That has been made very clearly apparent during the present week; and there is no doubt that his elevation to the post of leader of the Tories in the House of Commons is only a question of time.

MANY interesting questions relating to the personal side of politics have been under discussion during the last few weeks, when there has been so little of anything in the shape of real political controversy. Some of the stories which have been told at London dinner tables during recent days have been ridiculous enough in all conscience. It has been loudly asserted, for example, that there was a bitter feud between SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT and MR. MORLEY, and other names have been mentioned in connection with the ridiculous tale. There is not a word of truth in it. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT and MR. MORLEY are loyally co-operating, as they have done throughout the life of the present Parliament, in the work consigned to them when this Parliament came into existence. It is true that MR. MORLEY's health has compelled him to retire from his Parliamentary duties before the close of the Session; but his temporary retirement implies neither a quarrel with his colleague nor the slackening of his interest in public affairs. In the meantime, both he and MR. GLADSTONE seem to be deriving fresh strength daily from the life-giving breezes of the East coast, and there is every reason to believe that both will be ready to resume the fray before next winter is reached.

THE leadership of the Irish party, like that of other political parties, is at present under discussion.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has promised to retain his present position until the beginning of next Session, and in doing so he has afforded fresh evidence of his loyalty to his country and the Home Rule cause. It is not doubted, however, that he will retire from the leadership next year. In that event MR. DILLON will be his successor. MR. DILLON will then have recovered from the effects of his undeserved imprisonment, and will be able to "take the field" against the man who imprisoned him. With a General Election in view (to say nothing of the promised Irish Local Government Bill), it is well that MR. DILLON should be in a position to render the greatest possible amount of service to his party. In the meantime, LORD SALISBURY seems bent upon pursuing MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and driving him into the Bankruptcy Court. It is strange that a man of LORD SALISBURY'S position and character should be unable to perceive the meanness of his conduct in this matter. If he had cleared himself from the charge of having libelled MR. O'BRIEN—had won a verdict on the merits, as it were—he might reasonably have demanded payment of his costs. But this is precisely what he did not do. He did libel MR. O'BRIEN—libel him grossly and cruelly—and he only escaped punishment for his offence by resorting to a technicality of the law. In these circumstances, and remembering his vast wealth and his opponent's poverty, we can only say that LORD SALISBURY'S conduct must lower not only his own personal character, but the public position which he holds in the eyes alike of his contemporaries and of posterity. His recent allusion to ZÆO'S back in the House of Lords was not a more signal illustration of the strain of vulgarity which runs through his character than is his attempt to ruin the man whom he had first of all wronged.

THE case of MR. DE COBAIN has entered upon a new phase. After absconding from the country in order to avoid arrest on a disgraceful charge, and after writing letters in which he distinctly refused either to resign his seat in Parliament or to return to England, the man has so far changed his attitude that he has come from Spain to Boulogne, and has sent a medical certificate to explain his inability to obey the order of the House of Commons that he should attend in his place on a particular day. He has thus placed the Government in a position of some difficulty. If the medical certificate is well-founded, and he really cannot attend to face his accusers, Parliament would do him a great injustice by expelling him before his trial. On the other hand, it is intolerable that the rolls of the House should continue indefinitely to bear the name of a man who rests under a shocking imputation. The best course is apparently that which the House is likely to adopt—namely, to leave the question open until next session, and then to deal promptly and effectually with it. This will please everybody but the Belfast Conservatives, who wish to get rid of MR. DE COBAIN at once.

MR. ATKINSON has drawn public attention to a grievance which has long weighed heavily upon many members of Parliament. This is the manner in which questions are edited by the clerks of the House. Remembering that even members of Parliament may sometimes err, and bearing in mind the tremendous force, for good or evil, of the publicity

which is given to all the proceedings of Parliament, we cannot deny the necessity of the careful supervision of all questions and notices of motion before they appear in print. But, apparently, the clerks at the table of the House are inclined to forget that they are, after all, not the masters, but the servants of Parliament, and sometimes they interfere with the questions which members seek to put in a manner that justly excites the wrath of those whose freedom of action is thus limited. The Speaker would do well if he were to take more care than he appears to do at present not to interfere unnecessarily with the liberties of his fellow-members, and the clerks must be taught that, after all, their powers do not override the rights of the House of Commons and the privileges of individual members.

THE breakdown of the absurd and disgraceful charge of perjury against MR. STOREY, M.P., brings into prominence a vice of MR. RITCHIE's Local Government Bill which the next Liberal administration will do well to remedy. MR. STOREY has in his possession a letter from the Chief Constable admitting that the costs of the police summons were defrayed by the owner of the Tilworth colliery. A more extraordinary statement was never made by a public official. If MR. STOREY deserved prosecution at the hands of the public, the public should have paid for it. The fact is, however, that the county police are not under the control of the people's representatives, but of a mixed body of magistrates and county councillors, the prevailing influence being the J.P.'s who so grossly abused their functions in order to gratify a personal and political spite. No stronger object-lesson could be presented on the necessity of a popularly controlled police.

THE indecent haste of the reactionary press to discredit the London County Council is seen afresh in the covert attempt to convict it of unfair treatment of CAPTAIN SHAW. It is unnecessary to observe that no single fact is on record which goes to show anything of the kind. The Fire Brigade Committee has worked in thorough harmony with CAPTAIN SHAW's demand for an extended metropolitan fire service, the Council's recognition of CAPTAIN SHAW's services has been most cordial, and the only hint of the shadow of disagreement has come from MR. BENN, who very properly remarked that the Committee should not delegate its right of supervision to any official. No one could dispute this, though SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, who, we imagine, would not care to be superseded at Drury Lane by his stage-manager, seemed to think that there must be terrible things behind. London owes much to the Council—a greatly enlarged area of open spaces, the abolition of an oppressive *octroi*, the creation of hundreds of new cricket and football pitches, the prevention of wholesale fraud on the coal supply of the poor, the vigorous attempt to check the extortions of the water companies, and the first adequate scheme for housing the poor. A certain generous trust in its very conscientious and active governors would be more becoming than the carplings of the *Times* and the *Standard*. However, the whole matter will now be brought to a head by the decision of the Conservatives to fight the next Council elections on party lines. *En revanche*, the conspiracy between MR. RITCHIE, the Corporation, and the Tory press, to belittle and bespatter the Council, can now be set in the most unsparing light.

A JUDGMENT of great importance was given in the House of Lords on Tuesday. The question in dispute was the liability of certain quarry owners in Yorkshire for compensation to a man who had been injured whilst in their employment. The case had, in the first instance, been heard before a County Court judge in Yorkshire (his Honour JUDGE

SNAGGE), and on the findings of the jury on certain points submitted to them, he had given a verdict for the plaintiff with £100 damages. Against this verdict the defendants appealed unsuccessfully to the Divisional Court. From the Divisional Court they carried the matter to the full Court of Appeal, where the decisions of the Divisional Court and of the County Court Judge were reversed, and the injured man left without compensation. He then, however, appealed to the House of Lords *in forma pauperis*, and there the original finding of JUDGE SNAGGE was upheld, and the plaintiff declared to be entitled to the damages awarded him. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the case is the fact that a working-man, absolutely without means of his own, has been enabled to go to the highest Court of Appeal in the Empire, and, without cost to himself, to secure that justice which would have been denied to him if he had been compelled to submit to the decision of the ordinary Court of Appeal.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday made no change in their rate of discount. Up to the previous afternoon it had been very generally expected that they would raise the rate, for the failure of the English Bank of the River Plate increased naturally the prevailing uneasiness. On Tuesday and Wednesday, however, three-quarters of a million in gold which had been withdrawn from the Bank last week for transmission to Russia was paid back again. This has induced the belief that the large withdrawals of gold for Russia that had been feared for some months past will not now take place, that consequently the Bank of England will continue very strong, and that therefore the Money Market will be easy throughout the autumn. The discount rate in the open market has, in consequence, declined to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. The price of silver recovered on Wednesday to 46½d. per ounce. Like everything else, it fell on the announcement of the failure of the English Bank of the River Plate, but both Portugal and Spain are buying largely, and the scarcity of coin in Portugal is such that if a crash is to be prevented the buying must go on. There was a recovery also in Rupee paper and other silver securities.

THE return of the gold that had been taken out for Russia has had as cheering an effect upon the Stock Markets as on the Money Market. Previously the fears excited by the failure of the English Bank of the River Plate had completely stopped all speculative business, and induced most investors also to wait till they could see more clearly what is likely to happen. And the general unwillingness to operate was increased by the fall in consols and other high-class securities. When, however, the Russian gold was returned, and the belief spread that the Money Market would remain easy for the remainder of the year, a more hopeful feeling sprang up, and this was strengthened by a considerable rise in consols. Still, though unquestionably the feeling is better at the end than at the beginning of the week, there cannot be said to be any real increase in business. As yet neither the assets nor the liabilities of the suspended bank are known, and nobody can foresee what may be the consequences of the suspension. Everyone therefore is unwilling to increase his risks. Moreover many of the members of the Stock Exchange are absent holiday making, and the public, because of the holidays, are little disposed to do any kind of business. The probability appears to be, therefore, that the stagnation in the Stock Exchange will continue for some time longer. There is some apprehension, likewise, that the settlement on the Berlin Bourse next week, and on the Paris Bourse the following week, will be difficult. And it appears as if the crisis in Portugal is becoming extremely acute. The railway dividends, too, are disappointing, and therefore not likely to encourage much investment for the present.



## MR. BALFOUR'S FORECAST.

MR. BALFOUR has been very much to the fore during the past week, and two at least of his utterances throw light upon the political future. Speaking at Hatfield on Saturday, he warned his Conservative hearers that the General Election would be fought upon the next Register; in other words, that it would take place during 1892. We may take it for granted that the Irish Secretary was not without authority for this assertion. The successful passage of the Education Bill through the rocks and shoals of the House of Lords has put an end to the possibility of a dissolution during the present year. Parliament is about to be prorogued, and of political excitement we shall have none until February comes round again. Mr. Balfour's statement means, therefore, that either next Easter, or next midsummer, or in the following autumn, the long-deferred appeal to the country will be made, and the opinion of Great Britain taken upon the political problem which has been ripening so fast during the past five years. It is hardly necessary to point the moral of his statement to Liberals. Great progress has been made during the past twelve months in the necessary preparations for a General Election; but something still remains to be done, not only in the selection of candidates, but in the organisation of the party in not a few constituencies. All this must be accomplished during the next six months, or it may be done too late. Of the duty of Liberals with regard to the Registration Courts that will soon be opened throughout the country, there is no need to speak. So long as the present cumbersome and inequitable system of registration is in force, it behoves us to make the best of it, and we trust that the Liberal agents will be able to give a good account of themselves when the register for 1892 comes to be prepared. It is only necessary to make one other remark with regard to the General Election, which is now fairly within sight: that is, that everybody, high and low, in both political parties, now admits that the struggle will turn upon the question of Ireland. The admission is refreshing to those of us who have persistently protested against the absurd notion so sedulously propagated in some quarters, that Home Rule was dead.

Mr. Balfour's second announcement was at least as interesting as his first. On Monday evening, in the course of the debates on the Irish estimates, he gave the Committee plainly to understand that it will be his duty next Session to introduce a Local Government Bill for Ireland. Thus at last Ministers are going to make an attempt to redeem the pledge in virtue of which they won their dubious victory in 1836. Six years after they gave their solemn promise to grant to Ireland the same system of local administration as that which prevails in Great Britain, they will bring in a Bill which it is to be presumed will have this effect. Every Liberal and every Home Ruler will be delighted to see the measure, whether in itself it is good or bad. It will be something, at all events, to compel the Ministry to show its hand, and to make quite clear to us the extent to which, in its legislation for Ireland, it differs from the legislation proposed in 1886 by Mr. Gladstone. For years past men on both sides of the House have been dreaming and talking of some scheme of self-government which would satisfy the Irish people without weakening the authority of the Imperial Parliament. It is only in the columns of the *Times*, and from the mouths of the idle and ill-informed chatters of the London clubs, that we have heard the nauseous cant about the destruction of the Union and the surrender of English independence to Irish faction. Whenever a responsible

statesman has attempted to grapple seriously with the question of Ireland, he has found himself face to face with the fact that some system of self-government must be given to that country if any kind of contentment is to be created among its people. No doubt the schemes which have sprung from the brains of men impressed with this conviction have been many and various in their character. In the spring of 1885 it was Mr. Chamberlain who was negotiating through the medium of Captain O'Shea with Mr. Parnell for the construction of a system which should at once satisfy British and Irish opinion. Mr. Chamberlain now denies that he was ever a Home Ruler, and we willingly accord to him the merit of having consistently refused to call his own proposals by the name of Home Rule. But, seeing that he laid before Mr. Parnell a plan for the establishment of a National Council which would have sat in Dublin, and which, sooner or later, would have become a Parliament in everything but the name, it is difficult to give Mr. Chamberlain credit for more than a nominal antipathy to Home Rule. After Mr. Chamberlain and his abortive attempt at constructive legislation, came Mr. Gladstone with a great scheme which had at least the conspicuous merit of being accepted, not only by the Irish representatives and the Irish people, but by little short of a moiety of the electors of Great Britain. When, through the schism in the Liberal party, that great and statesmanlike attempt to solve the question, upon the solution of which the peace and security of the Empire must depend, failed to meet with the support of the House of Commons, the task of dealing with the Irish question passed into the hands of Conservatives like Lord Carnarvon and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. We cannot pretend to say what was in the minds of either of these gentlemen, but it is at least certain that it was something very different from the blind and unreasoning opposition to Home Rule which has characterised the Tory mob during the last five years.

And now comes the turn of Mr. Balfour. That gentleman has learned something, and one may well hope has forgotten a little, during his term of office as Irish Secretary. Silly writers in the press the other morning were rejoicing over the absence of bitterness and personal vituperation in the speeches of the Irish members on Monday night as a personal triumph for Mr. Balfour. A personal triumph it may be, but if so, it is a triumph which he has gained over himself. For if the language of the Irish members is changed from what it was a few years ago, how much more marked and important is the change in the tone of the Irish Secretary! The man who bounced into office with the loud-mouthed declaration that he would treat Irish Members of Parliament as common criminals, and "bring them to their senses" by inflicting upon them personal pain and degradation, has learned since then the futility of his boastings and the irrational folly of his policy. As we pointed out many months ago, the day when Mr. O'Brien in his prison cell succeeded in outwitting Mr. Balfour in the struggle of the latter to treat him in every respect as a common criminal was also the day on which the whole fabric of the Balfourian policy in Ireland crumbled to pieces. It is a different Mr. Balfour who now sits upon the Treasury Bench and listens with patience—we may even say with respect—to the men at whom he persistently sneered four years ago. It is a different Mr. Balfour who now treats Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, in their undeserved imprisonment, not as thieves or forgers, but as political offenders who are as free from moral guilt as he himself is. We have welcomed his awakening to a policy which is at least one of sanity, and we are by no means disposed to

begrudge him his reward in the shape of the conciliatory demeanour of those Irish members whom he so long sought to goad into rebellion. But changed though he may be, will Mr. Balfour have the courage to grasp his nettle; will he dare to bring in such a Local Government Bill for Ireland as will satisfy the just aspirations of the Irish people? We confess that we doubt it; and yet we await the production of his measure not only with curiosity, but with hope. It was in the autumn of 1885 that Mr. Gladstone—whom some paltry traducers have since accused of having brought forward his measure of Home Rule in order that he might climb to office by means of it—besought Lord Salisbury to take in hand himself the task of settling the Irish difficulty, and offered him his loyal co-operation in the work if he would do so. Both Mr. Gladstone and his followers are still prepared to assist the Tory Government in any honest attempt which they may make to heal the open sore of Ireland; but neither he nor they will consent to any attempt to plaster over the wound, and Mr. Balfour's cure will need to be a radical one indeed if it is to secure the support of the Home Rulers of Great Britain. One thing, however, is certain to follow the introduction of this Tory measure of Home Rule. Its authors will at last have their eyes opened, not only to the difficulties of the question, but to its urgency. From the day when Mr. Balfour tables his Bill for the establishment of a system of Local Government in Ireland, we may well believe that we shall hear no more of the sham patriotism which vents itself in cries for the preservation of the paper Union, and in loud-mouthed denunciations of those who have before their eyes the vision of a better and more real bond of brotherhood between the two countries.

#### ARCHAIC MORALITY IN THE CITY.

**T**HE evolution of morality—the fact that it does not appear *ex abrupto*, but grows slowly, that at first it is crude and rude, and only gradually becomes refined, and that the primitive ethical code is as limited as the primitive vocabulary—is well recognised. This truth is usually illustrated by examples culled from savage life; why not from the Stock Exchange and some other commercial centres? Take the facts brought to light in a trial the other day before Lord Coleridge, the question being whether certain bankers were entitled to recover from their brokers money paid for a “stopped” Spanish bond. Instructed to buy four per cent. Spanish Exterior bonds, the brokers delivered, among unexceptional bonds, one which had been stopped by the Court at Madrid as stolen. Whether the brokers knew, or might reasonably have been expected to know, the defect in the particular bond matters not. The plaintiffs said that the defendants had on a former occasion tendered the very same bond, that it was refused, and that they must have, or ought to have, remembered this fact. Whether that was so or not is of minor consequence; we are interested only in the “startling doctrines avowed by high authorities called to speak to the custom of the Stock Exchange in regard to stopped bonds. Mr. Rokeby-Price, chairman of the General Purposes Committee, and a former deputy-chairman, being asked whether he considered a stopped bond a good delivery when he did, and the purchaser did not, know of the stoppage, answered, “It would be a good delivery.” “If he knew the bond was stopped in Madrid he would sell it to a purchaser, although the purchaser did not know the defect.”

Mr. Milbank, a member of the Committee, said the same: the delivery of a stopped bond was a good delivery. Other witnesses of no less experience declared that the delivery of such a bond was valid unless the Committee decided the contrary, and apparently, in the only case brought before the Committee, it had decided that such delivery was good. Of course, Mr. Rokeby-Price and Mr. Milbank would say, “The bond is genuine; we think it perfectly good.” But the Government, the issuers and payers, may not, and the purchasers may get for their money what may be equivalent to waste paper. Mr. Levien, the secretary of the Stock Exchange, in a letter to the *Times*, misses the point; he dwells upon the fact that here a stopped, as distinguished from a forged, bond is deemed negotiable. Negotiable or not in law, it is for the buyer's purposes worthless, and this the seller knows. Such doctrine grave elders of the City are not ashamed to avow, and their apologists in the press are ready to maintain that their principles are based on absolute integrity. Let us call another witness on the subject of commercial morality. In a matter investigated the other day before Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Justice Wills with reference to the conduct of certain solicitors, it came to light that A was chairman of the Etheridge United Gold Company, which owned five mines, and, among them, one known as the Canadian. The five mines had been bought for £45,000. The Canadian was sold about three weeks after the incorporation of the Company to M for £30,000, and next day it was sold for £50,000 to L, as trustee for the Canadian Company; A acted as solicitor for M, L, and the Canadian Company, no doubt in perfect good faith. Ought the differences in the prices to have been disclosed? What was the duty of A to the Canadian Company? When before a committee of the Incorporated Law Society, A declared that, being chairman of the Etheridge Company, he owed no duty to the Canadian Company of which he was solicitor; the evident assumption being that he was bound to get for the former the largest possible price while keeping within the bounds imposed by the law. We might multiply indefinitely evidence as to this point; let us refer only to one other group of examples. We are not going to make veiled allusions to cases now under investigation—the field of possible illustration is much too wide to make that at all necessary—in speaking of the scandalous recklessness, common and avowed, in handling other persons' money. In certain commercial circles, it is an unquestioned maxim that a clever man has a perfect right, in trying to make his own fortune, to risk as much of that of others as he can get into his grasp. If he is successful, that is his justification—the rest of the world ought to feel grateful to him; if he fails, it was one of the risks of business. When a few questions are put to him in the Bankruptcy Court by his creditors, he answers them with confidence, nay effrontery—he is the injured and unfortunate man; he has done nothing more than he was amply justified in doing, and from what follows—a mild rebuke or a short suspension—that is the opinion of the Judge also.

These men are, in some ways, no worse than others. But some of their ideas belong to an old world of morality just as much as the ethics of those who practise the vendetta; a world of morality which thinks that in money-making, as in love and war, most things are permissible; a world which is being broken in upon by new ideas. We are witnessing the invasion, stoutly resisted, into certain regions of commerce of what some of the dwellers therein regard as a foreign, outlandish, and new-fangled system of morals. “Thou shalt not take commissions;” “thou shalt make no profit out of anything in



the nature of a trust; "thou shalt act with good faith in all matters in which confidence is reposed in thee," are commandments which individual moralists have taught, and which lawyers have grafted upon our jurisprudence. High-minded men of business have always acted upon them. To certain people, it is plain, they still appear novel, if not whimsical, commands. Give to a buyer all that is strictly promised, a genuine, not a "rogue bond;" to do more—to tell him that if he buys what you offer he may find it worthless—is not in the compact.

We have described these ideas as old-world ideas, survivals of primitive morality; how are they to be uprooted? How are men's consciences quickened and enlightened? The question is one of the most difficult in ethics. It is a weakness of philosophical schools the most diverse, of Kant as much as of Bentham, that they give an inadequate explanation of the process by which a low ethical standard is replaced by something better. Sometimes loftier religious ideas, the rise of a great ethical teacher; sometimes circumstances of adversity and trial are the instruments by which the change is made; sometimes, as in the case to which we have referred, law is the agency. For years the practice which Mr. Rokeby-Price describes has gone on. It is suddenly brought before men familiar with a very different system of morality. The Lord Chief Justice expresses his amazement at the disregard of what seems to him an elementary principle. Those whom he criticises became uneasy—and a great step has been taken when they became so. So far the law has been in advance of popular commercial morality; the doctrines it inculcates as to the duties of agents to their principals are repugnant to many men of business, and it is notorious that in certain trades they are habitually disregarded. Probably this agency is not exhausted, but its operation is limited; many things are permissible which enlightened morality would condemn. The law itself is still imperfect and in many parts archaic. It reflects the opinions of a generation which believes that making money is its own justification. Aristotle speaks of some nation—the Iberians, if we mistake not—who set up on a man's tomb as many columns as he had slain enemies. In certain circles honour is meted out in exact proportion to the fortune accumulated. Both are examples of archaic morality; both alike should be regarded as we regard the flint hatchet, the fish-bone hooks, of primitive man.

#### ROYAL TOURISTS.

IT is not forgotten by the democracy in this country, as the *Times* seems to imagine, that the friendship between England and Italy is one of the happiest traditions of international politics. No one needs to be reminded that English sympathy did much to sustain the hopes of Italian liberators in the days when deliverance from a foreign domination seemed remote. That sympathy made no inconsiderable impress on our literature as well as our foreign policy for many years, and the steady support which our diplomacy gave to the Italian cause took a more vivid form in song and story by masters of the English tongue. Nations are not always ungrateful to their friends, and the Italians have given many proofs of their regard for the people whose moral aid was of genuine service to them in their long struggle for liberty. The heir of the House of Savoy, who is now amongst us, cannot have touched our soil without feeling that it has been the asylum of many of his countrymen in the darkest hour of their national life. When he was born, Italy had barely

achieved the unification which made her one of the Powers of Europe. He was nurtured in an atmosphere which still vibrated with echoes of battle, and it would be strange if his studious youth had not been charged with all the associations which give England a high place in the esteem of the patriotic Italian. To ourselves the Prince of Naples is the representative of one of the few foreign dynasties for which Englishmen have any active sentiment of respect. He is heir to a throne which has a very considerable share of troubles, and he is preparing for his responsibilities with an earnest application and a zeal for knowledge which might well attract the sympathy of the bitterest critic of royalty. His visit is happily coincident with that of another prince who has even greater reason than the grandson of Victor Emmanuel to regard England as a foster-mother. Prince George of Greece will not trouble himself to think that there are Englishmen who still call Navarino a splendid indiscretion, and believe that Lord Beaconsfield was guilty of emotional excess when he described the Greeks as "an interesting people." The English statesman who represents the traditions of Canning's generous policy, and who moved the Concert of Europe, before that instrument was shattered, to enlarge the boundaries of Greece, is happily still with us. We may look upon the Greek kingdom with some complacency as the offspring of that large enthusiasm for struggling nationalities with which Englishmen irritate some foreign observers. Our manners do not escape criticism abroad. Our self-reliance is apt to take the form of brusqueness, and our insular arrogance is a fruitful theme of Continental satire. But, for all this, small nations have reason to know that the friendship of England is a real and substantial thing. We have lectured and even bullied the Greeks; but they forget Don Pacifico, and remember that their big and rather overbearing friend has done them memorable service.

In these days foreign travel is assuming a growing importance as a branch of royal education. The pity is that it is usually surrounded by limitations which considerably narrow its scope. A purely ceremonial tour is of no particular value. It enables the visitor to see glittering rows of dignitaries, much gold lace, obsequious corporations, and miles of red tape. The actual life of the people who are nominally the hosts of the royal guest is almost entirely hidden from him. He sees them at windows, and is dimly conscious of them in the galleries of theatres during the dull routine of State performances. For his visit to have any really educational influence he should have a wider horizon than crimson cloth and rows of bayonets. The Prince of Naples has wisely divested himself of his full ceremonial character, much, no doubt, to the disgust of City dignitaries with an insatiable appetite for titles. There is perhaps more semblance than reality in the freedom of a royal *incognito*; but the "Count di Pollenzo" is at least safe from the tyrannical etiquette which would have secluded him in the abysmal recesses of a State coach, and kept him in a constant fever of discrimination between a helmet and a cocked hat. He is not a prey to civic dignitaries gaping for baronetcies, and he can devote some portion of his time to rational observation. A visit to Hatfield is, of course, imperative for a prince who lives in the shadow of the Triple Alliance; but the British Museum and the Bodleian ought to be more refreshing to a bookish traveller, and at the Zoological Gardens he has the satisfaction of knowing that he will not be presented with addresses by the progenitors of man. Better still, the "Count di Pollenzo" might spend a

morning with Mr. Goschen, and get some bracing views about economics—a subject of very serious moment to the future ruler of Italy. Best of all would be a sojourn in a manufacturing town, if the mayor could be induced to repress a tendency to exercise his vocabulary on an illuminated scroll. Here the Count might acquire some zest for the social problems which are going to give a vast amount of trouble to potentates and statesmen. It is no use sending young princes round the world unless they have opportunities for inspecting the real machinery of life in various countries amongst the masses who do not wear epaulettes. It would be an excellent thing indeed if the heirs to thrones could spend a novitiate amongst strangers, so as to collect materials for a comparative study of their own and foreign institutions. The process might make some of them good democrats, and alarm the Viziers and the Janissaries at home; but they would be none the worse for the experience when they applied themselves to the serious business of government in after years.

This speculation has a greater charm if we imagine these young princes going about the world in pairs and trios, studying the various phases of social life together, and insensibly losing some of those national prejudices which, when they are perpetuated in high places, do so much to create bad blood. It would be fortunate, for example, if the Czarevitch could visit England in company with the Prince of Naples and Prince George of Greece, under conditions which would enable him to observe the advantages of Western civilisation. A purely Muscovite training is not an ideal development in these times, and it is scarcely supplemented in any great degree by a visit to India and Japan. At Kioto the Czarevitch had a narrow escape from death at the hands of a lunatic, and was saved by the promptitude of Prince George of Greece, who has given a very graphic and very manly account of the incident. If the Czarevitch had accompanied his cousin to England, he might have visited the spot where Peter the Great learned to be an excellent ship-carpenter, and he might have corrected any undue enthusiasm for our institutions with the aid of Madame de Novikoff. He might have suspected that unmitigated autocracy is not the greatest of earthly blessings, and that Western standards of thought are in some respects superior to those of Moscow. Some of his impressions might have prompted him to subdue that violent antagonism to England which is the breath of the Russian official's nostrils. In any case, he would have profited by the wholesome good sense of his royal companions, and imbibed the elements of a judicious education. An International Society for the Universal Training of Princes would not be too insignificant a scheme for philanthropists in search of a new regeneration.

#### THE END OF THE SEASON.

IT has been stated *ad nauseam* that the season which ends next week has been the worst on record. For reasons to be presently explained we do not question its badness, but to the sceptical it is permitted to demur to the extreme and positive character of the condemnation. The same verdict has been pronounced on each succeeding season since the "Royal visit" of Julius Cæsar to these shores. If the progressive deterioration of the season were a living fact, London would by this time have become as little of a pleasure city as Luxor or Peebles. Judging only by the published

record of what Society has been doing, it is plain that there has been thirteen times as much dissipation going on as would have killed the typical man "who knows everyone and goes everywhere." As it happens, there is no such man, and never was. Whilst he can boast the surplus energy and recuperative force which would enable him to defy the late hours and deep potations of Society, a sociotarian is a stranger to two-thirds of its extent. By the time he knows everyone, he has scarcely the energy to go anywhere. The nearest approach to the man who knows everyone and goes everywhere, is the man who goes to everything to which he is asked. And even to do this he must forego all profitable business. He must needs remain a bachelor in order to maintain his foothold on other people's staircases, and when he enters Society it is on the rigid condition that he shall devote himself to handing its dowagers to supper. When three or four such vestals get together at the St. James's or the Bachelors' Club and compare notes, doubtless their verdict is increasingly unfavourable on each succeeding season, because each year Society finds them of less value, and discards them little by little. Only those are heard on the question of the merits of a season who have had experience of several seasons; and to the ruck of its members, Society presents a less smiling face as each year flows by. Probably a member of Society is at his best towards the close of his first season—that is, by the time he has mastered the names of its members, and their relationship to one another, and can rattle off a judgment on their wines, their manners, their pedigrees, and their morals. Before that, he is somewhat of a burden. But the imbecility of social infancy is not prolonged; and his first successful attempt at pulverising a reputation is acclaimed with the same joyous surprise as we accord to the first coherent lisplings of our children. In Society the boy is king, for Society regards him as its offspring, and in his abounding and sincere enjoyment Society lives anew. After his first season, the member of Society begins to wane in the social firmament, his decline being at first almost imperceptible, even to his best friends, and, for long, unperceived by himself, who, indeed, is the last person in London to be aware of it. If he remain unmarried, his descent to Avernus becomes increasingly rapid in his later years, until he becomes, perhaps, a caterer of dancing boys for third-rate balls, and, in his last stage of all, is to be found as a grateful and unobtrusive guest at the tables of rich *divorcées*, and "separated" ladies, who add a little to their income by the undisclosed profits of a small gaming establishment. If he marry even in his own *monde*, his social horizon experiences a sudden narrowing, for the number of acquaintances with whom a married couple can "keep up" is practically limited by the size of their house. Hardly any house in London—not being one of its show-palaces—can hold more than three hundred people, and this implies an acquaintance of about twice that number. It is probably by the opinion of such couples that the comparative merits of a season are to be most fairly judged, because with them the further process of social decay is arrested so long as the husband's money and the lady's "looks" endure. If half a dozen such couples say that they have "had less" and been "less full" in one season than in others, their united testimony may, perhaps, be accepted as fairly establishing the fact that that season has been a poor one. And, judged by this test, and making all allowances for the morbidity of friends from whom the world is receding, our conclusion is that the present season has been considerably below the average. The commonly



accepted explanation of this is that it is all due to the Baring crisis. This view we question. Society, in a general way, is protected by marriage settlements and entail against squandering its fortune east of St. Paul's Church. No person of birth and breeding ever has any ready money beyond ten weeks' requirements. Whatever effect the Baring crisis has had, has told upon certain sections of the pleasure-loving world which lie outside Society. The Thames hotels have felt the consequences of it, as have also the West-End restaurants and the theatres—the theatres, perhaps, worst of all; but even in their case the Naval and German Exhibitions have had more to do with their adversity than all the South American Republics put together.

A more rational explanation may be found in the fact that Society's scheme of activity has become but ill-suited to the circumstances of modern England. The first thing that one notes on entering the great world is that there are no great men there. We do not speak here of the claret-cup crushes where the people of political taste gather—chiefly before Easter. There, indeed, great men are to be seen in plenty, escorting undesirable wives and still less desirable daughters. But that is not Society. It is the vestibule of the Inferno. Society properly so called is a place for boys and girls—a marriage-market. Nothing but the unconquerable instinct of racial preservation can account for the stark courage with which the British *chaperon* faces the sleepless anguish of her calling. Now, unhappily, in a ball-room the girls outnumber the men, and ninety-nine per cent. of them want husbands, whilst as to the "men," eighty per cent. of them are as little able to finance a nursery as to finance the Italian opera. Nothing is looked for from them but that they should keep sober and break to the eye by their black garments the glaring, gloomy banks of unmarried muslin. There are plenty of men in London who can marry and do marry, but when the time has arrived when their circumstances justify the step, they do not seek to enter Society in order to choose a wife. They arrange for a three days' holiday and run down to the country, where they propose to the old love of long ago. No average man can truthfully testify that he ever knew a London married woman who was a London girl before she was a married woman. While Society is expanding so rapidly and so widely that even the professedly fashionable papers have long abandoned any attempt to maintain the old practice of recording the names of the guests at its chief functions, fashionable marriages have become so rare that all the evening papers and some of the morning papers think them sufficiently remarkable to give each a report of from thirty to sixty lines. The chief reason, then, of the failure of Society is that it does not fulfil its *raison d'être*. If the *chaperon* wishes to get at the man who is worth marrying, she must alter her hours, cool her rooms, and simplify her entertainments. It would pay a match-making mother far better to give twenty dinner parties to rising barristers or civil engineers than to entertain four hundred penniless boys at a ball supper. Unfortunately for the *chaperon*, she cannot rid herself of the idea that her daughter's domestic happiness must be based on land. She forgets that the land of England is more heavily mortgaged than of yore, and that it yields thirty per cent. less in gross rental; whilst the number of girls who consider themselves destined to "marry land" is three times greater than it was twenty years ago. Unless the *chaperon* wishes to condemn her daughter to perpetual celibacy, she must seek a husband for her elsewhere than in the London ball-room, for the London ball-room is closed to every man who lives by his own exertions;

and as for the "gilded youth," he generally prefers the Café Royal, or Rule's, or Romano's, where indeed he is still in Society, but in a Society whose daughters attach no special ethical value to the mere dry ceremonial of marriage.

Another cause which affects Society in an adverse way is the approach of the General Election. Its lassitude has been somewhat absurdly described as *fin de siècle*. By those only has this been done who forget that the end of a century implies the beginning of another, and that it has been at the end of each century for four hundred years past that the human brain has been stirred and stimulated to the utmost stretch of its capacity. What we are suffering from is not *Fin de Siècle*, but *Fin de Parlement*. Next year, Society will be in the cold shade of Opposition. Next year, the parson will be jeered at on the village green; Ireland will be free; Trafalgar Square will be black with a jubilant democracy; dear papa will have his hat blocked by the rabble when he goes down to the House of Lords to vote against the Home Rule Bill; finally, the Rates will "go up," and that is the *comble* of all misery in this world. Truly, it is beneath the sword of Damocles that Society sits and smiles its ghastly smile.

#### THE FAILURE OF THE ENGLISH BANK OF THE RIVER PLATE.

THE suspension of the English Bank of the River Plate on Saturday last has not caused as great a sensation as might have been expected. For several weeks past it was known that the bank was in difficulties, and though up to the last moment it was hoped that assistance would be received which would enable it to avoid closing its doors, yet the knowledge of the difficulties led everyone to prepare for what might happen, and thus completely stopped speculative business. The bank was founded ten years ago, with an authorised capital of a million and a half sterling, in £20 shares, half of which has been called up. It shows how high the credit of the bank was, and how actively and well it was believed to be managed, that in February of last year the shares were quoted as high as 17½. Last week they fell sharply; still, even on Thursday they were over £6. On Friday they fell to £1, and this week shareholders have been offering £5 and £6 to get rid of their liability upon the shares. The latest balance sheet published bears date last September, and therefore gives us no information as to the present position of affairs, but it is understood that in the interval the liabilities have been greatly reduced. At present they are estimated to amount to about five millions sterling, of which, roughly, half is in this country and on the Continent, and the other half in the Argentine Republic and Uruguay. The deposits in London are believed to be somewhat over a million and a quarter, and the acceptances here and on the Continent also about a million and a quarter. What the assets are cannot be stated, as already said. There is a paid-up capital of three-quarters of a million, and there is a reserve fund of £450,000. The two together amount to nearly a million and a quarter, but it is feared that these are entirely gone. There is, besides, an uncalled capital of £10 per share, or three-quarters of a million sterling, and the remaining assets are believed to be almost entirely in Argentine and Uruguayan securities and property of various kinds. What they are worth, it is impossible to say at present, but it may reasonably be concluded that the full £10 per share will have to be paid by the shareholders, and the liquidation in South America is likely to be slow and difficult.

The cause of the suspension is alleged to be the *Moratorium*, or respite of three months given to debtors in the Argentine Republic, which passed five or six weeks ago. As a matter of course, the *Moratorium* must have added very greatly to the embarrassments of the bank, for as debtors could not be compelled to pay, very many, no doubt, refused to meet their obligations. But it is obvious that embarrassments must have previously existed. If the bank was thoroughly sound, and was only inconvenienced because it could not immediately get in the debts due to it, it would have found no insuperable difficulty in obtaining assistance in London. Indeed, it would be surprising if all banks doing business in the Argentine Republic and Uruguay had not locked up much of their capital in unsaleable securities considering how utter has been the crash in those two countries. Even if the directors and managers were men of exceptional prudence and judgment, they could hardly have avoided making many bad debts; for it is to be recollected that not only are the National, the Provincial, and the Municipal Governments all over Argentina utterly bankrupt, but that so also are all the State banks, the mortgage banks, and a large proportion of the business community as well as of the owners of houses and lands. When insolvency is so general, it would be extraordinary if an institution doing business in the country had not incurred very many bad debts. And the debts would be more numerous and more worthless, if the directors and managers took a view of the future of the country similar to that which was taken by Messrs. Baring Brothers and Messrs. Murrieta; that is to say, if the directors of this bank were carried away by the optimistic views of two or three years ago, and made advances to speculators recklessly. When the crash came the speculators would necessarily be unable to pay the advances, and the bank would be left either with securities which are utterly unsaleable, or bills which are worth little more than the paper on which they are written. For a long time, however, the foreign banks doing business in Buenos Ayres maintained their credit, whilst almost every native institution was utterly ruined. But at length, about two months ago, there was a run upon the foreign banks, and five of them had to close their doors. The English banks met the run for the time being successfully, but as it now appears one of them was hopelessly crippled. Immediately after the run the *Moratorium* was passed, and that gave the finishing blow to the English Bank of the River Plate. For some time it has been known that it was negotiating to get assistance both in London and in South America, and hopes were entertained that it would be enabled at all events to avoid actual suspension. But when an announcement appeared that the London and River Plate Bank had refused to accept bills drawn by the Argentine Government unless the English Bank of the River Plate immediately paid bills of the Government which were very soon to mature, the hope died out. As the whole amount at issue was only £45,000, it was assumed that the London and River Plate Bank did not believe the English Bank to be good for even so small a sum as that, and that necessarily sealed the fate of the latter. All efforts to get assistance failed, and on Saturday the bank was not opened for business. The suspension must necessarily deepen the crisis in South America. Previously the State banks throughout the Argentine Republic were hopelessly insolvent and unable to give accommodation to their customers. The business community has, therefore, for some time past had to depend almost entirely for banking accommo-

dation upon the foreign banks, and now one of the most active of those banks, with its large capital and its large deposits, is swept away; while the depositors in the bank find their money locked up—for a time, at all events—and out of their reach, and those who hold bills of the bank will be unable to get paid also for some time. Besides, as the English banks had the very best credit, the failure of one of them is only too likely to inspire fears respecting all the foreign banks, and it may, therefore, revive the run. If it does, the consequences must be serious.

At home the suspension of the bank has not, as we have said, had much effect on the stock markets. But it has made bill brokers and discount houses very unwilling to take bills. They cannot foresee what houses may be indirectly affected. As we have already said, acceptances of the bank amounting to about a million and a quarter are understood to be still in circulation in Europe, and of these about one-third, it is said, are held upon the Continent, and about two-thirds in this country. If the assets of the bank are good, and if they can be realised soon, those who hold the acceptances will only have to suffer temporary inconvenience. But if the assets are not good—or, at all events, if they are such that they cannot be sold while the crisis in South America lasts—the question will arise as to the ability of those who hold the acceptances of the bank to meet their own engagements now that these acceptances will not be promptly paid. Of course, if the acceptances are held in small amounts by powerful institutions no trouble will follow. There will be a momentary apprehension followed by a sense of relief that the mischief done is so very little. But if the acceptances are held in large amounts by institutions that are not powerful, the apprehensions will continue. Fortunately on one point there is no room for serious doubt. The shares are held, largely at all events, by persons well able to pay the liability upon them. The three-quarters of a million, therefore, will be promptly forthcoming. But as the acceptances and deposits in Europe amount to about 2½ millions, it will be seen that the call upon the shares will go only a short way towards meeting even the liabilities in Europe. How the remainder will be met depends, as we have said, altogether upon the assets held. In the Argentine Republic the assets nominally largely exceed the liabilities, but then the question arises whether the assets are of a kind that can be realised at present. The general impression in the city is that the acceptances are generally held by institutions so powerful that they will not be seriously inconvenienced by the delay in meeting them, and that, therefore, the first grave inconvenience will fall upon the depositors. They, it is understood, are private persons who have been induced to lodge their money with the bank because of the high interest it allowed upon deposits. The suffering of the depositors, then, will not affect the money market, or, in fact, any branch of trade. The private persons will be inconvenienced, that is all. And the shareholders are generally so wealthy that although the call is a grave matter, no doubt, it is not a serious matter for most of them. Upon the whole, then, we may hope that the suspension will not be followed by very serious consequences. There will, of course, be some failures, but it is hoped not of important houses. If the hope is realised, confidence will gradually revive when it is found that the holders of the bank's acceptances are not gravely inconvenienced; possibly it may even turn out that the removal of the bank will be looked upon as a relief, since it gets out of the way a weak institution that for some time past has been regarded as a danger to the market.



## CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

LAST Saturday the French Chamber rose after three days of fruitless perturbation. M. Laur, who had on Thursday brought up his interpellation respecting the alleged refusal of the German Embassy to renew the passports of French commercial travellers in Alsace-Lorraine, found himself with a large majority behind him. But by the time the debate was resumed on Friday a different temper prevailed. M. Ribot was very much upon his dignity. "I may add," said he—after declaring that trade licences were imposed in Germany upon all traders, including Germans—"that it is not consistent with the dignity of the Chamber to make slight newspaper rumours the pretext of indulgence in futile agitation. The policy of Republican France is a pacific policy. It provokes none, but it abandons nothing." M. Ribot got his vote—a vote of three to one—and with it *carte blanche*; but the vote cannot be regarded as a reply to the question whether he acted wisely in refusing to allow discussion of a subject which has filled the French mind.

On Saturday there was another surprise, when M. de Freycinet, on being refused a vote of 600,000 francs to enlarge the École Polytechnique (of which he is an old boy), left the House, and told his astonished colleagues that he should hand in his resignation to President Carnot. Whether the Premier is really tired of office, or whether, as one correspondent suggested, this was simply an effort to "beat a timely retreat," it is practically certain that the ostensible motive was not the real one. However, entreaties prevailed, and he returned to read the decree of prorogation. Then, the new Customs Tariff having been adopted, the Chamber rose, to reassemble early in October.

On Monday the railway strike in France had practically ended. The Paris men had been able to get little outside support, and on Saturday, when a group of Paris deputies—chiefly Boulangists—waited upon the Minister of Public Works on their behalf, all the assurance they could get was that if the men returned to work he would do all he could to further their interests with the Companies.

On Monday M. Brisson, as reporter on the Naval Estimates, presented to the Budget Committee a statement, in the course of which he suggested the establishment of torpedo-boat stations at eleven coast ports and at Bona, Tunis, Algiers, and Corsica, the doubling of the northern ironclad squadron, the increase of the Mediterranean squadron, and the organisation of six naval divisions of four cruisers each for distant service. M. Brisson does not suggest whence the money is to come, and a good many scoffs have been thrown at his scheme. M. Barbey, Minister of Marine, says, that besides parts of it being impracticable, the scheme would involve an extra expense of 18 to 20 millions a year, and that the results would not be commensurate.

M. Deroulède and M. Laguerre were, on Wednesday, sentenced at Charleroi, the former to a fortnight's imprisonment and 100 francs fine, and the latter to a month's imprisonment and 200 francs fine, for duelling on Belgian territory.

The French squadron arrived off Cronstadt on Thursday, the Admiral's ship and another ironclad promptly running aground in the roadstead. The reception is described by one correspondent as having been rather a tame affair. It is interesting to note that the "Marseillaise" may be heard in public within the boundaries of the Czarism, "positively on this occasion only."

The stage of political development which has been reached in Hungary is indicated by a curious provision which is included in the Government Bill for securing electoral purity introduced into the Hungarian Parliament last Saturday. The proviso, if confirmed, will disqualify any member who, in the three months previous to his election, shall have "excited to hatred against nationalities or denomi-

nations, or attacked the institutions of marriage and property, or promised to his electors a general distribution of private or public property!"

The catalogue of Royal trips is becoming a lengthy one. Kaiser Wilhelm has coasted as far as the North Cape, and is returning to witness more military evolutions in the neighbourhood of Berlin. The young Prince of Naples, when his English visit is over, will tour through Scandinavia and the Low Countries before returning to Italy. King Alexander left Belgrade on Wednesday on his visit to the Czar. Meanwhile, the Czarewitch is being conducted through his father's Asiatic territory by a round-about route, in order, it is said, "to avoid any further intensification of the effect already produced upon the impressionable mind of the young heir-apparent by the sight of Siberian wretchedness and neglect."

Portugal has been much troubled during the last few days about the financial situation, and the speculation in money has gone to great lengths. The Minister of Finance is said to have in contemplation a remodelling of the whole currency; and it has also been suggested that if the Bank of Portugal established a fixed rate of exchange on London at Lisbon for Brazilian paper currency, Brazil might be induced to remit the large sums which she owes to Portugal. The deficit for 1890-1 has been estimated at three millions sterling.

Great and increasing mortality from cholera among the pilgrims at and near Mecca is reported.

A week ago the Shah issued an ultimatum to the abductors of Miss Greenfield demanding her surrender; and on Tuesday she was handed over to the local authority at So-uj-Bolak.

It is reported from Calcutta that there is grave reason to fear a famine over a large part of India.

The United States Government is at last showing signs of restiveness in face of the constant and open diversion to its hospitable shores of the stream of pauper emigration from Europe. No wonder: for the English records alone show that the stream has been increasing in volume to a very serious extent. The alien lists received by the Customs at our chief ports show that of 69,087 pauper immigrants during the last six months, no less than 53,177 were described as being *en route* for America.

Senator McKinley admits that the Republicans have hard work before them, but declares confidently that "Ohio is not going to vote for Free Trade." It is said that Mr. Blaine is suffering from Bright's disease.

The news from Chili is conflicting. A report reached Lisbon on Monday night that the Government ships *Almirante Lynch* and *Almirante Condell* had been sunk and the transport *Imperial* had been damaged by dynamite in Valparaiso Harbour. Coquimbo is also said to have been beset behind, from the land, and before, from the sea, by the Congressionalist forces. A report from Government sources that two squadrons of "insurgents" had been completely defeated at Huasco is contradicted. After being warned off by France and Spain, the Balmacedist agents on this side of the Atlantic sent their new cruiser, *President Errazuriz*, to our own south coast to recruit firemen and other hands. In this, however, they were quite unsuccessful, only one English seaman going on board; and the vessel suddenly left Falmouth on Tuesday night, perhaps because the representatives of the Chilian Parliamentarians were known to have called the attention of the British Foreign Office to the matter. On her way to Valparaiso the *President Errazuriz* was expected to call at Lisbon. There are more reports of outrages by the Balmacedists, who, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, declare that they are firmly established with a trained army of 37,000 men against 6,000 "rebels."

The Victorian Legislature, during its debate on the Bill for "The Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia," expunged the word "Commonwealth," and substituted for it "Federation."